

# PHOTOPLAY

LARGEST  
CIRCULATION  
OF ANY  
SCREEN  
MAGAZINE

with

## MIRROR

10¢

APRIL

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7 CLEVELAND RD  
BROOKLINE MASS



JOAN FONTAINE  
BY PAUL HESSE

2 GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE  
THE LOSS OF CAROLE LOMBARD MEANS TO CLARK GABLE



### BABY'S BEAUTIFUL SKIN...

so sensitive, so smooth, looks to Doctor for proper care. For years Doctor has said, "Ivory for baby," and Ivory for you, too! Now kinder to skins of *every* age, New "Velvet-Suds" Ivory is *milder* than 10 leading toilet soaps! Try baby's own beauty treatment!



### CAPTIVATING 'TEENS

and early twenties . . . your fresh, youthful beauty is often marred by too-active oil glands. *Avoid* hot water. *Scrub* with heavy *lukewarm* Ivory lather (note how quickly New Ivory makes rich suds). *Rinse*. *Repeat* lathering. Warm rinses, then cold. Repeat 3 times daily. If skin blemishes persist, consult your doctor.



## BIRTHDAYS DON'T COUNT!

Whatever your age, Doctors advise "baby-care" for a lovelier complexion!



### FOR BEAUTY BEYOND 35...

Your skin tends to be drier. More reason than ever to rely on New Ivory's extreme *mildness*. No dye, medication, or strong perfume that might be irritating. *Each night* massage your skin with New Ivory's quick-creaming lather. Use *lukewarm* water, never hot—for both Ivory massage and rinse. Pat dry. Since your skin lacks sufficient oil, apply lightly a little cold cream.

Your complexion never outgrows its need for "baby-care." What's best for the world's Most Perfect Complexion—baby's own—is best for beauty at *every* age! For baby's daily beauty-care—and *yours*—doctors advise gentle Ivory Soap!

Today you may enjoy the beauty boon of New "Velvet-Suds" Ivory—the *mildest* Ivory ever to touch your skin! See how your loveliness responds to New Ivory Soap's kinder lather. So creamy, so quick—and *milder* than 10 leading toilet soaps!



### "BABY-CARE" ALL OVER?

Of course! Your body deserves complexion care. See how gratefully it responds to the soft, creamy richness of "velvet suds." New Ivory is faster-lathering, kinder to your skin than 10 leading toilet soaps! Thrill to the caress of a velvet-suds bath tonight!



99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> %  
PURE

IT FLOATS

"Baby-care" is Beauty-care . . . use

# New Velvet-suds IVORY SOAP

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE





# A Hint to the Girl with a Man in her Life!



**HE PHONED**—"It's a date with bells on, Beautiful!" To set yourself off on the right foot, you freshen up with a shower or bath—you feel gay as confetti—as bubbling as champagne! But don't expect your bath unaided to keep you dainty all evening long. Bathing only removes past perspiration. To prevent risk of future odor, to *stay* popular, thousands of girls rely on Mum.



**ALL YOUR PLANS** to conquer can be undone by even a tiny trace of underarm odor! Perhaps you've seen unhappy girls neglected after even just a few dances! The gayer your evening is—the more you'll need Mum! It takes only 30 seconds to apply gentle, creamy Mum. Yet, without stopping perspiration, Mum guards your charm for many glittering hours—from the first happy "hello" to the last dreamy waltz.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Girls who use Mum say it's grand because:

**MUM SAVES YOUR TIME!** 30 seconds, and you're through... yet Mum protects your after-bath freshness all day or all evening.

**MUM SAVES YOUR CLOTHES!** It has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fine fabrics. And gentle Mum won't irritate your skin.

**MUM SAVES CHARM!** Mum works, not by stopping perspiration, but by *preventing* odor. Try it—you'll like Mum. Get a jar of Mum from your druggist today.

*For Sanitary Napkins*—Mum is such a safe, gentle deodorant. Mum's *dependability* is a safeguard against embarrassment.

**MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**



*The*  
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S  
**LION'S ROAR**

Published in  
this space  
every month



The greatest  
star of the  
screen!

What does March come in like?...Okay, students, go to the head of the class.

Leo, you know, has enlisted for the duration. He's in the Army, the Navy, Civilian Defense and ready to serve wherever wanted by his Uncle.



Have you seen "Joe Smith, American"? Recommended, incidentally, by our generous First Lady.

We don't speak much about shorts in this column, but it's hard to keep quiet about "Main Street On The March", made with government cooperation.

The exhibitors of America, as well, are all out for our war effort. Their screens will inform, uplift and divert. Three essentials in a crisis.

Among the diversions that Dr. Leo has brewed in his own laboratory is the newest rattle of that famous Hardy family skeleton.

Despite the natural presence of that exciting, energetic, connubial dynamo—Mickey Rooney—nothing personal is intended by the title—

"The Courtship of Andy Hardy".

It's undoubtedly impossible to refer to a beautiful young lady as a dark horse—

But watch Donna Reed in this hardest of the Hardys.

Space doesn't permit much about "Mrs. Miniver", (Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon); "I Married An Angel", (Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy); "Ship Ahoy", (Eleanor Powell, Red Skelton, Bert Lahr, Tommy Dorsey's orchestra); and "Rio Rita", (Abbott and Costello).

There's so much to say about the merits of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures. We really ought to have two columns. Still—

Yours for conservation.

—Leo

# PHOTOPLAY

combined with

ERNEST V. HEYN  
Executive Editor

**MOVIE MIRROR**

HELEN GILMORE  
Associate Editor

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# Paulette's Back...

IS THE OBJECTIVE  
AT THE FRONT!

"ALL THE BOYS AT THE FRONT WANT HER BACK!"

"THE PRETTIEST MILITARY OBJECTIVE I EVER SAW!"

"PARDON MY PRYING... BUT SPYING'S SPYING!"

...AND  
RAY HAS  
A PLAN  
UP HIS  
SLEEVE,  
TOO!

## "THE LADY HAS PLANS"

...and they're on her back!



A Paramount Picture Starring

**Ray Milland • Paulette Goddard**

with

**Roland Young • Albert Dekker • Margaret Hayes • Cecil Kellaway • Edward Norris**

Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD • Screen Play by Harry Tugend

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



# CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS



England says do it this way —i.e., give soldier-actors leave to make occasional pictures. America says, we'll do the same. Richard Greene says it's a fine idea. He was given leave to make a film; met actress Pat Medina on the set; married her forthwith on Christmas Eve at St. James's, Spanish Place



BY RUTH WATERBURY

**N**EVER in its entire history has Hollywood been so busy as it is these earliest spring war days . . . it is not only that Hollywood is boiling out films for the box office . . . turning out films for the fun of it . . . doing films on order for defense . . . creating films for civilian instruction . . . it is doing all of that and at the same time it is trying to get ahead of its always crowded schedules and put films away in storage vaults against the future. . . .

For Hollywood knows that today it is not only the center of the amusement world but also the center of a war zone in America. . . .

There has never been a lovelier winter in Southern California than the one that has just passed . . . so far as climate is concerned, that is . . . there have never been fewer social distractions . . . no Santa Anita to take people's minds off their work . . . no lazy trips down to the desert . . . but there have been those nests of soldier boys hidden everywhere in the hills . . . and the lads encamped on the "back lots" of every studio . . . not to protect the studios, you understand, but there because those "back lots" are nice, open spaces . . . and at night, there have been the giant flashlights crossing and recrossing the sky . . . those lights that used to mean

innocent silly things like previews or the opening of some market or some night club . . . now they are practice lights . . . lights, as yet, merely searching out our own planes in the sky but ready, if the horrible necessity arises, to light up enemy planes and make them targets for our anti-aircraft guns. . . .

Hollywood, in its own way, is trying to do its duty . . . its clear duty is to continue to provide amusement . . . this Washington has told it . . . this London has begged of it . . . but there is a strange, new pattern to all this . . . individual male stars are already in actual war service and more will go constantly . . . as well as the directors, the producers, the writers who have already gone and are about to go . . . vast individual sums are being given by this celebrity and that to USO, the Red Cross, the various drives . . . girl stars like Dorothy Lamour, paying all their own expenses, are already out selling bonds and there again, more stars will join in . . . but even in this, by Government orders and co-operation, new rules are operating so that Hollywood's first responsibility will continue to be that of bringing laughter and escape to our troubled days. . . .

Because he was on a secret mission, it is not possible to use here the name

of the high-ranking Englishman who very recently and eloquently presented to Hollywood his countrymen's need of our movies . . . but both from the arguments that this gentleman presented, and also through sheer observation, our own government is asking Hollywood not to shroud its talents, its gift for laughter and its benison of joy but to go on creating more of all of it . . . exactly as our Army, our Navy and our Air Force have been able to learn much of what to do and what to avoid by seeing what has happened to English morale in two and a half years of warfare, so Hollywood and Washington have learned much by studying how definitely a war-burdened public is aided by the escape that movies provide. . . .

Do you know that it is a matter of actual statistics that with all the horrible blitzes rained mercilessly down on England, burning homes, burning theaters, killing and maiming the innocent, the need for amusement has been so great that this very day the box-office attendance in England is only fifteen per cent less than it was in the palmiest of peacetimes? . . .

Our government has also assured Hollywood that it will follow the English pattern regarding stars and their services . . . in England, as you know, serving (Continued on page 19)



# THERE IS A STORY ABOUT A TOWN CALLED KINGS ROW

All knew it but none talked  
about it — *except in whispers.*

You'll live strange experiences you  
never dreamed could come into  
your life as the screen captures  
each ecstatic moment and  
every secret longing  
of these shadowed  
characters. Here is  
screen great-  
ness, truly!



ANN SHERIDAN

as tempting 'RANDY'

ROBERT CUMMINGS

as handsome 'PARRIS'

RONALD REAGAN

as irresistible 'DRAKE'

BETTY FIELD

as stormy 'CASSIE'

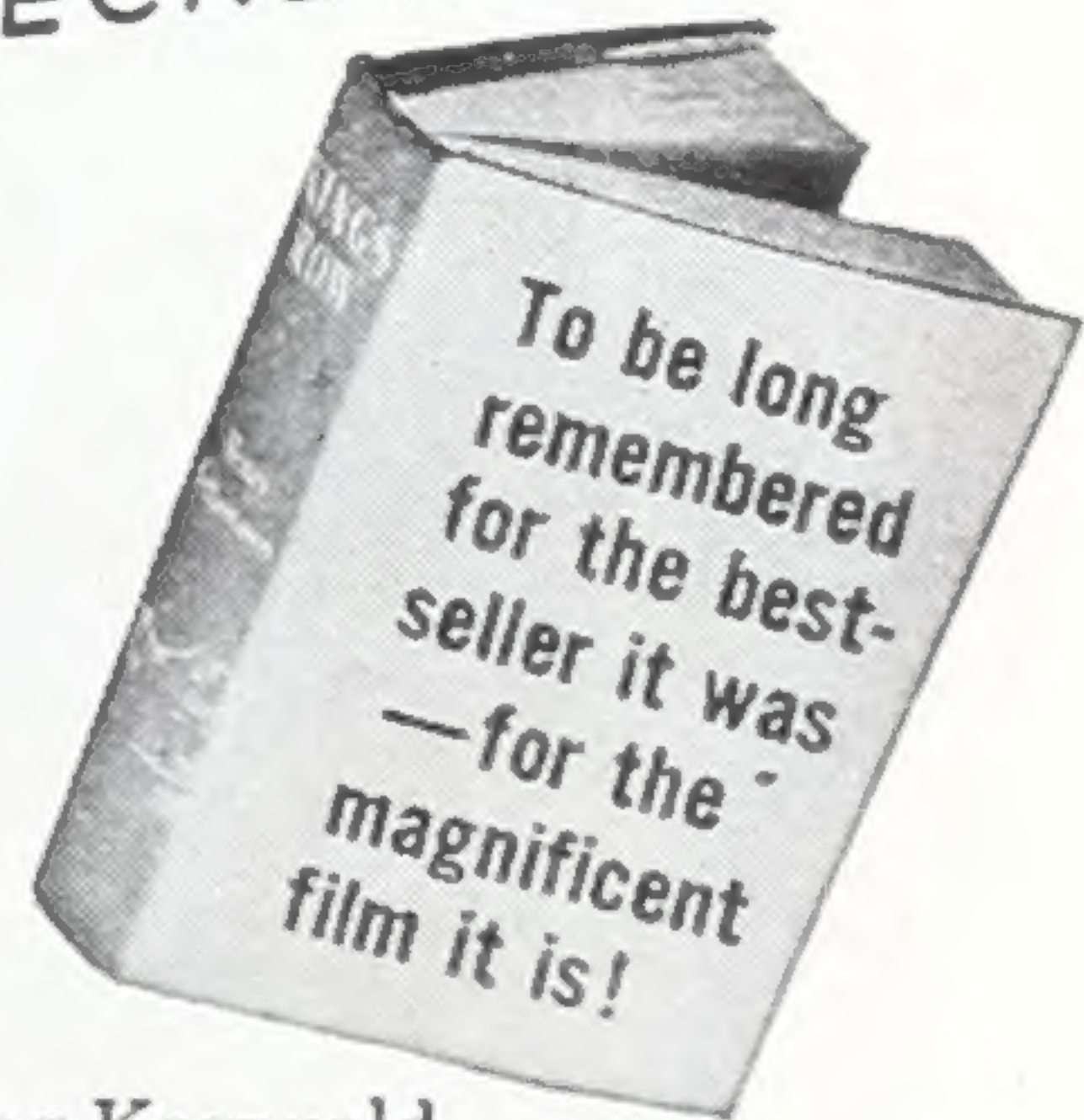
# KINGS ROW

WHERE EVERY HEART CONCEALED A SECRET SIN

Directed by  
**SAM WOOD**  
of 'Mr. Chips' and  
'Kitty Foyle' fame!

WARNER BROS. NEW SUCCESS, with CHARLES COBURN  
Claude Rains · Judith Anderson · Nancy Coleman

The Screen Play is superbly adapted by Casey Robinson from the Novel by Henry Bellamann • Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold



*Now at the Astor Theatre in New York* duplicating the success of 'Sergeant York',  
the Warner Bros. picture that preceded it there. AT YOUR THEATRE SOON. Check the manager for exact date.



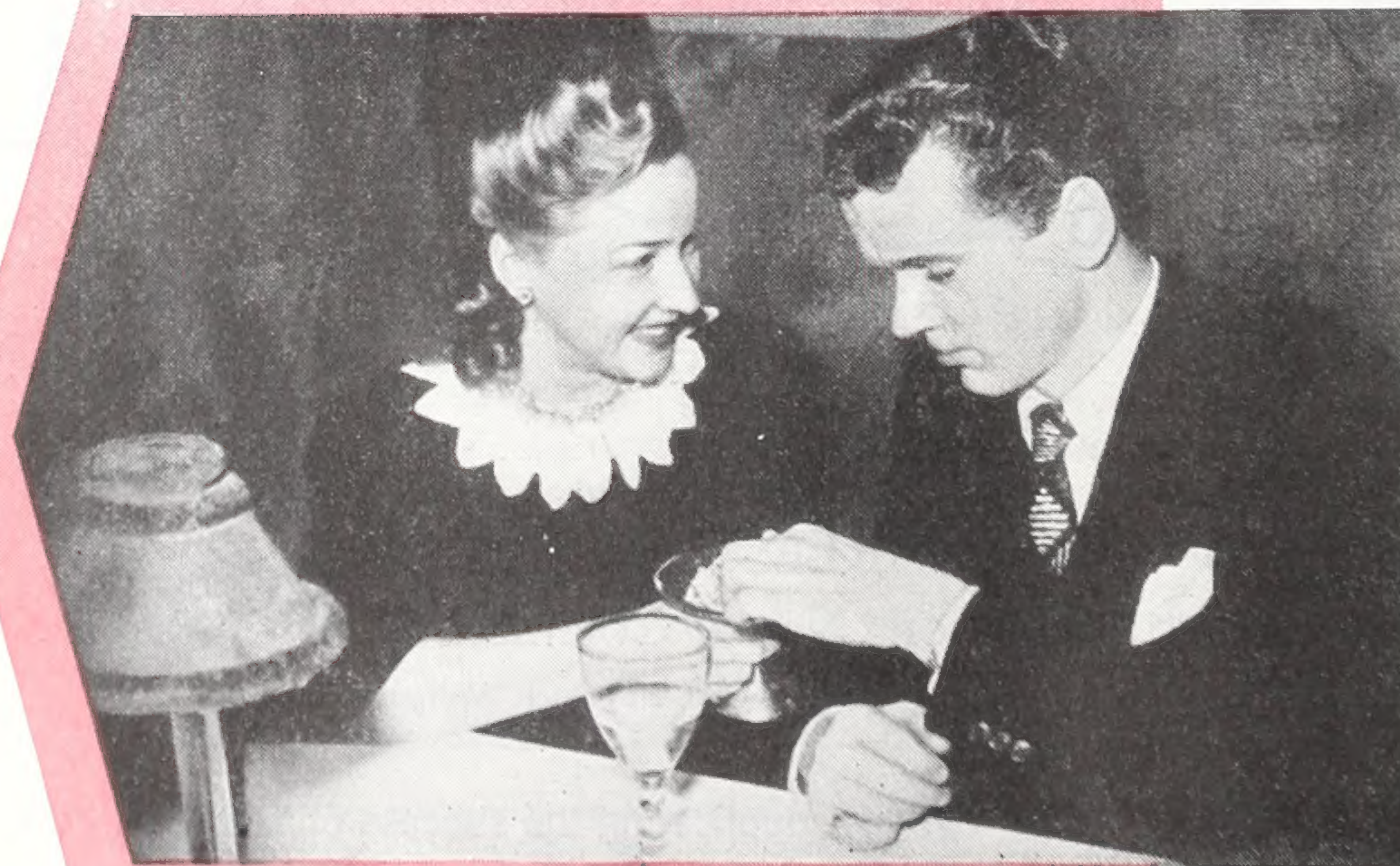
A little girl with a big hat and a lot of people talking about her new romance: Tommy Dorsey takes intermission at the Palladium at Lana Turner's table



Below: Back seat at Romanoff's goes to Lt. Col. Darryl Zanuck, Fox's head man. Front-rowers: Joan Bennett, Merle Oberon



Below: A young girl does her best for a young boy. Bonita Granville gives a chin-up smile to Jackie Cooper at Ciro's



# Inside Stuff

## CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

**CUPIDITES:** Carole Landis has caught Greg Bautzer on the rebound after his rift with Dorothy Lamour. Greg looks happy, for all the bounding he's done recently. Remember his bounding from Lana Turner that bounded Lana Turner right into marriage with Artie Shaw?

And speaking of Lana, the Tommy Dorsey romance is still on with Lana spending every spare minute at the Palladium where Tommy's band is entertaining. Band leaders are rapidly supplanting screen idols in the fan's hearts these days—and maybe Hollywood doesn't know it!

As to band leaders, Kay Kyser is camping on the doorsill of Linda Darnell these days. So it looks as if the Ginny Simms romance is just a memory—for the time being, at least.

Ann Sothorn has finally weeded out her beaux to one choice. Robert Sterling is the lad. Ann spent every spare moment at his bedside when Robert parted with his tonsils.

For all Loretta Young's persuasion it looks as if her kid sister will marry Billy Halop. Loretta, remembering her own unfortunate marriage when she was but sixteen, is begging sister Georgiana to wait a while.

Ruth Hussey has announced she's engaged to a friend of her college days W. L. Fogarty, a Kansas insurance man. It will probably be a summer wedding—and "No elopement!" according to Miss Hussey.

Priscilla and John of the Pilgrimage days ended in a different story from the modern Priscilla (Lane) and John (Barry) romance. Priscilla has broken her engagement to the Victorville newspaperman in favor of a lad in the Warners' music department. Can that girl make up her mind? Anyway, sister Rosemary did when she married Buddy Westmore in N. Y.

Blonde Martha O'Driscoll, who wanted a career before marriage has succumbed to the wooing of Walter Brewer, wealthy young sportsman and will soon become his bride.

Alexis Smith, Warners' tall, blond and coming star, and actor Craig Stevens are at the leaping-off-to-Yuma stage. (Continued on page 8)

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



# How you can catch cold—and what to do about it



**DUCK THAT KISS** if the one you are kissing has a cold. Kissing is one of the surest ways of exposing yourself; bacteria may travel by direct contact.



**LOOK OUT FOR SNEEZERS AND COUGH-ERS!** Bacteria are shot into the air by coughs and sneezes and may enter your nose or mouth.



**SUDDEN CHANGES OF TEMPERATURE** make certain types of people more susceptible to colds. In some cases they weaken resistance so that bacteria, already present, may get the upperhand.



## NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS

The two drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.



BEFORE



AFTER



**IN SOME PERSONS DRAFTS** cause disturbances of the circulatory system and, as in the case of sudden temperature changes, may lower body resistance.



**BEFORE HANDLING BABY!** If you have a cold yourself or have shaken hands with someone who has, always rinse your hands with full strength Listerine. Germs thrive on moist hand surfaces.



**UTENSILS USED BY THOSE WITH COLDS** may communicate the infection to others. Be particularly careful about children.

## AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A COLD or SORE THROAT Gargle LISTERINE—QUICK!

This prompt and easy precaution, frequently repeated, may head off the trouble entirely or lessen the severity of the infection if it does develop. Carefully conducted clinical tests during the past 10 years showed these amazing results:

That regular, twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, milder colds, colds of shorter duration, than non-users, and fewer sore throats due to colds in many cases.

You naturally want to know why this is so.

We believe that it is because Listerine reaches way back on the throat to kill

literally millions of the threatening bacteria known to doctors as the "secondary invaders" which may set up infection when body resistance is lowered for any reason (see panel above). In the opinion of many leading medical men these "secondary invaders" are the ones that so often complicate a cold . . . make it troublesome . . . result in the distressing symptoms you know all too well.

Actual tests showed bacterial reductions on the mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%, even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle . . . up to 80% an hour after.

In view of this impressive evidence isn't it wise to keep Listerine Antiseptic handy in home and office . . . to pack it when you travel . . . to gargle with it often and thoroughly at the first hint of trouble?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY  
St. Louis, Missouri



**WATCH YOUR THROAT**  
where illness often starts  
**LISTERINE THROAT LIGHT**

**ONLY 75¢** Batteries Included

Genuine du Pont "Lucite" Illuminator





A foursome squares off to make a V hit in "Vaudeville for Victory." Cary Grant, Roz Russell, Myrna Loy and Charles Boyer passed the baskets and got the bucks passed to them at the Music Box show



## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Barker Grant gets hoarse shouting his wares. The vaudeville show boasted also Reggie Gardiner, Allan Jones and a host of others

Barker Boyer just keeps quiet and signs autographs like mad. Silence is golden when all the peanuts—and the presents in each—are bagged by the cheering crowd

(Continued from page 6)

**Living-Room Couch for the Groom:** So unexpected was the wedding of Ann Sheridan and George Brent that the groom has no place to rest his weary head. Ann, who has just completed her new home, converted the extra bedroom upstairs (it has but two upstairs rooms) into a den with built-in bookcases and what-nots. Her own room is done in the frilly nonmasculine manner. The one extra room downstairs is occupied by Gwen Woodford, Ann's secretary. So the question is, where will Georgie re-

pose in this new establishment? Certainly Ann doesn't want to leave her brand-new home for Georgie's rented house with leases ready to expire at any moment.

While the pair were honeymooning, contractors and decorators daily bombarded the studio for information about building on a new wing or re-decorating the den. "Why doesn't she let us know these things?" they moaned.

"Why didn't she let *you* know?" the studio screamed. "Why didn't she let us know?"

Of course, the answer is, Ann didn't know herself. The proposal came suddenly after a reconciliation following a quarrel and Ann accepted.

Olivia de Havilland's explanation for the sudden marriage is a panic. "Bette Davis and I drove him to it," she twinkles. "Ann was an oasis in a desert after us."

The two girls, both former girlfriends of George's, made the handsome actor's life miserable on the "In This Our Life" set, in a kidding way, of course. Unexpected little tidbits of information concerning



George's courtships sailed back and forth between the girls over Mr. Brent's defenseless head. The two kidded George unmercifully and, like a good sport, George took it.

But just the same he leaped from the last scene into marriage with Ann. So, maybe Olivia is right. Maybe Bette and Olivia were the absent bridesmaids, silently laughing out their blessings.

Anyway, Ann is one of the best liked gals in the village and to our notion Brent is tops. A swell actor and a good fellow. So here's wishing them both great happiness for always.

**Reunion in Hollywood:** When Hedy Lamarr was just an unknown beauty in Hollywood and had yet to make "Algiers," Cal called on her one day in her small furnished bungalow. She talked almost constantly of two things—her shame and horror of "Ecstasy," a film made when she was a very young girl and had no idea of the consequences of that scene forced upon her by producer and director—and her mother.

The longing in her voice as she spoke of her mother, the little mementos of her mother scattered about the small living room, her candid, tear-choked confession that she had unthinkingly done much to distress her mother and the father who had died a short while before, have somehow always stayed with us. Her efforts, even then, to bring her mother to America were her main concern.

From time to time we've heard or read of her repeated and even frantic attempts to get her mother, Mrs. Gertrude Kiesler, out of Europe and into the land of the free. We sincerely sympathized, knowing something of her heartache.

Now, almost four years later, it has been accomplished—or almost so. Her mother has finally arrived safely in Canada and, while she is yet far from Hollywood, Hedy's heart is free at last from fear and dread. She can fly now to see her and after the long years in between we can picture those meetings.

Cal knows that soon they will be together, the old wounds forgotten, in the new life ahead.

**Hello and Good-by:** Jane Withers, sixteen, slim and appealing, leaves the studio that started her on the road to fame. Jane, who began when she was nine as the brat in Shirley Temple's picture, "Bright Eyes," has refused Fox's offer of \$2,750 a week for reasons altruistic. Jane wants to make better pictures. She doesn't want to be a star and doesn't ask for more money. All she wants is to keep faith with the fans who have kept her a box-office attraction through fair pic-



**WHY AM I ALWAYS ALONE IN A CROWD?**

Because... to be attractive you must be dainty... and to be dainty you must discover *one* soap that actually banishes body odor... and at the same time adorns your skin with a protecting fragrance men love! You see, it's no longer necessary to risk your daintiness with an unpleasant-smelling soap.



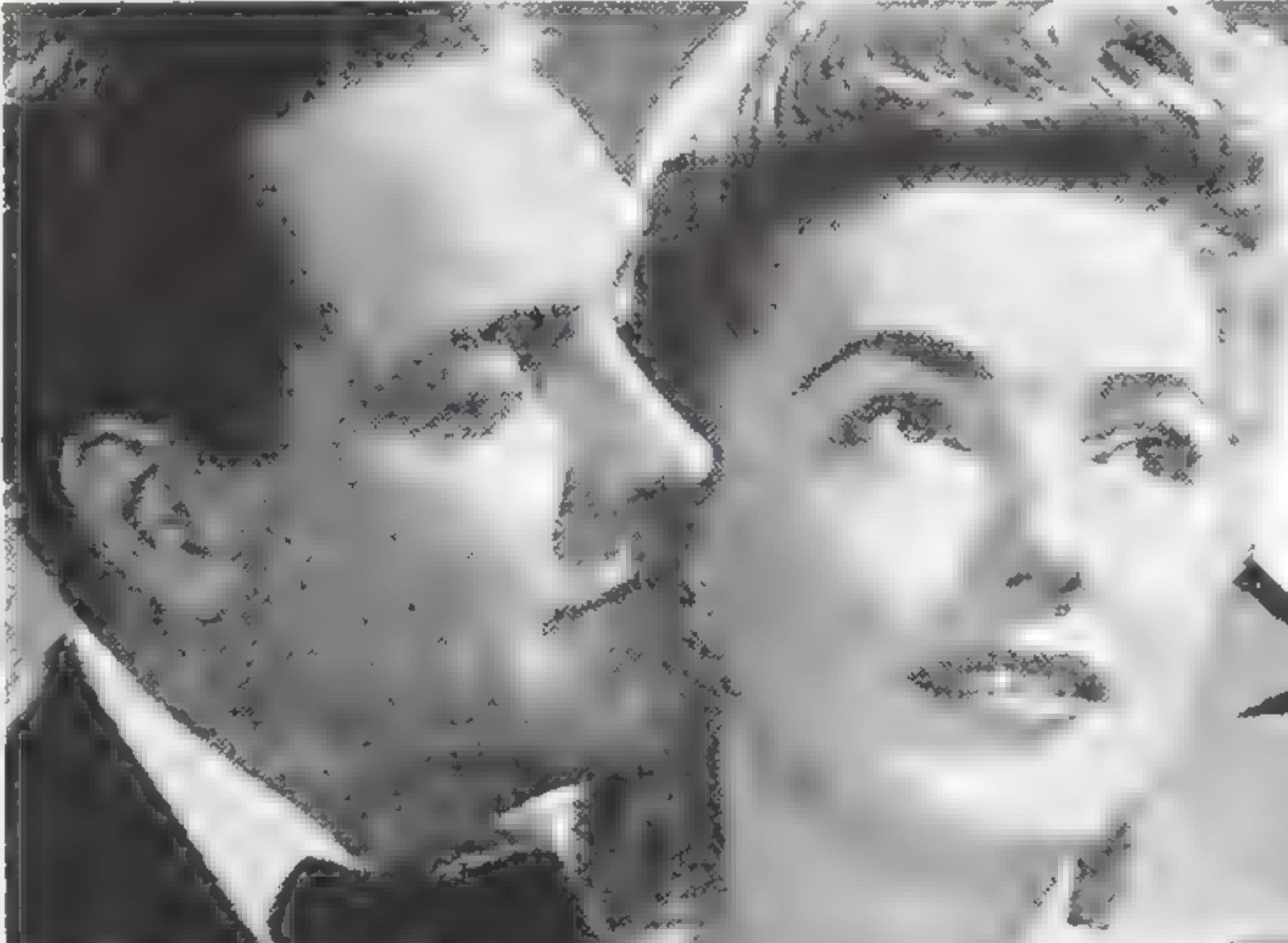
**YOU MEAN THERE'S A NICE-SMELLING SOAP A GIRL CAN DEPEND ON TO PROTECT HER AGAINST OFFENDING?**

**YES, INDEED...** gentle, fragrant, pearly white Cashmere Bouquet! You'll revel in its rich, lasting suds that leave you exquisitely fresh and sweet... your skin delicately scented with a subtle, protecting fragrance.



**M-M-M! WHAT A HEAVENLY SCENT... SMELLS LIKE \$20 AN OUNCE! DOES IT LAST?**

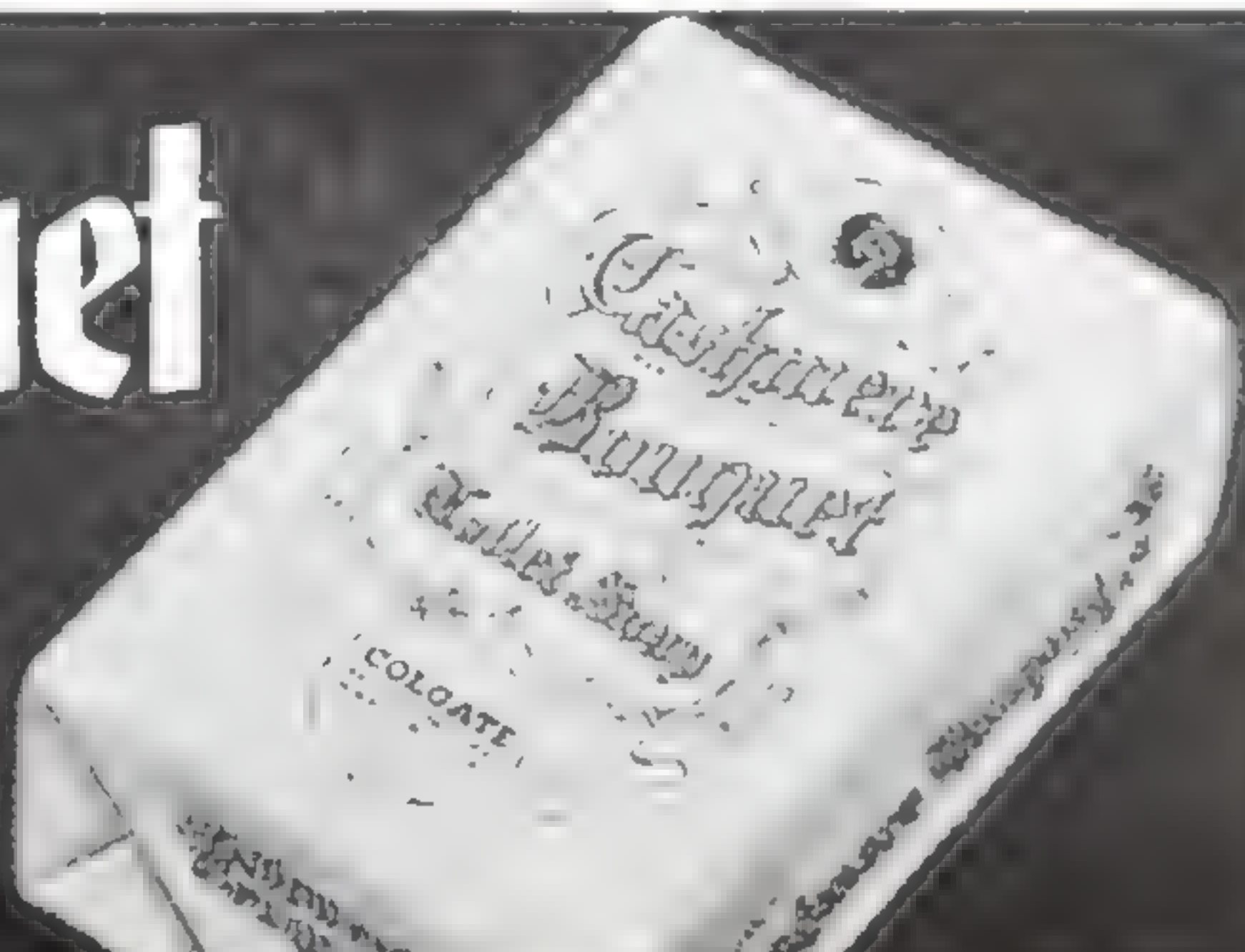
**DEFINITELY...** and the lingering, alluring scent of Cashmere Bouquet is a help to romance! What's more, actually thousands of women have proved to themselves that Cashmere Bouquet is *one* perfumed soap that won't irritate their skin!



**THANKS FOR THE TIP ... AND HERE'S ONE FOR EVERY GIRL! SMELL THE SOAP BEFORE YOU BUY... YOU'LL GET CASHMERE BOUQUET EVERY TIME!**

**THAT'S A SWELL IDEA!** It's always a pleasure to give a smart girl like you a glamour hint... to tell you about the lovelier way to avoid offending with Cashmere Bouquet Soap! Now you know what the costlier perfume of Cashmere Bouquet

can mean to you! Remember, there's no finer complexion care than Cashmere Bouquet, every day... and it's *one* perfumed soap that can agree with your skin! Be really smart... get Cashmere Bouquet Soap—today!



**Cashmere Bouquet Soap**

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING



*Hollywood's  
Home in Boston*

## The COPLEY-PLAZA

LUXURIOUS ROOMS

\$4 and up



THE COPLEY-PLAZA  
COPLEY SQUARE · BOSTON

Your welcome to the Copley-Plaza will be as warm and sincere as that extended to the many stars of stage and screen who stay here whenever they are in Boston

CHAUNCEY DEPEW STEELE  
General Manager

THE  
*Copley*  
PLAZA

"SO LITTLE MORE FOR THE BEST"



## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Four good-hearted guys look silly in an Amos-and-Andy act for the "Buy A Bomber" show at Charlie Foy's. Amos is Lou Costello; Andy, Maxie Rosenbloom; the Kingfish, Bert Wheeler; Lightning, Lee Tracy. Voices were supplied by Dick Harris, hidden behind the chairs; the rest just waved their hands, opened their mouths and turned out one of the best gag acts yet



Phil Harris and wife Alice Faye sneak some gin rummy between acts. Show's motto was the more yells, the merrier

tures and bad. With this determination in mind, Jane will try her luck with another studio.

Maureen O'Sullivan will leave the screen for a long time, if not forever, after her next *Tarzan* picture, in order to nurse back to health her husband, John Farrow, an officer in the Naval Reserve, and to devote her time to their little son.

Norma Shearer began her career years ago on the old Metro lot, an awkward, far from beautiful young woman, whose eagerness to succeed forced into secondary place all drawbacks. And succeed she did, marrying Hollywood's young genius, Producer Irving Thalberg, and eventually becoming the First Lady of the Screen.

Today is a new day, a new era with new stars, and Norma moves on. At the completion of her M-G-M contract, Norma, once queen of the lot, will go elsewhere, probably Warner Brothers, to make pictures.

Hello and good-by. It's the story of Hollywood for young and old.

The Marines Are Coming: All day

long 300 Marines, resplendent in their uniforms and led by handsome John Payne and Randy Scott, had marched around the producers' building at Twentieth Century-Fox for a scene in "To The Shores Of Tripoli." Each time the camera had swung into action, something had gone wrong. Usually Maxie Rosenbloom got out of step or one of the Marines, played by extras, whistled at a pretty secretary who hung out the window.

Finally one producer could work no longer and left his desk to join the watchers who had haunted the windows for hours. As the parade swung by the steenth time, the producer moaned, "I wish that director could get his Marines to do things the way MacArthur does in the Philippines and then we'd accomplish something."

The Marines still think the cheering from that office window was for them.

Very Odd and Ends Department: Penny Singleton is sporting the first blackout hat. It's made of phosphorous material and turns white in the dark.

Madeleine Carroll has foregone the

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



rest cure prescribed by her physician to offer her services to the United States Government. Incidentally, Madeleine, with her station wagon loaded with gifts for soldiers at a near-by camp, was halted at the gate by a sentry.

"Who goes there?" he called.  
 "Madeleine Carroll," came the answer.

Believe it or not, the sentry was so amazed he dropped his gun on his foot and broke his little toe.

Hollywood couldn't be more thrilled over Jimmy Stewart's promotion from sergeant. When Jimmy finally gets into the activities he'll be a lieutenant, no less. Hi, Lt. James Stewart of the U. S. A.!

**And So, Good-By:** During her early acting days in London, Greer Garson



An \$800 evening take was announced by Bob Hope (above with Mrs. Hope). Costello's shoes were sold for \$30; he had to pay \$35 to get them back

and as her companion and secretary lively, intelligent English girl named Denise Boettiger. After the war broke out, Greer evolved a plan of sending Denise to come to America with her.

Meanwhile, one night when she was having dinner at the Biarritz in Hollywood, she complimented the headwaiter on the food.

"Our new chef is from Europe," he said. "He's very good. His name is Boettiger."

Greer became alert. "May I see him?" she asked, and was immediately led to the kitchen.

The man was Denise's father, and Greer told of her plans for bringing Denise over.

The father listened quietly. "It can't be done," he said finally. "Denise was killed in an air raid last month."

Thus Britons in Hollywood learn of their friends' fate.

She  WENT OUT FOR A WALK...AND CAME HOME WITH A BABY!

When she adopted a dimpled darling she had to find a dizzy daddy to take for a roaring ride!

Marlene DIETRICH • Fred MacMURRAY  
 IN MITCHELL LEISEN'S

# THE LADY IS WILLING

Introducing The Screen's Most Blessed Event...

with ALINE MacMAHON • STANLEY RIDGES  
 ARLINE JUDGE • ROGER CLARK  
 Screen play by James Edward Grant and Albert McCleery  
 Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN  
 A Charles K. Feldman Group Production  
 A COLUMBIA PICTURE



**SHE'S**  
*A Dream*



**SHE'S**  
*Irresistible*

**SHE USES IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME AND LIPSTICK**

An exquisite perfume for your new Spring Bonnet... a challenge to Spring and a young man's fancy. A touch of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME makes you divinely exciting, glamorous, irresistible and assures you of his devotion. Now in an adorable Easter Box.

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**USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK**

Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The lipstick that's WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer... smoother . . . . . 10¢




## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Big-star business: Gary Cooper gets a trophy for "Sergeant York," poses with Martha Scott and Goddard

Little-boy trick: "Coop" caught snacking with co-star Joan Leslie

**The Tale of Two Coats:** A few minutes before they were to leave for the party, George Murphy called to his wife to find his dress coat. Patiently Mrs. Murphy explained it had been returned from the cleaner three days before and was hanging in his closet.

George, struggling into the coat, discovered it was too small. A glance inside revealed another name—the cleaner had returned the wrong coat.

Then began a series of telephone calls to locate the cleaner's home. When he was finally reached the situation was explained and the real owner's name given.

The cleaner let out a moan and finally said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Murphy, but the man who owned that coat died two days ago and I'm awfully afraid he was buried in your coat."

George wore tweeds. . . .

A young studio publicist saved for three months until he acquired enough cash to have one of Hollywood's finest tailors cut him a sports coat. The day of the fitting arrived and the lad, to his great chagrin, saw that the coat was badly cut.

"But I've saved and gone without things I really needed to get this coat," he said. "That's why I came to you, the best tailor in town."

"I'm so sorry," the tailor groaned, "can you forgive me? You see, I've had such awful news I don't know what I'm doing. I received word last week my son was killed at Pearl Harbor."

Instantly the publicist was all sympathy. "Put the coat away and forget it," he urged. "I'll be back in two weeks for another fitting." In gratitude the tailor promised to have it exactly right in two weeks' time.

At the end of the specified time the boy, eager for his brand-new coat, returned. But to his bitter disappointment the coat fit worse than ever.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," the tailor said, "but I've had such bad news. I—"

"I know," the customer said, "and I deeply sympathize with you in the



loss of your son. But what—?"

"Oh, but no," interrupted the tailor, "since then I've had a wire it was a mistake. He's living, but I am stunned after two weeks of agonized sorrow I can't feel, I can't think."

The lad looked at him. "Put the coat away," he said. "We'll forget it."

The ready-made \$12.50 coat looked like heck on the boy, but somehow he feels better in it.

**Off with the Screen Love—On with the Real:** We popped over to M-G-M the other day to ask a question everyone else seems to have overlooked. What does Mickey Andy Hardy Rooney's screen sweetheart, Ann Rutherford, think of Mickey's marriage to Ann, as Polly Benedict, has been the screen sweetheart of Mickey for many years. In an *Andy Hardy* epic, you remember?

"I knew as soon as they began writing me out of Andy's love life," she laughed, "some other girl would get him."

Polly has only a small role in the last *Andy Hardy* episode, called appropriately enough, "The Courtship of Andy Hardy." "I'm sure Ava got him on the rebound. I should have stayed with his real love in the stories," Ann said.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR





Double-barreled smiles after a double-ring ceremony—Ava Gardner and Mickey Rooney caught by Fink directly after the wedding

We knew, of course, Ann was poking fun, for she and Ava are very good friends and Ann is really excited over her lead in "This Time For Keeps." "Oh, yes, Mickey and I had our little offstage upsets," she told us, "but Mickey is far from the smart aleck he's painted. I think it's wonderful that he married so beautiful and lovely a girl as Ava."

Ann hopes Mickey will go right ahead with the *Andy Hardy* series, too, for oddly enough the actress believes they're a good-luck symbol. After her brief interlude in the last two of the series, Ann says all sorts of things began to happen to her. Given a ten days' vacation, Ann hoped for a little fun and rest and took what happened. First she broke her wrist watch, then in succession wrecked her car, lost an heirloom earring, carried the wrong suitcase to Arrowhead Springs, came home, got sick and spent the rest of the holiday in bed.

So maybe Mickey does bring her luck. Anyway, Ann *Polly Benedict* Rutherford wishes Mickey and his bride all the luck in the world. With a beautiful gal like that on the wishing end, how can Mickey miss?

**Vital Statistics Dept.:** Here's the truth in cold round figures on that Hollywood divorce problem everyone loves to discuss. According to a sur-

## Loveliness may soon be Yours! Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



This lovely bride, Mrs. Robert G. Johnson of New Orleans, La., says: "The Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet is such an easy way to help bring out the loveliness of one's complexion."

**Follow this way to a lovelier complexion—based on skin specialists' advice—praised by lovely brides!**

"I'M SO THRILLED . . . being a Camay bride! When people tell me that my skin is lovely, I'm rewarded in full for my persistent devotion to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet. Many nights I was so sleepy . . . many mornings I was in such a hurry, but never once did I neglect to follow the 'Mild-Soap' Diet routine faithfully." So says Mrs. Robert G. Johnson.



A little time . . . a little care . . . and you, too, can be lovelier with the help of the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. For no woman's skin can be truly beautiful if she fails to cleanse it properly. Or if she uses a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine mild soap. And Camay is more than just mild . . . it's actually milder than the 10 famous beauty soaps tested. That's why we say your way to new loveliness is to "Go on the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet tonight!"

**GO ON THE "MILD-SOAP" DIET TONIGHT!**



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashing.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.



# LAUGHS AND MUSIC IN A BIG PICTURE

FROM the  
SENSATIONAL  
MUSICAL  
COMEDY  
HIT that  
BROADWAY  
HOWLED  
AT for  
MONTHS  
COMES  
REPUBLIC'S  
GREAT screen  
SMASH —

"YOKEL BOY!" If

EVER there was a need  
FOR laughter, now is the  
TIME. And if ever there  
WAS a picture designed  
TO fill that need, "YOKEL  
BOY" is the one. It's an  
UPROARIOUS farce comedy  
WITH music with lots of very  
FUNNY people. EDDY

FOY, JR., plays the  
FOCAL yokel;

JOAN DAVIS is  
HILARIOUSLY

VOCAL And they

HAVE ALBERT  
DEKKER, ALAN

MOWBRAY,  
ROSCOE KARNS,

MARILYN HARE,  
MIKHAIL

RASUMNY, and MARC

LAWRENCE to help them in the  
HIGH-jinks and shenanigans. When

BUGSIE MALONE, America's

FOREMOST mobster, decides to

BECOME a glamorous movie hero,

THE laughs pile on so fast that you'll

ENJOY every minute of it. There

IS a lot of fine music, too—in fact,  
EVERYTHING to entertain you.

"YOKEL BOY," 1942's best

COMEDY, is



A REPUBLIC PICTURE

## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Looking directly at the director, Preston Sturges, who owns "The Players" cafe, as he turns waiter to Mrs. McCrea, Mrs. Robert Hakim, Joel McCrea



Game of button-button as played by Lt. James Stewart, who dropped in to say hello to uniformed rival McCarthy and his fine friend Edgar Berger

vey made by the Associated Press, there were 100 marriages in 1941 and only fifty divorces. This, of course, refers to celebrity marriages and not the townfolk. The three Westmore boys have finally caught up with the Bennetts (Connie, Joan and Barbara) in number of marriages, but remain behind in divorces, six to eight.

And there's the marital news up to the minute. How do your statistics compare?

**War Versus Movies:** Will the war make any difference in our movies?" writes an Omaha fan to Cal. In answer we advise Miss Omaha it certainly will. Not in the number or quality of movies produced, of course, but in the type of pictures and in the elimination of certain standardized sequences. For instance, due to tire shortage, maybe there'll be no more thrilling and exciting automobile chases such as climaxed the picture "High Sierra." If Humphrey Bogart wants to flee the police in the future, he'll have to escape on a bicycle or kiddie car or even on an old gray mare.

Participants in war pictures will have to do their shooting in the future with make-believe cannons tanks and machine guns, the Army having confiscated all such weapons for their own use.

Coiffures will grow shorter and curlier due to a threatened shortage in bobby pins and make-up will be used more sparingly due to priorities in the ingredients used in their making. No actual shots of industrial plants, military academies, harbors bridges or tunnels (now guarded by Uncle Sam) will be made—such shots will have to be faked on the lot. Due to lumber shortage, old sets will be retrimmed and used. Thus Tara in "Gone With The Wind," with a slight remodeling job, goes into the next "Scattergood Baines" story—so go sparingly, please, on those criticisms on period authenticity.

Comics will no longer insult their superior officers in Army comedies and screen fights between women in which precious silk is ripped to shreds will be reduced to a minimum, thank heavens, and even then the shreds will wear near-silk or cotton.





This blonde argument as to why women shouldn't cut their hair is Helen Gilbert. Romantic reason in this case is one Phillip Reed

Night scenes will grow scarcer and scarcer due to blackout possibilities and the touchiness of neighbors to the reflected studio lights in the near-by skies.

As time goes on you can expect to see more and more of the younger heroes, and even some a bit older, disappear from view due to Uncle Sam's need.

But outside of that, movies will go right on providing the entertainment we need more than ever.

**Hollywood's Talking About:** The lack of tourists and out-of-state license plates on cars . . . the women stars who work a twelve-hour night shift at the San Pedro canteen . . . the plight of Jill Esmond (former wife of Laurence Olivier) and her son Simon Olivier, who are cut off from her husband's alimony due to Olivier's being in England . . . Miss Esmond has finally landed a job in pictures. . . .

The frequent night-club brawls of my Mike Romanoff who is loved by so many Hollywood stars for his gentle nature . . . the reconciliation between Jeanna Durbin and Universal Studios . . . the rise of two young newcomers, namely Van Heflin and Alan Ladd . . . the disgust of two big names who have been heroes in her last two epics for their leading lady whose antics are so childish and whose acting almost won her an Academy Award . . . the improvement in Olivia de Havilland's acting in the past year . . . the success of Dorothy Lamour in her defense-bond sale through the East . . . the misinformation throughout the East concerning affairs on the Pacific Coast which are moving along normally and happily. . . .



## "My Romance was dying of starvation"

A TRUE STORY OF THE  
"ONE NEGLECT"  
THAT ALMOST WRECKED A MARRIAGE

1. Before we were married, we were so much in love! But after our wedding Bill changed — his attentions grew less and less. I suffered the miseries of neglect.



2. Then at the club one day I met a famous woman doctor—and overcame my pride enough to tell her my troubles. She shocked me by saying, "I'm afraid it's your own fault—you see, there's one thing husbands don't forgive in their wives—carelessness or *ignorance* about feminine hygiene.



3. "So many married women come to me with the same story. And my advice to them, and to you, is—use Lysol disinfectant regularly for intimate personal care. Lysol cleanses and deodorizes—and at the same time it instantly kills millions of germs, without harm to sensitive tissues. Lysol is safe."



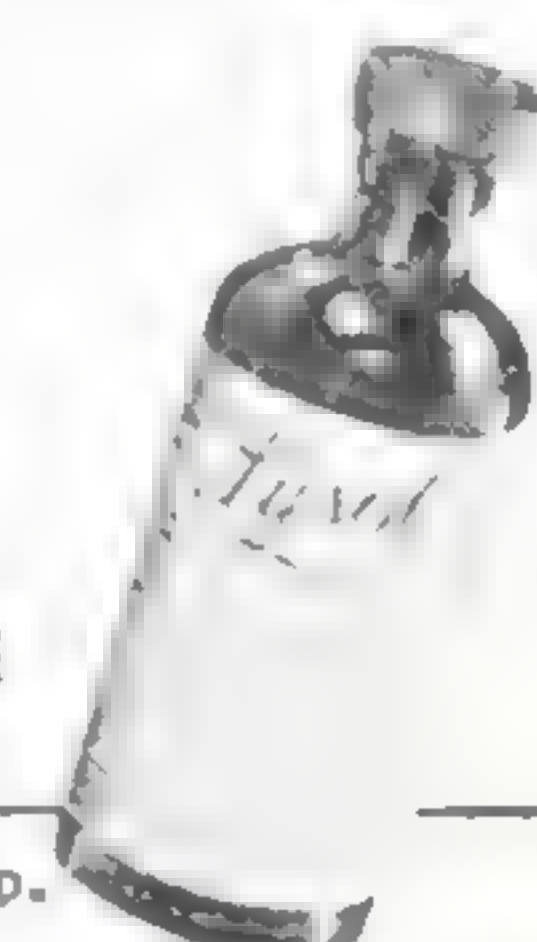
4. That's how Lysol became my standard practice for feminine hygiene. It's so gentle to use—and so economical. And you never have to worry about its effectiveness. It *works!* As for my romance—we're more in love than ever.

### Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.

*Lysol*  
Disinfectant

FOR FEMINE HYGIENE



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# BRIEF REVIEWS

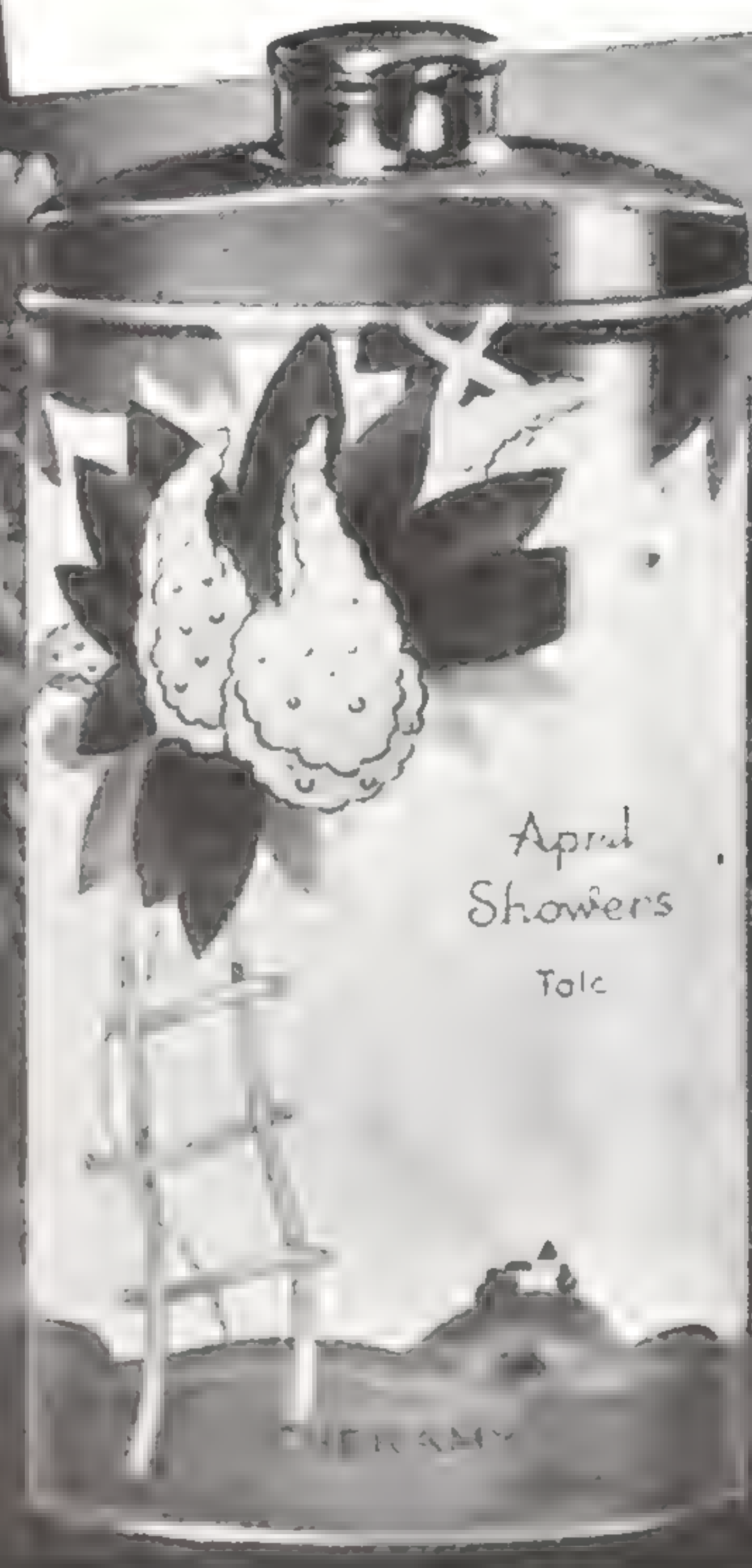


Chin up, Costello! Mr. Abbott overlooks Mr. Costello who is going soft on him in Universal's "Ride 'Em Cowboy"

*When your  
charm becomes  
Enchantment*

The added touch of allure that men find irresistible, can be yours...when you use April Showers Talc. Petal-soft, richly perfumed, it seems like a veil of fragrance on your skin...whispering, wherever you go, that you wear the fragrance men love! *Exquisite but not Expensive.*

**April  
Showers  
Talc**



**CHERAMY perfumer**  
Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

**ALL AMERICAN CO-ED**—Hal Roach-U.A.: Johnny Downs dons women's clothes and enrolls at a strict girls' school in order to get even with the school for having cast aspersions on a near-by male student body. Frances Langford sings, which is easy to take, but it's a nonentertaining little musical. (Jan.)

✓ **AMONG THE LIVING**—Paramount: Albert Dekker plays a dual role as the brother who returns home to find that his twin, whom he had thought dead, is alive and insane. When the insane one escapes and sets upon a round of murder, the sane brother is taken for the killer and almost lynched. Dekker does a swell job and Susan Hayward, Frances Farmer and Harry Carey are also fine (March)

✓✓ **APPOINTMENT FOR LOVE**—Universal: Charles Boyer is at his smoothest in this gay movie as the playwright who marries a successful doctor, Margaret Sullavan, who puts into practice all her scientific theories about marriage and takes her own apartment. Both Reginald Denny as the "other man" and Rita Johnson as the "other woman" are splendid. It's sparkling as your Christmas tree. (Jan.)

✓ **BABES ON BROADWAY**—M-G-M: Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland instill freshness into the same old story of would-be actors' finally hitting the big time. Mickey, Ray McDonald and Richard Quine have an act they don't get very far with until they meet Judy. Mickey's impersonation of Carmen Miranda and Judy's singing are high spots and the production numbers are staged with M-G-M lavishness. (Feb.)

**BAHAMA PASSAGE**—Paramount: Madeleine Carroll arrives on Bildo Cay with her scoundrel father to manage the island for Stirling Hayden and his mentally deranged mother, Flora Robson. Madeleine sets out for Stirling, who's married to Mary Anderson, but don't waste your time seeing what happens. The film's one redeeming feature is the handsomeness of Madeleine and Stirling. (March)

✓✓ **BALL OF FIRE**—Goldwyn-RKO: Gary Cooper, one of a group of professors compiling an encyclopedia, sets out to broaden his knowledge of slang and meets night-club babe Barbara Stanwyck, on the lam from the police. What happens is wildly hilarious. Kathleen Howard, Allen Jenkins and the professors, all of whom you'll love, lend tremendous support. (Feb.)

✓ **BEDTIME STORY**—Columbia: Loretta Young, Broadway star who wants to retire, finally divorces her playwright husband, Fredric March, and marries banker Allyn Joslyn, but Freddie interrupts her honeymoon much to Joslyn's embarrassment and Loretta's amusement. Robert Benchley and Joslyn are killing funny and Freddy and Loretta are at their best. (March)

✓ **BLUES IN THE NIGHT**—Warners: An odd, sultry, queerly somber picture, this, set to the throbbing music of Jimmy Lunceford's band and

telling of a small Southern dance band that finds trouble at Lloyd Nolan's notorious roadhouse. Richard Whorf as the young pianist whom Priscilla Lane secretly loves is a fine actor. With Betty Field. (Feb.)

✓ **BUGLE SOUNDS, THE**—M-G-M: A bonanza for Wallace Beery fans is this story of a hard-bitten Army sergeant who is forced to turn his regiment into a tank outfit. He finally is discharged from the Army and falls in with a band of saboteurs, but manages to lick them singlehanded. With Marjorie Main as his sentimental sidekick, and Lewis Stone. (March)

**CADET GIRL**—20th Century-Fox: George Montgomery is a West Pointer who falls in love with Carole Landis, singer with his brother's orchestra. They decide to marry even though it means George's expulsion from the school, but the brother tries to bring Cadet Montgomery to his senses. Good music, good looks and special bits of acting keep the picture lively. (Feb.)

✓✓ **CHOCOLATE SOLDIER, THE**—M-G-M: The big news of this gay song fest is Rise Stevens who becomes Nelson Eddy's singing partner in this chuckle-laden story. Eddy gives his best performance as the married operetta star who tests the loyalty of his capricious wife, Miss Stevens, by pretending to be a Russian baritone. The music is out of this world. (Feb.)

✓ **CONFIRM OR DENY**—20th Century-Fox: Don Ameche is the dynamic head of an American news service in London that attempts to keep open for business despite the bombings, with Joan Bennett, as the English girl employed by the service, John Loder, Raymond Walburn, Roddy McDowall and Arthur Shields caught up in the scramble. It's firecracker fare. (Feb.)

✓ **CORSICAN BROTHERS, THE**—Edward Small—U.A.: Glamorous make-believe, with romance, thrills, rescues and sword plays galore: with Douglas Fairbanks Jr. playing twin sons of a Corsican family who have been separated as babies and then come together to set out on their deeds of revenge. Ruth Warrick is the beautiful heroine who must be rescued from Akim Tamiroff. (March)

✓ **DESIGN FOR SCANDAL**—M-G-M: Rosalind Russell's beauty and charm as the female judge is the undoing of nifty photographer Walter Pidgeon, when he sets out to involve her in scandal at the instigation of his boss, Edward Arnold, who wants his alimony reduced. Lee Bowman and Mary Beth Hughes get caught up in the nonsense that proves entertaining fun. (Feb.)

**DOWN MEXICO WAY**—Republic: When Gene Autry discovers his townfolk have been gypped by a band of crooked movie promoters, he rides right over into Mexico to round up the varmints. Fay McKenzie is pretty and talented as Gene's new leading lady and Smiley Burnette is right in there pitching. One of the best of the Autry pictures. (Jan.)

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



**DR. KILDARE'S VICTORY**—M-G-M: Sound and solid entertainment, with interne Robert Sterling ignoring a hospital ruling to bring critically injured Ann Ayars to the hospital, where Lew Ayres and Lionel Barrymore save the day for them. Ann is in love with *Kildare* but he doesn't succumb to her charms. (March)

**DUMBO**—Walt Disney: All the whimsical charm that Disney has lavished on his past fantasies is embodied in this heart-touching story of *Dumbo*, the baby elephant whose enormous ears enable him to be spurned and despised until he learns how to fly. It's warm and appealing and funny, beautifully drawn and executed. (Jan.)

**GLAMOUR BOY**—Paramount: An appealing, good little movie, loaded with human interest, with Jackie Cooper playing a former child star who's led in to coach Darryl Hickman in a remake of Jackie's former hit, "Skippy." Jackie meets and falls in love with Susanna Foster and finds plenty of grief before emerging with a new viewpoint in life. (Feb.)

**HELLZAPOPPIN'**—Mayfair-Universal: This comedy movie will either have you shrieking your lungs out with laughter or will leave you cold and stifled. Olsen and Johnson have taken their roadshow riot and transcribed it to the screen with all its wow and zest, madness and nit-wittery. Martha Raye, Hugh Herbert and Mischa Auer also mixed up in the deal. (March)

**H. M. PULHAM, ESQ.**—M-G-M: Frankly disappointing is our opinion of the movie version of the best seller, but our one-check approval goes for the splendid performance of Robert Young for the careful direction and for the sterling acting of Van Heflin and Ruth Hussey. Hedy Lamarr cloaks beauty as the business girl. (Feb.)

**ONKY TONK**—M-G-M: A rambling story about a Western con man, Clark Gable, who with his Chill Wills, gets elected the big boss of a town and taxes the people into rebellion. Lana Turner's girl whom Clark marries on his way up, and Irene Trevor is the dance-hall girl. (Jan.)

**HOT SPOT**—20th Century-Fox: When Victor Mature, Alan Mowbray and Allyn Joslyn turn actress Carole Landis into a glamour girl and she's murdered, Mature and Carole's sister, Betty Hutton, become suspects and are relentlessly pursued by menacing detective Laird Cregar. It's a moving, suspenseful picture. (Jan.)

**HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY**—20th Century-Fox: An Academy Award contender is a great human-interest document of a boy's life in a Welsh mining town. Marching through the beautifully directed story are the father, Donald Crisp, and the mother, Sara Allgood, with their children, among them Patric Knowles, John Loder and Betty McDowall. Maureen O'Hara is the beautiful daughter and Walter Pidgeon the preacher. A classic and spellbinding. (Jan.)

**INTERNATIONAL LADY**—Edward Small-U.A.: Beautiful spy Ilona Massey leads George Brent and Basil Rathbone of Scotland Yard on a merry chase from London to Lisbon to America, as the two men attempt to find a gang of saboteurs. The two detectives are charming and witty and the story is delightful. (Jan.)

**JOAN OF PARIS**—RKO-Radio: Dealing with the attempts of five British fliers to get out of France and back to England, this is a thrilling, suspenseful movie that provides fine entertainment. Paul Henreid takes refuge in the room of Michele Morgan, a young barmaid, and she, with the aid of Thomas Mitchell, helps the fliers escape. Paul Henreid and Michele give touching, superb performances. (March)

**JOHNNY EAGER**—M-G-M: Bob Taylor gives a knockout performance as the conscience-stricken killer who, after framing society girl Lana Turner into believing she has killed a man, falls in love with her. Van Heflin as his only true friend just steals the show. It's tremendous. (March)

**KATHLEEN**—M-G-M: Shirley Temple at her best is a better little actress than ever before. She plays the lonely, motherless child of Herbert Marshall and schemes to have her father marry Laraine Day, a child psychologist, rather than Gail Patrick, whom she disapproves. The story radiates good humor and charm. (Feb.)

**LET 'EM FLYING**—Universal: Those funny Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, are given a comic story in this one. Despite the story line, the boys rate cheers and several of their bits are sure laugh-getters. Carol Bruce and Dick Powell interrupt the picture for romance and Martha Raye plays twin sisters. (Feb.)

**LOUISIANA PURCHASE**—Paramount: Fun, music and beauty in this comedy that wraps around the intriguing personalities of Bob Hope, Vera Zorina and Victor Moore. When Bob Hope investigates the activities of Victor Moore, who's the butt of four crooks, Bob Hope frames him into compromising situations with Zorina. (Feb.)

**MALTESE FALCON, THE**—Warners: This is one of the best mystery pictures since the "Thin Man" and a masterpiece of well-

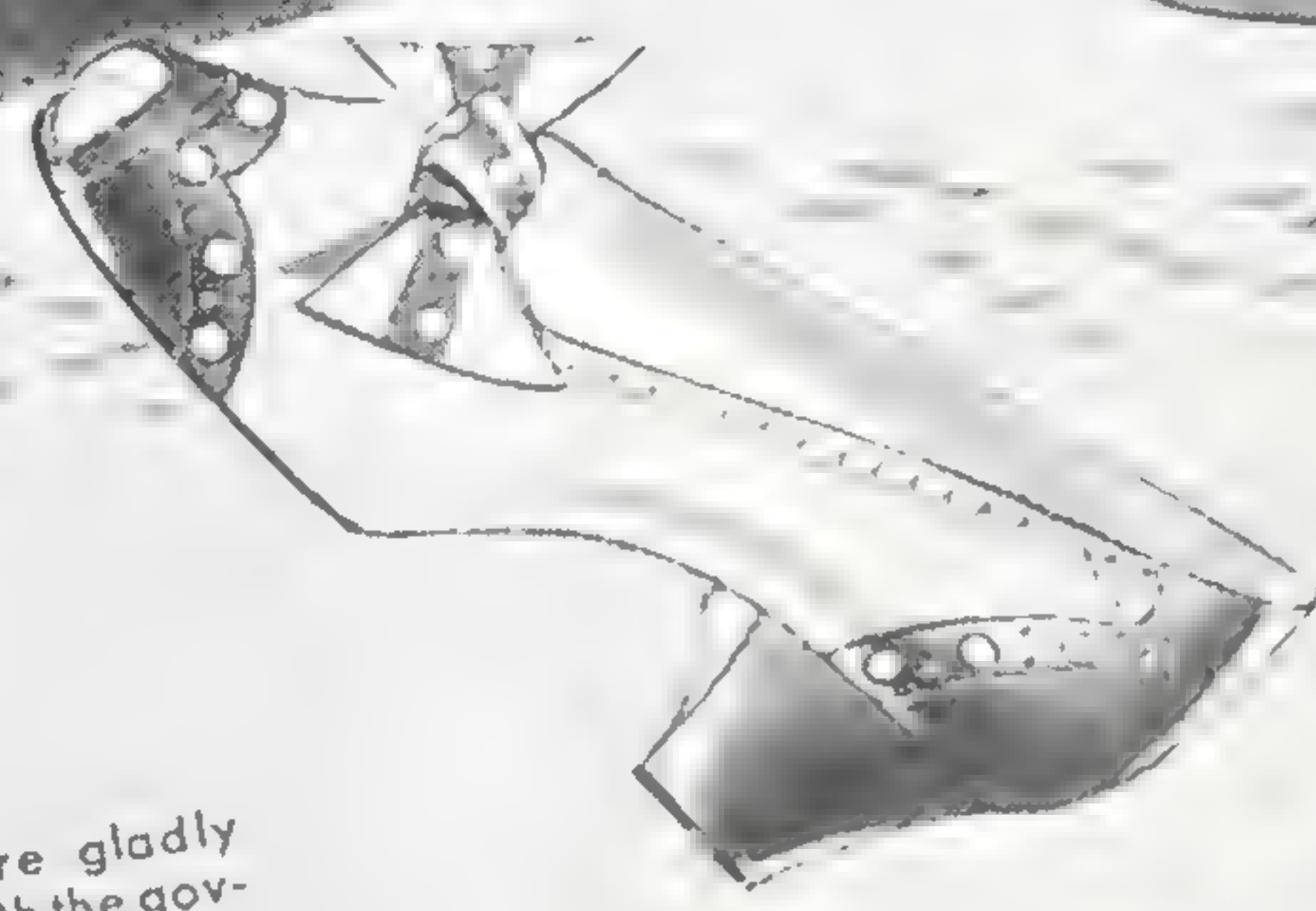
**VERONICA LAKE**  
Currently starred in  
**"SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS"**  
A Paramount picture

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*America's*  
*Choice*

Yes! Women prefer PARIS FASHION SHOES because of their outstanding styling, quality, perfect fit and value! Spring PARIS FASHION SHOES are lighthearted, young, beautiful...for every activity on your program! Plan your spring shoe wardrobe with smart economy! Wear PARIS FASHION SHOES!

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NOTE: We are gladly cooperating with the government's desire to conserve paper and will not issue a Spring Style Book.

SOME STYLES SLIGHTLY HIGHER

All plasticized shoes are  
**BURG Lastex LINED**  
Manufactured by United States Rubber Co.





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Dazzle the stag-line, too! Use it on back, shoulders and arms for evening wear.

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sustained and acted entertainment. Mary Astor enlists the help of detectives Humphrey Bogart and Jerome Cowan in her efforts to recover a priceless falcon statuette. Sydney Greenstreet offers something new in the way of shuddery villainy and Peter Lorre is his accomplice. (Jan.)

✓ **MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER, THE**—Warners: An eight-course banquet of delight is this rowdy, rollicking satire of a world-renowned sophisticate who takes over a Midwest household. Bette Davis is splendid as Monty Woolley's secretary, Ann Sheridan does a grand job as the actress, and Richard Travis, Jimmy Durante, Reginald Gardiner, Billie Burke and Grant Mitchell are all outstanding. (March)

**MELODY LANE**—Universal: An orchestra lands a radio job, but their sponsor is whacky Leon Errol who wants to play with the band. The Merry Macs harmonizing and Robert Paige as the band leader warbles satisfactorily. Baby Sandy gathers in several chuckles. (March)

✓ **MEN IN HER LIFE, THE**—Columbia: Conrad Veidt is a retired dancer who makes of ambitious Loretta Young a world-famous ballerina. In gratitude, Loretta marries him, renouncing John Shepperd. It has music, exquisite dancing and the glamour and excitement of backstage life. (Jan.)

**MERCY ISLAND**—Republic: When attorney Ray Middleton and his wife, Gloria Dickson, are swept ashore in the Florida Keys and he discovers fugitive surgeon Otto Kruger hiding there, he becomes obsessed with the desire to return Kruger to justice. (Jan.)

**MOONLIGHT IN HAWAII**—Universal: Leon Errol and Richard Carle feud over a radio show and try to marry wealthy widow Marjorie Gateson, but it's Mischa Auer who finally gets her. The Merry Macs, Johnny Downs and Jane Frazee all float through the mild little story. (Jan.)

**MR. AND MRS. NORTH**—M-G-M: Gracie Allen is cast as *Mrs. North*, who has a flair for amateur detecting and the film is packed with typical Allen zaniness. William Post is *Mr. North* and Paul Kelly a police lieutenant. (March)

**NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK**—Universal: In this picture Bill Fields attempts to sell a screen story he has written to a producer. It isn't funny and it makes no sense. Gloria Jean is a bright spot in the dull business. (Jan.)

✓ **NIGHT OF JANUARY 16TH, THE**—Paramount: Secretary Ellen Drew is accused of murdering her boss, Nils Asther, until Robert Preston comes to her rescue. Well acted, directed and written, it's a good movie.

**OBLIGING YOUNG LADY**—RKO-Radio: Cute Joan Carroll is a hoydenish youngster taken by Ruth Warrick, a friend of her parents, to a secluded resort while her parents battle things out in court. Joan, the impossible, makes life hot for everyone, including reporters Eve Arden and Edmond O'Brien. It has its moments. (Feb.)

✓ **ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN**—Warners: Warm and tender is this story of a minister and his young wife. Homey events concerning his children, his congregations, his home life, dot the story with gems of human interest. Fredric March is ideal as the minister and Martha Scott splendid as his wife. (Feb.)

✓ **PARIS CALLING**—Universal: A revealing insight into the news behind the news is this picture of French sympathizers working against the Nazis. Elisabeth Bergner, as the wealthy French girl who joins the underground movement, is terrific. Randy Scott as the American aviator who helps her and Basil Rathbone as the Frenchman who betrays France are very good. Timely and exciting. (Feb.)

**PERFECT SNOB, THE**—20th Century-Fox: All about a small-town debbie who marries, against her ambitious mother's wishes, Cornell Wilde, who turns out to be rich. Charlotte Greenwood hardly seems the calculating mama type, but Charlie Ruggles as the easygoing father is just right. (Feb.)

**PLAYMATES**—RKO-Radio: Kay Kyser's talents for non-acting are a perfect balance for John Barrymore's overacting in this conglomeration of tomfoolery and nonsense, with Patsy Kelly and Peter Lind Hayes as press agents who try to land clients John and Kay on the air. (Feb.)

✓ **REMEMBER THE DAY**—20th Century-Fox: Claudette Colbert is at her best in this delightful, nostalgic story at the schoolteacher who looks back over her life to the time when she was a young teacher and youngster Douglas Croft played a part in her true love and marriage. John Payne is superb in his role opposite Claudette. (March)

**RIOT SQUAD**—Monogram: Richard Cromwell, ambulance doctor, works secretly with a band of gangsters in order to trap them, but this action leads to an open break with his sweetheart, Rita Quigley, and to other embarrassing situations. There's a lot of noise and commotion. (March)

✓ **RISE AND SHINE**—20th Century-Fox: You'll find plenty of laughs in this comedy about a dumb-bunny football star, Jack Oakie, who's the saving

grace of his college team, and the efforts gangsters to kidnap him. Linda Darnell, Don Meek and Walter Brennan are members of screwball family and George Murphy, R. Donnelly and Milton Berle add to the fun. (Feb.)

**ROAD AGENT**—Universal: The three Musketeers on horses again—Dick Foran, Andy Devine and Carrillo—out looking for dirty work in order to clean it up. This time they take over a front town. Anne Gwynne, Anne Nagel and Rita Davies are in it, too. (March)

**SAILORS ON LEAVE**—Republic: Sailor Lundigan's pals try to marry him off before certain date so he can collect an inheritance. The pick night-club singer Shirley Ross as the girl but Shirley hates sailors and Bill doesn't want to get married, which leads to many comic interludes. It's a cute movie. (Jan.)

✓ **SHADOW OF THE THIN MAN**—M-G-M: Myrna Loy is still the playful helpmate of charming sleuth William Powell, but the charm and gaiety of this delightful pair are beginning to get a bit repetitious. Their investigation of a racket track murder takes them and the audience through bypaths of laughter and melodrama. (Feb.)

**SHANGHAI GESTURE**—Arnold Pressburger U. A.: A strange procession of characters moving against lavish backgrounds, but the scenes are loosely threaded together. Gene Tierney is beautiful daughter of Walter Huston, ex-husband of Ona Munson, owner of the gambling house. Victor Mature is the evil Oriental with whom she falls violently in love. (March)

**SMILIN' THROUGH**—M-G-M: Jeanette MacDonald has the dual role of the bride who loses her life and as her own niece years later; a Gene Raymond also plays a dual role as rejected suitor and his son. Brian Aherne is married. For Jeanette's fans only. (Jan.)

**SOUTH OF TAHITI**—Universal: Here we go again, back in the old South Seas, with Broderick Crawford and Andy Devine as a trio of pearl robbers who reform in order to thwart Henry Wilcoxon and his gang. (Jan.)

✓ **SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS**—Paramount: A message picture that denounces messages is the theme of this rambling, somewhat garbled story with Joel McCrea as a rich young Hollywood movie producer who sets out to learn about the hardships of life. Landing back in Hollywood, he picks an extra girl, Veronica Lake, and the two of them start out on the bumming road again. (Feb.)

✓ **SWAMP WATER**—20th Century-Fox: A vivid picture, this, of the simple people living in the swamps of Georgia. Dana Andrews, Walter Brennan, an escaped murderer, living the swamp and learns of his innocence. Anne Baxter, Walter Huston, Mary Howard and Virginia Mayo are all excellent performers. (Jan.)

**SWING IT, SOLDIER**—Universal: Murray is a likeable soldier who carries a mess from a rookie pal to his wife and meets her twin sister instead. Frances Langford plays the dual role and sings several numbers. Don Wilson, Brenda and Cobina, and Skinnay Ennis' band. (Feb.)

**TARZAN'S SECRET TREASURE**—M-G-M: A party of scientists including villainous Conway and Philip Dorn, kidnap Tarzan's wife Maureen O'Sullivan, and their son John Sheffield in order to force Johnny Weissmuller to reveal location of a gold vein. The climax is a thrill one. (Feb.)

✓ **TEXAS**—Columbia: One of the best Westerns we've seen in a long time, with Glenn Ford and William Holden doing superb work. The story has the two boys trekking westward after the Civil War, each to go his separate way. Both fall in love with Claire Trevor. It's got a lot of punch and excitement. (Feb.)

✓ **THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON**—Warners: Rousing entertainment is this picture of the life of General Custer, played by Errol Flynn. Olivia de Havilland, as his wife, has never been so beautiful; Anthony Quinn is the Sioux chief and Charles Grapewin, John Littel and Arthur Kennedy lend splendid support. (Feb.)

✓ **VANISHING VIRGINIAN, THE**—M-G-M: A tender, warm, appealing, little movie, this, dealing with the daily life of a charming Virginia family. Frank Morgan, successful attorney, Spring Byington are the parents of five children. Kathryn Grayson, Natalie Thompson, Juanita Quigley, Dickie Jones and Scotty Beckett. (March)

**WOLF MAN, THE**—Universal: The setup is simple: Lon Chaney return to his ancestral home in England, where ancient superstitions abound throughout the community, especially about werewolves. So he gets bitten by one and changes into a werewolf himself and comes creeping home to his father, Claude Rains. Warren William, Ralph Bellamy, Bela Lugosi roam weirdly around. (March)

✓ **YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH**—Columbia: Fred Astaire is a rookie recruited from the ranks of dance directors and when Fred goes to call on Robert Benchley tries to wreck his romantic play with dancing cutie Rita Hayworth. It's gay and amusing. (Jan.)

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MESSAGES



## Close Ups and Long Shots

Continued from page 4) their country re Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, Leslie Howard, Richard Greene, David Niven, Robert Donat, Clive Brook and many another . . . yet these stars are not entirely lost, professionally, to their public . . . England not only lets them come back to do a job of acting every little while but actually regards these appearances as essential to public morale . . . observing this, our government has let it be known that any time that Hollywood has to have its enlisted personalities back, unless we are in an actual state of siege . . . these personalities will be immediately available. . . . Nevertheless, Hollywood is having to tighten its production belt . . . as for instance, you don't suppose it was sheer accident that made the big number in "Babes On Broadway" be a barn dance, with Mickey Rooney clad in overalls and Judy Garland in gingham against a background that was mostly straw? . . . a year ago that number might just as well have been "A Dream Of Old Versailles" but not today . . . velvet costs too much . . . jewels, even phony paste jewels, cost too much . . . clothes designing costs too much . . . the garden sets would have cost too much . . . but it costs almost nothing at all to put a lot of kids in overalls . . . and the fun is just sharp. . . .

AND fun we most certainly will be getting . . . fun and music, or even fun music . . . by one of its lucky accidents, movietown only this past year discovered the really keen way to recording bands on the screen, but having discovered it, you may expect the whole lot of the hot lick maestros . . . currently Tommy Dorsey is working . . . and Charlie Barnet . . . and Wingy Manone . . . and Kay Kyser . . . while only the heavily dramatic people will have to look after their laurels . . . Hollywood does feel that Mr. Charles Boyer will have to tighten up a bit . . . and as for Garbo . . . as, poor Garbo . . . after that campaign that said, "Garbo Talks" . . . then "Garbo Laughs" . . . and "Garbo Rhumbas" . . . Hollywood now secretly entitles "Two-faced Woman" . . . "Garbo Flops" . . . Smartly, both Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy are out in a comedy "Woman Of The Year" and very magnificent, too, if you ask me . . . and if the scene I sat on the set and watched any criterion, Claudette Colbert and Mel McCrea are going to have the zany of their lives in "The Palm Beach Story" . . .

Good news, isn't it? . . . good to know we will, literally, have somebody making laugh, when our day's work and our work is done . . . and I think it is reassuring that, no matter what, Hollywood is still Hollywood . . . as, for instance, in the cases of Ava Gardner and Lana Lewis. . . .

Do you know how ambitious those two pretty young things are . . . they are really both so talented, too . . . and so many companies are after each of them . . . but M-G-M has them under contract and M-G-M says no. . . .

Know why? . . . they don't want "Mrs. Mickey Rooney" or "Mrs. William Powell" arriving in rival pictures to Mr. Mickey Rooney or Mr. William Powell, that's

Smart, isn't it? . . . and typically Hollywood, isn't it? . . . and isn't it good to know that as well as the great big things the democracy's surviving, crazy, silly things like Hollywood politics survive, since it's just those silly things surviving that let us keep on laughing. . . .

# "MY SHINING HOUR?"

## I've 24 a day!"

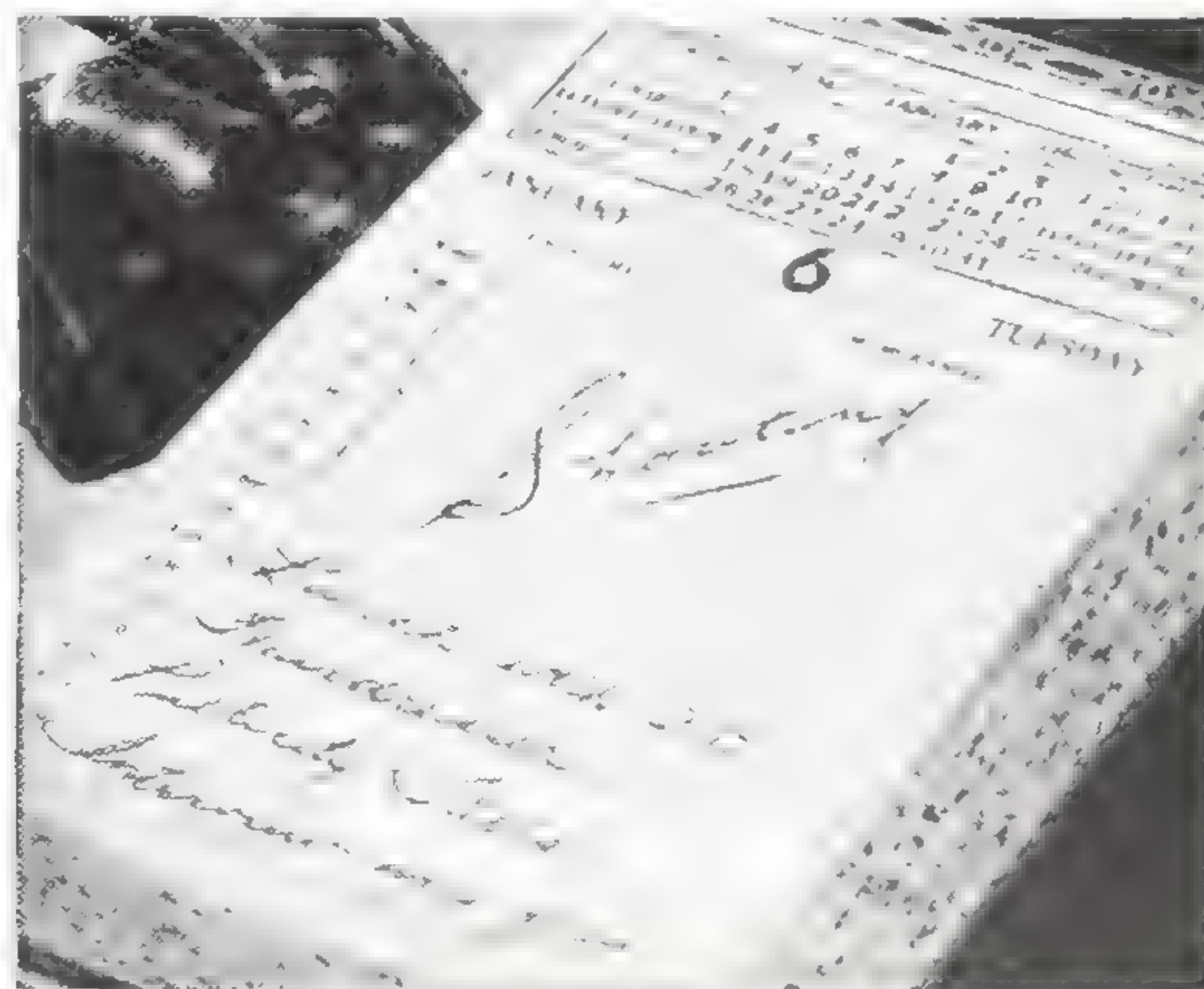


**JOAN BENNETT**, star of the Edward Small picture

**"TWIN BEDS,"** says: "A movie star has to keep up the illusion that teeth just never grow dull or tarnished... That's easier than you may think, with such a high-polish powder as CALOX for daily care."



**"ONCE YOU LEARN** the tricks of perfect grooming, the idea is to stick by them religiously. I even keep an *extra* can of CALOX in my travel case — lest I forget."



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# Speak FOR YOURSELF

South American viewpoint on Fredric March: "The handsomest, greatest and most clever star in the movie industry."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It was heart-warming to read the number of letters received as tributes to Carole Lombard by Photoplay-Movie Mirror. So sincere were they all, we found it difficult to choose this single one for publication.*

## \$10.00 PRIZE Carole Lombard

**S**HE left a trail of laughter when she walked  
Across this world which needs a laugh so much.  
She did not care when pompous people talked  
About her lack of dignity and such.  
For while her work was make-believe, pretense  
Could never touch her gallant, generous heart  
And she was quick to help her flag's defense  
And glad to know that she could do her part.  
She did not wear a uniform, it's true,  
But she died none the less for freedom's sake.  
You men shot down at Guam and Oahu,  
Ghosts of the Philippines, Midway, and Wake,  
Admit another soldier to your troop  
For she should march through time with your brave group!

RUTH ARUNDEL PIERCY,  
Oreland, Pa.

## \$5.00 PRIZE

### South America's Favorite Star

**P**AUL MUNI is a great star, specially with a bear; Charles Boyer is an extra-special lover in spite of his hair.

They have brains, good figure, etc., but they always do the same kind of role. When somebody has to punch

some other body on the nose, you can be sure to have MacMurray, Grant Tinker, Gable. When somebody has to be a thief or a G-Man, there is always Cagney, Raft or Edward G. Robinson. When the hero must be a shy stuffy fellow with a great, warm and charming heart, they have Cooper and Stewart ready for the part. When the picture is about fencing or fencing, W.B. is ready with Flynn, Paramount with Ray Milland or Ty Power gets a plane at T. Century Fox. When... and so on. I could fill this page.

But there is a star, the number one for us, whose roles have been always so different and always so well done. He has been the blind, the old drunk, the good fellow, the dashing lover, the big reporter, the terrible gangster, the ugly monster, the good priest; everything. And through twelve years of the movies, I've seen more than thirty pictures starring him and always he did a good job.

I'm speaking of Fredric March, the handsomest, greatest and most clever star in the movie industry.

In my opinion Mr. March deserves the Academy Award and deserves too, the best roles in his next picture. Give him Vivien Leigh for a tragedy. Give him Roz Russell for a comedy. Give him Capra or Hitchcock for direction. Give him historic roles (Columbus, Byron, Bolivar, etc.). Give him some romantic (Continued on page 1)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.





# **DURA-GLOSS** *nail polish* contains *Chrystallyne\**

Your fingers will be as lovely as jewels;  
and this polish "stays on" amazingly

You'll love Dura-Gloss, for it is no ordinary nail polish. Perhaps you've wondered why you hear so much about it, why so many have adopted it. Well, Dura-Gloss is made with a special ingredient—CHRYSTALLYNE\*! Perfected through laboratory research, Chrystallyne is a magnificent resin that (1) imparts exceptional powers of *adhesion*, and (2) jewel-like *sparkle and brilliance* to Dura-Gloss. This wonderful substance is the reason Dura-Gloss resists ugly "peeling," and "fraying," so stubbornly day after day. Why it radiates sparkling gloss, luster, *life!* Dura-Gloss will make your nails a king's ransom in jewels . . . good enough to be kissed . . . brilliant, beautiful, lovely—at all cosmetic counters.

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VICTOR MATURE  
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**in TECHNICOLOR!**

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"SING ME A SONG OF THE ISLANDS"  
"DOWN ON AMI, AMI ONI, ONI ISLE"  
"O'BRIEN HAS GONE HAWAIIAN"  
"WHAT'S BUZZIN' COUSIN"  
"BLUE SHADOWS AND WHITE GARDENIAS"  
"MALUNA, MALOLO MAWAENA"

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# THE SHADOW STAGE

## REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



Gay, smart, light and funny: Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn in "Woman Of The Year"



Clever mixture of farce and drama: Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland in "The Lady Has Plans"

### ✓ Woman of the Year (M-G-M)

**It's About:** *The matrimonial struggles of a brilliant writer and her reporter husband.*

THE struggle of Hepburn to beat Tracy at his own game of speaking in an undertone results in an almost old-time silent film. Half the dialogue is inaudible—or at least it is the night we witnessed the film. Occasionally Hepburn lapses into a co-coy attitude that seems completely out of character.

Now, with the faults discussed, I'll talk about the good things, for there are many. Katie is a young Dorothy Thompson, a linguist, writer and columnist of note who falls in love and marries sports writer Spencer Tracy. Katie loves Spence but is so wrapped up in her own affairs she relegates her marriage to second place and Spence is not the guy to play second-fiddle to a woman's bright mind and bright career. So he loves her, and Miss Hepburn, with a lesson learned, must work fast to get him back.

It's gay, smart, light, funny and a lot on the message side as well. Spence and Hepburn are quite a team. Roy Bainter is very good in a rare bit.

**Our Reviewer Says:** It should pack in.

### The Best Pictures of the Month

Woman Of The Year

The Lady Has Plans

Roxie Hart

### Best Performances

Spencer Tracy in "Woman Of The Year"

Katharine Hepburn in "Woman Of The Year"

Ray Milland in "The Lady Has Plans"

Ginger Rogers in "Roxie Hart"

### ✓ The Lady Has Plans (Paramount)

**It's About:** *A radio war correspondent who is mistaken for a spy.*

IT'S a honey of an idea, this of a young woman spy who has secret American plans tattooed on her back in invisible ink. Arrangements are made to send the young woman on the Clipper to Portugal as *Sidney Royce*, an American radio war correspondent. Those plans are wrecked and the real *Miss Royce*, played by Paulette Goddard, sails for Lisbon and is met by surprises of all kinds. First, Ray Milland, a news correspondent, who had expected a man assistant, resents her sex, of all things.

Next, the attempts of Roland Young, British operative, and Albert Dekker, German spy, to see the epidermis of Miss Goddard, where the plans are supposed to be, are bewildering to the innocent girl but hilariously funny to the audience.

Altogether this clever mixture of farce and drama is quite a little dish. Paulette is beautiful and capable and Milland better than we've ever known him to be. Margaret Hayes is so chic to cheek as the real spy.

**Your Reviewer Says:** A triple threat: Comedy, drama, romance.

(Continued on page 106)

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 113





Eyes left for a look at Michele Morgan who was RKO's "Joan Of Paris"

# Eyes right!

Whether you look left or right, be sure your eyes are right—these tips tell how

BY GLORIA MACK

## Attention!

THIS is a story about a pretty girl and a motorcycle policeman. The little heroine was on her way to Hollywood when she was stopped by the lawful hero who proceeded to ask her where she was coming from, where she was going and where she had been born. Since she had not been speeding, she was a bit disconcerted by all his "where's," but being a very smart young gal, she looked up at him, batted her eyelashes in a tried and true way and proceeded to answer his questions calmly.

Whereupon, without even asking to see her papers, he took one good look and then drove away happily—in the manner of all motorcycle policemen who stop pretty girls who know how to use their eyes.

Comes the denouement—the girl was Michele Morgan, who has startled Hollywood and you in "Joan Of Paris." The motorcycle policeman was on duty watching for uncredited people crossing the Mexican border. If it hadn't been for the eyelashes, there might well have been a situation, because while Michele's status here is completely legal, she was not born in this country, which fact, in wartime, can get an innocent little French girl into a lot of red tape.

So the moral is that the eye can always turn the trick, whether it be with a bluecoat or any other uniform.

## Shoulder Arms!

Eye your dressing table well and choose the arms for prettying up your eyes carefully.

You'll employ tweezers lightly, using them just to pluck out stray hairs that spoil the natural line. Because lights sometimes play tricks and make pretty brows look choppy, you'll use a pencil every day in this subtle way—just pencil a thin line at the line of the lashes on the upper lids. It will make your eyes look larger.

You'll smooth a little cream into your lashes and then use the curler, your eyelashes will really curl enticingly upwards and stay that way.

## The Order of the Day:

The order of these days is activity; you're going to be reading a lot of headlines, doing a lot of war work, using your eyes extensively. So you'll rest them often. Before the day is over you'll take a few moments out to place a drop of a reliable eye lotion in each eye and then lie down relaxed with cotton pads soaked in the lotion over your eyes. You'll get up with sparkling and alert eyes, on the authority of Michele Morgan, who claims: "I'm delighted with the restful effects of cotton pads saturated with a special eye lotion. It is so good for the spirits when tired . . . and it brightens the eyes again, too!"

## Halt!

Catch yourself up short and correct yourself all wrong if you:

Go out with your eyes looking strained and red from crying. (A good trick is to cover the lids lightly with shadow to hide all traces.)

Do everything to your eyes at once so that they look obviously made up.

Look into your glass or cup when you're drinking; every woman knows she can make eyes most effective over a teacup.

## Forward March!

Step out an assured lady if you know that there are products on the market to cover every kind of eye problem. As, for instance, if you have sparse eyelashes, you won't sit home and cry, you'll buy yourself a trick little box with some false eyelashes that are so easily applied and make some momentous results.

Know that blue mascara is good for any color lashes under artificial lights.

Know that shadow deepens your eyes at night. If your upper lids are puffy you'll use dark shadow; if they are hollow you'll choose a light shade.

Know that your eyes are the feature that is best remembered. Make them up carefully, then march forward, equipped to win any battle.



# Now Hair Can Be Far More Alluring SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!



Worldly but bewitching . . . this smoothly-rolled, distinguished hair-do. Hair shampooed with improved Special Drene, now featured by leading beauty salons, because it leaves hair so silky, smooth!

## Amazing hair conditioner now in improved Special Drene Shampoo brings new glamour to hair!

Have you discovered yet how much more glamorous even the simplest hair-do looks—after a shampoo with improved Special Drene? That amazing hair conditioner now in Special Drene makes the most terrific difference! It leaves the hair far silkier, smoother . . . easier to comb into smooth, sleek neatness . . . easier to arrange!

No wonder improved Special Drene, with hair conditioner in it, is sweeping the country . . . thrilling girls everywhere!

### Reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Yes! In addition to the extra beauty benefits of that amazing hair conditioner, Special Drene still reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or liquid soap shampoos! For Drene is not just a soap shampoo, so it *never* leaves any dulling film, as all soaps do! Hair washed with Special Drene sparkles with alluring highlights, glows with lustrous, natural color.

### Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, ugly dandruff? You won't be when you sham-

poo with Drene! For Drene removes ugly dandruff the very first time you use it!

And besides, Drene does something no soap shampoo can do—not even those claiming to be special “dandruff removers”! *Drene reveals extra highlights, extra color brilliance . . . up to 33% more lustre!*

So to get these extra beauty benefits, don't wait to try improved Special Drene! Get a bottle of this real beauty shampoo this very day at any toilet goods counter—or ask your beauty operator to use it!

All Special Drene now at dealers' in the blue and yellow package is improved **Special Drene with Hair Conditioner Added** and is for every type of hair . . . no matter whether dry, oily, normal! Don't wait to try new, improved Special Drene—or ask your beauty operator to use it.

## Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps and Soap Shampoos!



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# CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

**DATE with a Nutty Flavor:** Ever hear of an "atonement" date? Well, Ginger Rogers is going to have one with Jean Gabin.

It seems when Ginger and Jean first met, he asked her for a dinner date. But the catch to the evening was that he had not yet mastered the English language. His entire vocabulary consisted of "please," "thank you" and "steak and green salad"—which phrases ordinarily constitute no part of an admirer's compliments to his lady companion.

Now comes the denouement. It seems that Jean has since been working hard to repair the conversational damages of that first date. "All the time I am learning English I have made a point of remembering what should be said to a lovely lady across a dinner table," Jean told us. "Now I am ready for the—" he hesitated a minute—"the return engagement."

Maybe this atonement idea is a good one for couples who didn't hit it off so well first time. Let old Cal know if you ever try it out. Meanwhile, we'll try to discover how the Ginger-Jean second round came out.



This is the date that started the trouble: Ginger talked, Gabin didn't

**Hollywood Is Talking About:** The grave illness of Robert Donat in London . . . the dignity of the Mickey Rooney-Ava Gardner nuptials and the sincere tribute paid by stars and studio bigwigs to Mickey at his stag dinner . . . Mickey's touching toast to his wife, drunk in water . . . the amazing overboard taste of Diet-

rich who appeared at a local cafe wearing long black gloves with red nails painted on the finger tips . . . the closing of Ciro's, famous night club . . . Warner Brothers' air-raid shelters . . . Chester Morris's stunt of borrowing \$20 from all his friends and returning the loan in defense stamps. . .

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# PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR



## Stars' Stars

IF ANY movie stars are still incredulous of the admiration and fascinated interest which we fans feel toward them they can find the answer today in Washington. Yes, the stars have their stars too, and are as adoring and youthfully admiring as any wide-eyed fan.

The stars' stars are national figures like General and Mrs. Marshall, Stephen Early, Archibald MacLeish, Lord and Lady Halifax, Paul McNutt and, most especially, the President and Mrs. Roosevelt.

Take the incident of the match covers. It happened when I was in Washington during the celebration of the President's birthday. At the White House luncheon attended by such stars as Dorothy Lamour, Brenda Marshall, Bill Holden, Patricia Morison, Mickey Rooney and others, each guest found at the side of his plate a packet of matches with the initials F. D. R. engraved on the cover. Immediately each one pocketed this prized souvenir. One of the guests who had failed to obtain hers was bewailing the fact to her escort at dinner that night. A gentleman near by overheard and stopped at her table on the way out. He said, "I couldn't help overhear what you were saying. We can't let anyone leave Washington unhappy." Whereupon he handed her one of the coveted match covers and left. The gentleman was Marvin McIntyre, one of the Presidential secretaries.

Recently there was a command performance for the President of "Watch On The Rhine," the Broadway hit in which Paul Lukas gives one of the greatest stage performances in many seasons. At the White House dinner which preceded the play all the guests were required to read in their invitations to the Secret Service attendant. Paul Lukas begged to be allowed to keep his, but the attendant very apologetically explained that that was

impossible. As Mr. Lukas told me sadly later, "I have traveled ten thousand miles—from Budapest to Hollywood to Broadway and back—I have worked all my life just for this moment—and then I couldn't keep the invitation!" At my laughing suggestion that he write about it to Mrs. Roosevelt, Mr. Lukas replied: "I think I will write to her, but not about that. I'm going to ask her to get me an autographed photograph of the President. Do you think I have a chance of getting it?" No fan asking how to obtain a photograph of his favorite star could have looked more eager than Paul Lukas did at that moment.

THE evening of the President's birthday, Mrs. Roosevelt cut the birthday cake and each of the visiting celebrities was offered a piece. Did the stars eat the cake? No. They wrapped their slices eagerly in papers and handkerchiefs—to keep as souvenirs. Dorothy Lamour even obtained an extra piece, for her mother.

At the reception presided over by General Cox and at the broadcast later in the evening in the President's study where Stephen Early asked Robert Montgomery to introduce the stars to the President, all the famous Hollywood visitors evidenced the same hero worship that they have seen in us and perhaps only now fully understand.

Many times I've heard a movie fan say, "Why she's just like anybody else—so human!" Yet it was charming little Michele Morgan, now creating such a furor in "Joan Of Paris," who said of the stars' greatest star, Mr. Roosevelt: "Does he really speak to actors?"

Well, the stars' stars are ours too. And now we know that fame, whether it is in the theater, in politics, in the Army and Navy, doesn't change one essential fact: The stars are just people.

*Ernest V. Heyn*



# What the loss of Carole Lombard means to **CLARK GABLE**



It came to him as a sudden realization—how his road must lead from now on. This was the way she'd have wanted it and this is the way it must be

**G**ABLE was working on that fateful afternoon of January 16, 1942. He felt wonderful about it. He'd had a five months lay-off since the completion of "Honky Tonk," the longest vacation he'd experienced since his first real click in 1931. It was swell to be back and he liked the new picture. It was called "Somewhere I'll Find You."

Gable had also, that afternoon, finished up his sixth day of separation from Carole Lombard, the longest time they two had been parted since that

## BY RUTH WATERBURY

flashing night in 1936 when they'd met at the white Mayfair ball and fallen hilariously in love. Now it was keen to be getting Carole back again. He had not known, until they went through that Monday-to-Friday stretch, how intensely he could miss her.

He was mighty proud of that vivid wife of his. She had been over in her home town of Indianapolis, selling defense bonds for what she, typically,

called "the best damned land there is." And had she sold them! She'd hit the town in a blaze of glamour and nicked it for some \$2,017,513 worth of patriotism.

Ever since the war began, he and Carole had been restless. Carole was really the family thinker. He was the natural doer and he'd had some lousy moments since the studio had told him that he simply could not enlist. He couldn't talk about it generally. It looked like publicity stuff to let it be known (Continued on page 30)







how wild he was to get into service, so he had told the studio to shut up about it. They had had to do a lot of talking to dissuade him from joining up. Even when they had wished Lowell Mellett, out from Washington, on him and Mellett had said that Gable's real job was to provide entertainment, keep up morale by his comedy and his dame appeal, plus paying his gigantic taxes, he'd been only half-persuaded. Now Carole had scooped him on the bond-selling, but she'd also shown him the way he, too, could work for the government.

A publicity man stuck his head in at the Gable dressing-room door.

"Ready to go to the airport?" he asked.

"And how!" Gable said. "Drive over with me, will you?"

The publicity man's name was Larry Barbier and like everyone else at M-G-M, straight from the lowliest grip to Louis B. Mayer, there wasn't anything he wouldn't delight in doing for Gable. So, of course, he went to the airport and, on arriving there, he suggested the star stay in his car until he, Barbier, found out just when the plane was to arrive.

Thus it was that Larry was the first person at M-G-M to sense the tragedy that had happened against the wild sides of Table Mountain in Nevada.

Not that the airport officials told him the truth. They themselves didn't know it then, but they were evasive about where the plane was, when it was due to come in. Larry knew something was wrong, so, stalling for time, he went outside again to Gable in the car.

"Plane had to make an unexpected stop at Las Vegas," he said. "Looks like they'll be at least an hour and a half late. Why don't you go out to the ranch and the moment I get any definite news about its arrival I'll call you and you can hop right over."

"Fine," said Gable. "I'll go home and work up a few more gags."



## Carole Lombard's Greatest Wish

By WILLIAM F. FRENCH

CAROLE LOMBARD'S own words prove that the tragedy which leaves Hollywood stunned and sorrowful consummated her greatest wish.

In three old notebooks of mine can be read that wish. Scrawled in shorthand are her words the day she ordered the blanket of gardenias for Russ Columbo's coffin, in September 1934: "I can't say anything, except that—maybe—if it had to happen—it did when Russ was happy. The poor fellow had waited so long for a real chance—and—well—when this—this happened . . . he had the taste of success in his mouth. He was—well—picked in full bloom. That's the way I hope it will be with me . . . I don't want to just wait . . . and wilt . . . But don't use this in Russ's story."

I didn't.

Scratched in another notebook, not long after Will Rogers flew into the horizon with Wiley Post, are Carole's words: "How many of us in Hollywood can hope to go out like that—doing something worth while—not just outliving our usefulness. What better end than serving right to the last minute—then stepping out, leaving friends to complete our unfinished business?"

And, according to the pothooks in a notebook full of passing thoughts Carole and I were once trying to form into a magazine editorial, she said: "Jean (Harlow) had it—a humanness that makes your passing leave a void no one can ever quite fill. If I had that, the other fellow could have the Oscars."

I remember that I looked at her and marveled. For to me—and to all Hollywood—Lombard spilled humanness with every step—like a man carrying a brimming pail. She just couldn't hold in her gaiety; laughter, friendliness and camaraderie got out of hand to drench unsuspecting bystanders. For Carole was inclusive, not exclusive. Her tempo was a perpetual challenge to gloom.

Of course everyone in Hollywood knows (Continued on page 79)

It was in the same car he and Carole had driven so many places together that Gable heard the tragic news

That was already an old family custom with Clark and Carole. Whenever they were separated for even a day, they gave each other present strictly goofy ones, strictly for laughs like the ham she had originally sent him when he was courting her, or the cast-iron, life-sized statue of himself he had sent her. Now he had even a nook of the ranch house loaded with such nonsense gifts and he could fairly hear the hoots of robust laughter that she would yip forth at sight of them.

It was an hour later that Larry phoned him and told him to come over to the airport quick. Larry didn't add that meantime he'd engaged a transport plane to fly to Nevada and that he'd rounded up Eddie Mannix, the vice-president of Metro, and Doc McIlwaine, a Metro publicity man who just happened to be dining at the airport, and that Howard Stricklin, the M-G-M publicity head and one of Gable's closest friends, was speeding toward the airport, too.

The most popular man in the movie world got gaily into his car and turned on his radio to a record station.

He wanted (Continued on page 68)



Only one or two of the Paynes' closest friends knew of the crisis they were hiding



# Love, Honor and Good-By

In their own words, Anne Shirley and John Payne tell of the singular situation that broke up their marriage, candid words that are a forewarning to young couples everywhere

**BY SARA HAMILTON**

IN a community accustomed to sudden glories and just as sudden heartaches, the separation of John Payne and Anne Shirley came, nevertheless, as a distinct shock. Happiness was a word synonymous with blonde little Anne and tall dark John. "Look at them," people said with pride on their eyes, "ever see a happier young couple?"

When baby Julie Anne arrived almost a year and a half ago their happiness was really something to see. Composed every now and then at some right spot with friends, or flying down Sunset Boulevard in John's open car, Anne's blonde head barely reaching John's shoulder, they became to us

Hollywood's foremost young couple; secure in their love, their careers, their futures. Or so we believed. So quietly did this pair of thoroughbreds keep hidden from the world the growing rift that lasted well over a year before the final break that only one or two of their closest friends knew of its existence.

Their married life was something held so sacred by both Anne and John they made a pact that neither would discuss it with the press. "I'm superstitious about it," Anne said. Everyone respected their wishes. They

didn't need to speak of their life together. We had eyes, didn't we? We knew contentment and love and happiness when we saw it, didn't we?

Well, it seems not.

We know you'll appreciate the fact that these two who so closely guarded their marriage have consented to tell the story of their broken home only to the readers of Photoplay-Movie Mirror. It cost them no little pain, as you can imagine. If there had been anger, bitterness or sensational charges, it would have been easier for these two to pour out their hearts.

There is no anger. There is no bitterness. There are no sensational charges. (Continued on page 70)





The little star who married the prize catch of Hollywood: Joan Fontaine of Fox's "This Above All"





Two proud smiles that mean "We're so lucky!" Two proud people, Joan and her husband, Brian Aherne, at home

# These above all

Lucky is the woman who has discovered what Joan Fontaine has—the things in life that are really to be loved, honored and cherished above everything else

MISS FONTAINE strode into her luxurious dressing room from the set of "This Above All," wearing the blue uniform and black stockings of the Women's Auxiliary Air Corps of Britain. She had just left Tyrone Power in a hospital, suffering from a fractured skull, with his life hanging in the balance. Her maid had set the table—your correspondent had a luncheon engagement with Joan. She telephoned her husband, Brian Aherne, as she invariably does on leaving the set. She had nothing important to tell him except that she loved him very much, in those words lovers use—those unsaid, tender, intimate words. When they were separated during the day, she was working in one studio and he at another, or one toiling before the cam-

## BY LEON SURMELIAN

eras and the other resting at home, they tell each other by telephone what they are doing, what has happened since their last conversation. It's obvious that mentally they are always together. They seem to live in a perpetual honeymoon, after three years of married life.

Replacing the receiver on the hook, she turned to me. "Brian says this morning another letter arrived from London, from somebody who has seen our names on one of the two ambulances we've donated to England. We've also built an air-raid shelter. We get many letters of thanks," she added with a note of justifiable pride.

We talked about the war, of the people dying every day on the battle-

fields of the Far East, Africa, Russia. This led to a discussion of the philosophy of life and death. A misty, faraway look came into her blue-gray eyes. "When I go . . ." she mused. Presently her earnest, delicate face brightened with a smile. "I'd like to take with me the view of Santa Clara Valley from the window of my room, when I was a child—a sickly one, without playmates, living in a dream world of my own. Santa Clara Valley in the spring. Watching a hummingbird poised exquisitely in the sunlit air over a rose bush—listening to the merry chirrup of birds—gazing out upon a white panorama of blossoming trees under an intensely blue sky, with a hazy rim of mountains in the distance." She took a deep breath. "This same scene in the





Joan and Brian on the patio: "I'd like to take with me the sound of his fascinating voice reading to me . . . the shape of his head bent over the book."

moonlight, when I lay in bed and thought of a boy I had met in school. Oh, I had a terrific crush on him!

"I was about seven when I first met him, and for ten years my dreams revolved around him. I was madly in love with him. I trembled when he entered the room and had suicidal thoughts when he was away. He hated me. I could never bring myself to tell him how I felt about him. I used to pray every night, 'Dear God, please let him marry me, please, please, for I love him so!'" She burst out laughing.

"A girl can never forget her first love. He was the light of my life. When I was going to graduate from grammar school I was chosen as the heroine of our school play and he was to be the hero. At last my opportunity had arrived! But he refused to play with me, with any girl. It was all sissy stuff, he said contemptuously. He wore an athletic sweater and football was the only thing he liked to play. I was crushed. Oh, but I was miserable!"

She paused a moment.

"I'd like to take with me all the wonders of Christmas Eve when I was a child—we lose them as we grow up. The world was truly a fairyland then and life, it seems, lovelier than mortal life can ever be."

"What's the nicest thing that has ever happened to you?" we asked her. "Outside your marriage," we hastily added, and she smiled quickly back.

"Here's the nicest and most amazing thing that has ever happened to me—before I married. Some years ago I was working at an independent studio and was practically unknown except as the sister of Olivia de Havilland, which, believe me, was a handicap, for it seemed impossible to many that there could be more than one talented girl in a family. I was doing a picture—a quickie—when I was injured on the set. A lamp fell over my head; my skull was open and bleeding. An electrician carried me to his car and took me to the operating room. They couldn't give me an anesthetic and I heard him say, 'I wish I could take it for you.' He was covered all over with my blood. I had never met him, I didn't know who he was—and don't know to this day."

She cast a fond look in the direction of Brian's picture on her dresser and there was again that proud, possessive smile in her eyes, a smile that meant "I'm so lucky!" He was the prize catch of Hollywood when she married him and she is as triumphantly proud of him now as she was then.

"All the happy moments of my

adult life have been with Brian," she said dreamily. "My life really began with him. All the unhappiness, illness, frustration I suffered vanished with my marriage. I've had all the love and affection and care any woman could wish—I've lacked nothing—he has given me everything.

"I'd like to take with me everything we've experienced and shared together from the moment I first met him . . . That puzzled expression of his handsome face when he came through the doorway the day I was playing ping-pong at Palm Springs and, looking around him, asked me, 'Wasn't Miss de Havilland here just now? Olivia de Havilland. I just heard her talking and laughing. Where has she disappeared?'"

"'Olivia wasn't here,' I said, 'You heard only me.'"

"He looked at me curiously. 'Are you by any chance her sister Joan?'"

"'Yes, I am,' I said.

"Olivia and he had made a picture together, 'The Great Garrick,' and though I had seen him on the screen I had never met him before. We played ping-pong and got acquainted. Then he took me up in his plane. I'd like to take with me that first thrill of being (Continued on page 88)

## Frame for Fame

### PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR'S Exclusive Color Portrait Series:

*Greer Garson*

Appearing in M-G-M's  
"Mrs. Miniver"  
page 35

*Dennis Morgan*

Appearing in Warners'  
"In This Our Life"  
page 37

*Maureen O'Hara*

Appearing in Twentieth Century-Fox's "To The Shores Of Tripoli"  
page 40

*Gene Autry*

Appearing in Republic's  
"The Heart Of Texas"  
page 42





Greer Garson



# Portrait

## OF A

# YOUNG MAN ON HIS WAY

A look at Dennis Morgan—at the past, the present and the future of Hollywood's chocolate-candy kid



Little "Toughy" Morner grown up: Morgan, star of "Captains Of The Clouds"

**H**E never wears an undershirt and thinks loud women the most intolerable of their sex.

He never takes vitamin pills.

He is a pushover for loan-seeking hard-luck stories, and frankly confesses that his greatest weakness is procrastination.

His baptismal name is Earl Stanley Morner but he was dubbed Dennis Morgan by Jack Warner, who thought it a good idea at the time. He was born in Prentice, Wisconsin, on December 20, 1910.

He is still addicted to biting his nails.

He is very fond of raw onions and most frequently uses the phrase, "How's it goin'?"

He is six feet, two inches tall, and is married to a nonprofessional. He attended grammar school at Prentice, high school at Marshfield and Carroll College at Waukesha. His chief boyish diversion was playing cowboys and Indians.

He hates answering letters.

He doesn't like rubber heels, crepe

## BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

soles, peanut brittle or affected accents. He weighs 195 pounds.

Dennis Morgan is a tenor of no mean accomplishment, plays golf in the seventies, and thinks that success and happiness are not synonymous.

He was known as "Toughy" Morner when he was a boy because he was always getting into fights. He is allergic to boats and always gets seasick.

He and his wife have never had pet names for each other.

He has never been able to grow a mustache.

He likes loose-fitting sport shirts and wishes he had never made a picture called "Mama Steps Out." He could never get interested in checkers, chess or backgammon.

His secret ambition is someday to become a concert singer. He has blue eyes and brown hair, believes that pain and beauty have an equal place

in artistic expression, and seldom wears a hat.

His father is Frank E. Morner, lumberman and banker of Wisconsin. He was encouraged in singing by Alexis Baas, vocal teacher at Carroll College, and as a result played numerous leads in college theatricals.

He wears only the jacket of his pajamas when sleeping.

He goes to a Finnish dry bath about once a month.

He finds himself easily depressed over the most trivial things, and has a romantic outlook on life.

He loathes listening to the opera "Rigoletto."

He has no superstitions, dislikes cats, and likes most to listen to John Charles Thomas and Bing Crosby. He thinks belief in fortunetellers is childish.

Dennis Morgan has a habit of squinting in bright sunlight and treasures a .22 automatic rifle which his father gave him as a kid. His favorite parlor game is Indications.

He thinks (Continued on page 92)





*Dennis Morgan*



# Make Up Your Mind

Ever decide something important when you're half asleep?

Well, you should! An amazing new insight from

expert on how to settle problems easily, with the

stars—and yourself—as intriguing guinea pigs

BY DORA ALBER

Official okay goes to Anne Stanley's theory; but watch out for pitfalls in the practice of

Not so good, is Dr. Marston's verdict on Dorothy Lamour's personal make-up-your-mind method





**T**HOUGH right or wrong, you're bound to find Relief in making up your mind."  
*Chatterer the Red Squirrel*

That's the way in which one of Thornton W. Burgess' charming nature stories begins.

The animals in those stories are famous because they possess characteristics that are so much like human traits. And so when Chatterer the Red Squirrel got into a state of mind where he couldn't decide whether he should leave the Briar-patch or stay in it, you could be pretty sure that his puzzled, unhappy state of mind reflected that of millions of people who also have difficulty in making decisions.

Shall I marry? Shall I get a divorce? Shall I take this job? Shall I tell my boss what I really think of him? Shall I leave my family?

Problems like this take up so much of our waking time and people have so much difficulty in making decisions that the offices of all those who attempt to give advice—whether they're soothsayers, astrologers, psychoanalysts or lovelorn advisers—are usually crowded.

We're all faced, at one time or another, with difficult decisions. Every single day we have a certain number

of decisions to make, some trivial, some important. Authorities say that the patterns of our lives depend on the decisions we make. Some of us worry ourselves sick over difficult decisions. Yet daily, the motion-picture stars are faced with difficult decisions, affecting their careers and their personal lives. How do they make them without succumbing to the jitters?

A group of motion-picture stars told us how they went about the problem of making difficult decisions. Then we went to Dr. William Moulton Marston, the noted psychologist, author of "Try Living," "March On" and the forthcoming "Blondes, Brunettes And Redheads." A little over a year ago it was to Dr. Marston that this magazine turned for an answer to the problem, "Should Women Tell Men the Truth?" We knew he'd be equally frank in his analysis of the way in which motion-picture stars make decisions. And he was.

But let's see first what the stars said for themselves.

Green-eyed hillbilly star Judy Canova—she of "Scatterbrain," "Sis Hopkins," "Puddin'head" and now "True To The Army"—said to us, "Whatever decision you make, right or wrong, follow it."

Judy has been married twice. Her

first marriage ended in divorce; and her second marriage, to James H. Ripley, a former Army corporal, was annulled, on the ground that he had deceived Judy and told her lies. When I asked Judy what her most difficult decision had been, she told me it came two years ago, when she decided to get a divorce from her first husband.

"It wasn't because we got along badly, for that wasn't the case; but simply because I felt that I couldn't do justice both to my marriage and my career. In between pictures, I'd rush to New York to be with my husband; nevertheless we could be together only at intervals and I realized I wasn't getting ahead with my career or doing justice to my marriage. My husband was an insurance broker and his work kept him in New York. If I wanted to be with him, I felt I'd have to quit the movies—and I didn't want to. I knew that either my marriage or my career would have to go on the rocks and I had worked so hard to achieve my career that I wasn't willing to sacrifice it. I made up my mind that the only fair thing to do was to get a divorce.

"After the divorce, the deal I'd been planning to make on the Coast fell through and I got a chance to appear in a New York play, 'Yokel Boy.' So as things (Continued on page 83)

Joan Bennett's how-to-decide rule shows up a surprising lack in her own character

The man behind this mind business: Dr. William Moulton Marston, psychologist inventor of the lie detector





Cyannan O'Hara





# "I want to be loved"

says Maureen O'Hara

TO BEN MADDOX

Every woman feels the same way—but every woman doesn't know this: How she can find—and keep—a husband like Will Price

AND so they were married, and lived happily ever after.

This was the end of the story, written in the charming little chapel of St. Mary of the Pines Convent in a sleepy Mississippi town on December 29, as Maureen O'Hara took Will Price to be her wedded husband. But it was an ending that gave promise of great beginnings. For, because of her choice, Maureen has found a completeness the gaudiest glamour girl never will know.

All Hollywood wondered what was to happen to the quiet but steady romance of one of the screen's most promising actresses and the young Southerner with the keen glance and the cheerful grin. The answer came one day not so long ago when Maureen phoned us.

"I am going to announce my engagement to Will Price very soon," she said. "I have the permission of my parents, who as you know live in Ireland, and the blessing of the studio heads. So would you like to come over and really hear all about it first?"

Of course, we said yes. Maureen's companion-secretary, Florence O'Neil, a trim brunette, met us at the door. Maureen herself was radiant.

"I met Will," she said, "when I was making my very first screen test in



Will Price was Maureen's first date in Hollywood. From now on he'll be the guy whose arm she takes for keeps

Hollywood. I had come more than five thousand miles to make it, and the gamble was to decide whether I could play the girl in 'The Hunchback Of Notre Dame' for RKO. It was a new country and a whole new group of people to encounter.

"Honestly, I was scared! Yet as I walked onto the sound stage I thought, 'Don't let them see that you are afraid or can be upset!' I met all the men and women in charge of technical matters and among them was an obviously interesting young man who helped me with my dialogue. He put me at my ease and before I could remember my fears I had forgotten all about them. Will has this sort of straightforward friendliness. When I left that day I carried with me the memory of an extremely nice and considerate fellow.

"We saw one another every day, for Will was the dialogue director on the picture. However, don't suppose we fell in love just like that, for we didn't. We both had to work hard. And although we were together on the set the personal element didn't enter into it. Ours is no rash love at first sight.

"About two weeks after the picture started Will asked me if I would like to go with him to the opening of the Hollywood Bowl season. I was delighted to accept. A newcomer to Hollywood is apt to be lonely. We attended with another couple, friends of his whom I found lots of fun. After the concert Will took me home immediately. He didn't suggest supper at a showy (Continued on page 85)





We are pals  
Gene Lutter



# We are pals Gene Autry

In this famous signature lies the clue to Hollywood's biggest enigma—the fabulous Autry popularity. A

"how come" story that gives away an invaluable key to success

BY MARIAN RHEA

A YOUNGSTER aged seven wrote a letter to Gene Autry a few weeks ago—as some 20,000 youngsters and others not so young are in the habit of doing every month of the year.

"Dear Gene:" he said, "You are one of my three favorite people. The other two are God and Santa Claus. . . ."

So, you chuckled at that. You thought it amusing, as indeed it is. Yet, in its small, even ludicrous way, that childish letter is no laughing matter. It is important and significant. It is another unmistakable straw in the wind to show that Gene Autry, six years ago just a pale-haired, soft-spoken cowboy with a Southwestern drawl and a talent (not a very marked talent, either) for singing and strumming a guitar, is just about the biggest thing that has hit Hollywood in many a day!

It is funny, though, how long it took Hollywood to realize this. We knew in a vague way that ever since he licked the daylights out of Republic Studios in that row they had about his salary in 1938, he has been going up and up. We knew he was in the "big ten" at the box office last year.

We knew that when he appeared at Madison Square Garden in New York in the fall of 1940 and again in 1941 he upped the "take" some forty per cent above all previous rodeos. We knew he makes thousands of dollars just on commercial tie-ups every year. But, somehow, it wasn't until he appeared among the box office's "big ten" again in 1941 that we actually began to take him seriously. We expected Mickey Rooney to be on the list. Ditto Clark Gable and Tyrone Power. They were Big



On the famous "Melody Ranch" Ina and Gene Autry gloat over "Joe," the evil-looking Indian who sits all day long on their front porch

Stars. Their pictures were always Major Productions. But Gene Autry, the Oklahoma cowboy who doesn't claim to be the world's prize stunt rider, the singer who can't sing so terribly well, the guitarist who isn't such a much, the actor who never acts because he can't—well, he had done it again! Who, we asked ourselves, wonderingly, would have thought it?

Still, as you begin to analyze this engaging enigma, Gene Autry's success is not so inexplicable. You begin to see this: that in his quiet way, for twenty-four hours of the day, Gene Autry is a showman; that in more ways than one he has given you who are his public your money's worth!

Time was when most of Hollywood's great were (Continued on page 77)





This is what can happen when a man born on the right  
side of the tracks is not, even in the face of  
love, wise enough to forget that fact

**T**HE Amberson mansion—the white, elaborately porticoed Amberson mansion—had been the scene of the most magnificent entertaining in Midland, but the reception given there one cold and snowy night in 1904 surpassed everything that had gone before. For George Amberson Minafer, the son of Wilbur and Isabel Amberson Minafer, had reached his nineteenth birthday and the celebration in honor of this tall and handsome young man who would, someday, inherit the Amberson wealth was in keeping with the importance of the event.

The house—Wilbur and Isabel had always made their home with Isabel's father, old Major Amberson—was brilliantly lighted; only recently Major Amberson had replaced kerosene lamps with gas which now was reflected from hundreds of glass pendants in chandeliers and wall brackets. The spacious high-ceilinged rooms were crowded, the women's colorful satins and towering, jewel-accented pompadours contrasted by the severe black and white of their escorts' evening garb. In the library, behind a

### Fiction version by LEE PENNINGTON

A Mercury Production, produced and directed by Orson Welles. Released by RKO-Radio Pictures, Inc. Screen play by Orson Welles. Based upon the novel by Booth Tarkington

miniature forest of potted palms, an orchestra played softly and in the ballroom which covered the top floor a second orchestra played for those who wished to dance. Carriages in which Midland society had arrived lined the driveway and beyond the carriages, even beyond the circle of light from the house, were other guests—uninvited, unwanted guests, drawn by fabulous stories of Amberson riches to wait in the snow in the hope that they might catch a glimpse of the festivities within.

In the receiving line, George towered above his mother and father, his grandfather, Major Amberson, his uncle, Congressman Jack Amberson, and his father's sister, Fanny Minafer.

As Isabel presented each newcomer to her son and heard his correctly formal greeting she felt faint with pride. She sensed in his manner only courtesy and graciousness; she was deaf to the undertone of condescension, unconscious of the arrogance which had led Midland, when George was only a child, to brand him as a "conceited spoiled young-one who would get his come-uppance someday" and totally unaware that it was the power of the Amberson name and affection for herself rather than regard for George which tonight was filling the house with guests.

One guest was late and as time went by Isabel found herself wondering unhappily if Eugene Morgan had decided, after all, not to attend. He had been away from Midland for—swiftly Isabel's mind went back along the years. Why, it was more than twenty of them since she had sent him out of her life. They had been so young then—young and very much in love though perhaps, she reflected wryly, their love had not been tempered with very much (Continued on page 46)





Isabel was totally unaware that it was the power of the Amberson name rather than regard for her son George that was filling the house with guests that night

## THE CAST

Eugene Morgan . . . . . Joseph Cotten  
 Isabel Minafer . . . . . Dolores Costello  
 Lucy Morgan . . . . . Ann Baxter  
 George Minafer . . . . . Tim Holt  
 Fanny Minafer . . . . . Agnes Moorehead  
 Jack Amberson . . . . . Ray Collins  
 Major Amberson . . . . . Richard Bennett  
 Wilbur Minafer . . . . . Don Dillaway



"It must be wonderful," Lucy mused, "to be so important you can ignore most of the girls your mother has invited."

"George," said Isabel, with eyes only for Eugene, "this is Mr. Morgan, an old friend of your father's and mine."





understanding. Mechanically she responded to the greetings of her guests, but her thoughts were on that moonlit summer night when Eugene, in accordance with Midland social custom, had hired a group of musicians to serenade her. In memory she could see herself as she was then, leaning out of her window, laughing in happy excitement at the group on



George caught Fanny's frail shoulders, gripping her so that she winced. "What do you mean?" he demanded

the lawn. In memory she felt again that stab of anger and humiliation when Eugene, obviously intoxicated, had stepped forward impetuously, only to fall with a crash into the bass viol and lie there, giggling drunkenly.

At her side, George stirred restlessly, recalling her to the present. "Getting bored, dear?" she asked and, at his wry grin, "Try to be patient

for a little longer. Almost everyone has arrived now." She smiled gently, then lapsed into thought again. . . . In her pride and unhappiness she had rejected all Eugene's attempts to apologize for his behavior and at last, hurt, she realized these twenty years later, by her uncompromising scorn, he had gone away. Shortly after that Isabel had married Wilbur Minafer, a worthy but dull young man, and after George was born she had lavished on him not only Amberson wealth but the passionate devotion which Wilbur had never aroused in her. And now Eugene was back in Midland and although Isabel reminded herself firmly that she was a middle-aged married woman she couldn't suppress a little feeling of excitement at the knowledge that at any moment he might walk through the door.

**A**S guest after guest passed along the receiving line George became so bored and irritated by the necessity for remaining outwardly polite that he paid little attention to his mother and did not notice her heightened color and the little catch in her voice when she said, "George, this is Mr. Morgan—Eugene Morgan—an old friend of your father's and mine. He has been away from Midland for many years—he came back only last week."

George glanced briefly at the older man's unfashionably cut clothes and carelessly tied tie and he acknowledged the introduction with the barest civility. He would have turned away then but something in Eugene's manner halted him. George, for all his conceit, was not without shrewdness and while he took for granted the adoration in his mother's eyes he had learned to recognize dislike, envy and sometimes even fear in the eyes of other people he met. But never in his life had anyone looked at him as Eugene was looking at him now—a regard in which good nature, tolerance and even a hint of pity were intermingled. It was a disquieting experience, filling him with such resentful preoccupation that he failed to catch the name of the girl next in line. It was only when the girl smiled, a gay, confident smile of gleaming white teeth and dark-lashed eyes, that George pulled himself together. His resentment and his earlier formal manner melted and he became eager.

His mother smiled at him indulgently. "Why don't you two join the dancers, George?" she asked. "I think you've fulfilled your duties as host."

Coolly taking the girl's acceptance for granted, George drew her hand through his arm and led her toward the ballroom. "I want this dance and the next and every third dance after that," he announced.

The girl smiled at him quizzically.

"Are you asking for them—or ordering me to give them to you?"

George looked faintly surprised. "I'm just telling you that I want them."

"It must be wonderful," she mused, "simply wonderful to be so important that you can ignore most of the girls your mother has invited here and demand all the dances you want from another one."

There was a suggestion of irony, even of annoyance in her tone, but George ignored them. "This one and the next and every third one after that," he repeated confidently. He could sense a determination to refuse gathering within her and this only increased his determination to have his own way. Slowly, deliberately he smiled down at her. "Do I get them?" he asked softly.

Unexpectedly her annoyance fled and her lips curved in an answering smile. "Good gracious—yes!" she exclaimed.

They had finished their first dance and were seated on the wide ballroom stairway when Aunt Fanny Minafer, her plain rather frustrated face looking more happy and excited than George had ever seen it, danced by with Eugene Morgan. Eugene waved but George ignored the salute and said haughtily, "That's a bit of freshness for you. That funny old duck waving at me—and he was only introduced to me a little while ago."

The girl flung him a smile. "Oh, he was waving at me," she said.

"At you?" George laughed incredulously. "Well, that's fine, I must say I suppose he's some old widower—"

"Yes, he is a widower," she interrupted quietly. "I'm Lucy Morgan. He's my father."

Abruptly, George stopped laughing. "Your father," he repeated lamely. "—I—if I had known he was your father—" he broke off, unaccustomed to apologizing, then in an effort to change the subject he asked hurriedly "What does he do?"

"He's an inventor." Lucy regarded the boy beside her coolly. It was more from pride in her father, whom she adored, than from any desire to prolong the conversation that she added, "He's invented a horseless carriage."

"Well, I'm sorry for him," George remarked condescendingly. "It will never work, of course, and people aren't going to pay good money for the privilege of lying on their backs and having grease drip in their faces."

There was something so childish in his petulant manner that in spite of herself Lucy began to laugh and George instantly took advantage of her restored good humor to say, "You're coming for a sleigh ride with me tomorrow. (Continued on page 9)



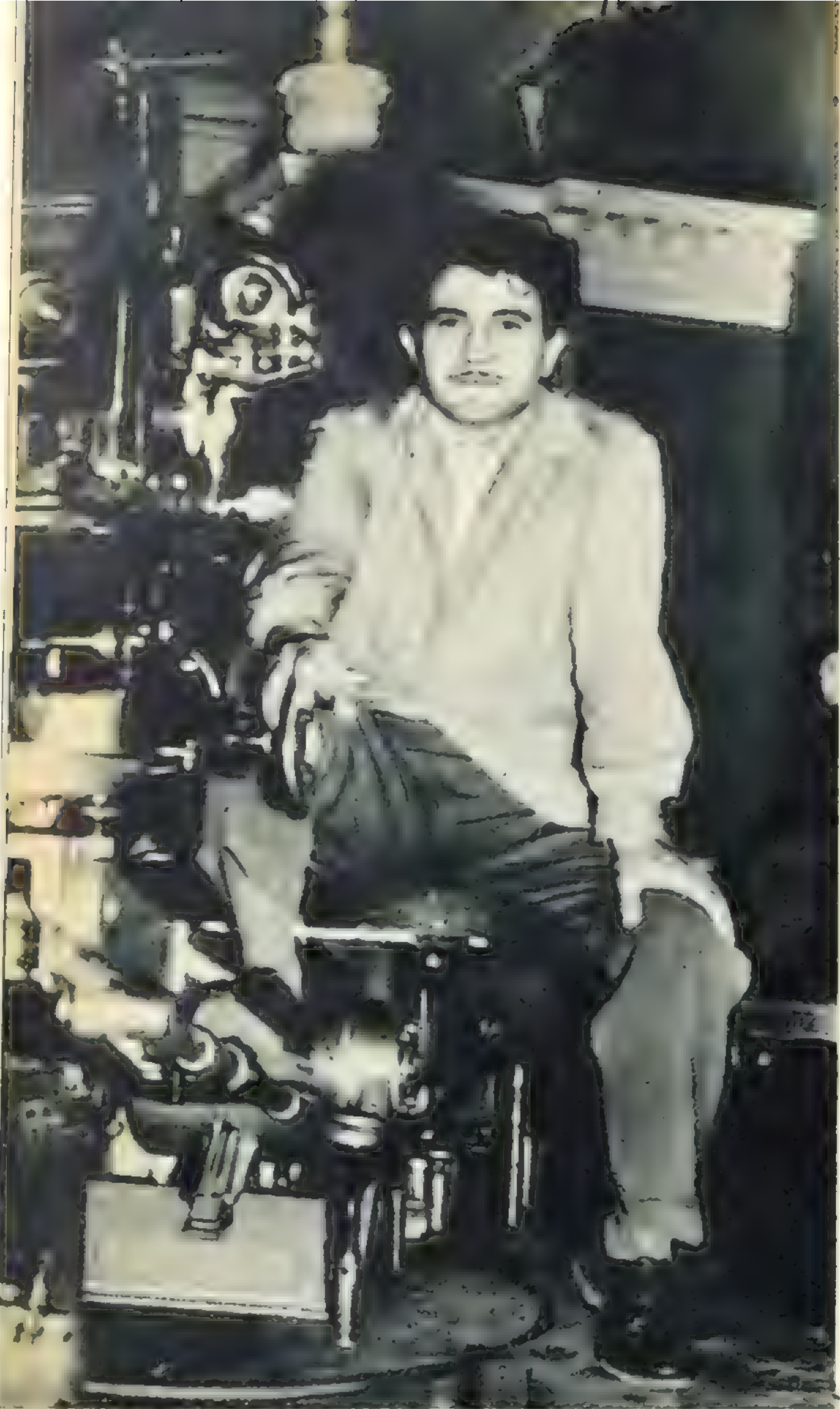
# Stop, look and guess

From the famous old  
photoplay files comes  
this treasure—two  
little girls from  
school who went  
places . . .

. and just to prove that  
the right kind of friends  
don't forget we reproduce  
this picture from our  
March issue: The two  
little girls take their  
lux out to dinner, make  
a laugh-and-be-gay  
parsome—Diana Lewis,  
who is now Mrs. Bill  
Lowell, and Ann Sheridan,  
now Mrs. George Brent







Assistant Director Alonso: "She tops my list of favorite people." That's his opinion—but it's not unanimous!



Stanley Dunne, property man: "I sat down at the piano to entertain the boys, she pulled a chair over and joined in with the musical saw." Violinist is Director Mitch Leisen



Director Leisen's secretary, Eleanor Broder, dialogue checker: "Dietrich didn't turn out as I expected"



Margaret Teeter, waitress: "I answered, 'And how!' and she laughed so you could hear her all over!"

## What Hollywood

On your guard! These off-their-guard ideas are as eyebrow-raising as the lady herself

**P**ROBABLY the most colorful and talked of star in Hollywood, Marlene Dietrich registers so positively upon all who come into contact with her that there's as sharp a contrast in the opinions of those who know her well and those who know her only casually as there is in the parts she has played in pictures.

As we haven't space to quote all those who helped paint this personality portrait of the original inspiration of Hollywood leg art, we pass on a representative cross section of the opinions they expressed.

According to the popular assistant director, "Chico," whose real name is Francisco Alonso: "Everybody has one opinion of Dietrich when he meets her and another when he leaves her. How different your second opinion is depends on how long you've been with her."

"Chico" had more to say: "I'd always heard how tough Dietrich was," he continued. "That she was an ice-cold dame with a red-hot temperament. So I was plenty worried about working with her in 'The Lady Is Willing.' An assistant's job is to have the cast, including the star, on hand

in plenty of time, ready to shoot and willing to co-operate. The prospect of three months with Dietrich kept me awake nights.

"We shot four months instead of three and Marlene worked with twins—when one baby on the set is usually enough to give a star the jitters. Then she broke her ankle and had to hobble through five weeks of shooting.

"In spite of her pain and the heavy cast on her foot, Dietrich was always prompt. Which is more than you can say for a lot of stars. When I gave her an eight-thirty call she'd be there at eight-fifteen, made up and ready to work—and without that martyred air, calculated to make the director go easy on her.

"One night when we were shooting late at the Columbia ranch, she had to walk rapidly along the New York street set. Because we were using two microphones and had to synchronize sound and action, and because bombers from the near-by Lockheed plant were zooming overhead and raising Ned with our sound track, the scene had to be shot eighteen times.

"Although her ankle was bothering her a lot that night, she never let out





Ruth Ford (with Roger Clark): "I was tongue-tied by Dietrich. And the first thing she said to me was . . ."



George Raft: "I felt pretty bad about what had happened. But she teased me out of it. That's the kind of a gal Dietrich is."

# thinks about—Marlene Dietrich

BY W. F. FRENCH

whimper or a complaint. She'd take a deep breath and brace herself to walk without a limp—and then drop in a chair and grab her leg.

"I had never pictured Dietrich as being considerate. Yet she is one of the most unselfish people I ever worked with, always looking out for the other fellow. When we were doing a close-up of Aline MacMahon she suddenly stepped in front of the camera and wouldn't let us shoot until she had fixed Aline's hair. Another time she stopped the shooting to adjust the veil that was spoiling Arline Judge's close-up.

"Dietrich is so alert she sees everything. In a big sequence, when she was the busiest person on the set, she spotted an extra having trouble with her evening gown, sent out for tape and showed the girl how to fix it so it wouldn't slip down again. Marlene overheard wardrobe telling the colored girl who played her maid that they wouldn't replace the stockings she had torn on the set. Marlene sent it and got the girl a dozen pairs.

"Almost everyone has heard about Dietrich's breaking her ankle, but few people know (Continued on page 74)





Opening curtain

Right-of-way at the "home of the flying fortresses"—California's outstanding March Field—goes to the streamlined Hollywood bus with its streamlined cargo. The talent preserved behind glass is Edgar Bergen; the look-up crowd is composed of Reggie Gardiner, hostess Marina Shubert, Betty Grable and Rita Hayworth. Miss Hayworth drove down in her own car ahead of time, distributed cartons of cigarettes to the cheering clientele of Army men

Popularity match



ALL-OUT FOR



Temperature going up!



Above: Rudy Vallee fired the armed forces to raucous shouts; sang song after song to the accompaniment of a special donation—Phil Ohman's Mocambo orchestra. Right: George Wilson gets a break, two of them, in fact. Betty Grable, Ilona Massey, Colonel Brown, chief medical officer, Basil Rathbone (Mrs. Rathbone was a chief organizer of the show) and Marina Shubert visit the dispensary with a bedside manner that has a Hollywood touch





—and so was George  
Murphy in their  
hit dances together



"Brother, are you kidding!"

Above: Bigger and better banter between the Army and Hollywood goes on, with James Guston, once under contract to Warners, and blonde Betty Grable as grinning participants

## MARCH FIELD!

The stars come down to give the stripes a break! Hollywood shows up at the Army base to show off for the boys—and cameraman Fink

Below: Chester Morris made magic like mad, had a repertoire of tricks that kept Army men's eyes wide open. En route here, he pulls a preview stunt on Alan Curtis and Ilona Massey

Stump bunny!



"Grable was great!"





# Life Owes You Nothing



His father ran a scissors-grinding business, his mother ran the Louisville, Kentucky, house. The little angel ran them both

**O**N October 17, 1940, Victor Mature balanced books on himself, took one look at the results, uttered his classical "Mature, you're revolting," and decided to take off for New York. Five stormy tormented years in Hollywood and all he had to his credit was four unimportant pictures, a small contract with a minor studio, some 130,000 fan letters which he hoped to answer someday when he could afford a secretary, and the general reputation among players and press of being a gorgeous jerk.

Three days later, after hocking his automobile, wheedling a plane ticket from the studio against his next salary check (he was then on layoff) and talking his father into accepting a post-dated check for \$200, the only help he had ever received or asked from him, he roared into New York with a ravishing blonde on his arm. The blonde was Betty Grable. He had stopped off at Chicago where she had been doing personal appearances to pick her up.

Question-mark couple—Mature hits the headlines again, now has everyone wondering if he'll stay wed to Martha Kemp

That's what Victor Mature's father said to him. Five years later he said it to himself with a blonde at his side and a revolutionary plan in his mind

BY JOHN R. FRANCHEY

Betty Grable remembers, and remembers well, the taxi ride through the morning mist from the airport to downtown Manhattan. She remembers that for once the man beside her was silent, that his jaw was set and that his eyes had the quality of a man peering at once into the past and the future.

"Two pennies," she said.

"I was thinking about something my father once told me."

"Oh?"

"'Life owes you nothing,' Dad used to say, 'not even for trying—no more than a man deserves a woman merely because he happens to love her. Sometimes it's a question of misdirected energies. Often it's a question of the wrong time and the wrong place.'"

"HMMMMM!" Betty said.

"For five years I've been sure of the choice. And for some reason I feel strangely certain that the time is now

and the place is here."

At the very instant Victor Mature stepped out of the cab onto the sidewalk in front of the Essex House the sun came out and sprinkled emeralds over the wet leaves of Central Park.

"A good omen," he said.

That was on Saturday.

On Sunday the papers carried pictures of their arrival, the black eagle and the blonde bomber. He had come to consider "stage offers." She had come for the ride.

Monday at two o'clock he walked out of the office of the Group Theater. He had been offered and had turned down cold the leading role in the Group Theater's production of "Retreat From Pleasure"; he didn't like the part. At 2:30 he was reading for the Theater Guild's production of "Battle Of The Angels," with Miriam Hopkins. At 3 o'clock he was turning down the part; he didn't like the play. At 3:30 he (Continued on page 80)







Hero of 1941's biggest comeback story—Mature, who's zooming high in Fox's "Song Of The Islands"





Dots: Henry Fonda, fancier  
polka-dot cravats, king-p  
in Fox's "Rings On Her Finger





Priscilla Lane, who does  
a lovely bit of acting for Hitch-  
cock in Universal's "Saboteur"



# You've got to believe me!

If things had been different, he might have been telling her how pretty she was. But right now there was a job before him—and it had to do with murder

IT WAS as he walked by the telegraph office that the big idea came to Bill. Out in Hollywood on business for an advertising company, he had pulled every stunt he could think of to get screen star Caryl Winslow's signature on a contract to endorse a client's product. That signature meant his job, but so far he hadn't been able to swing it.

He'd tried hard enough—had followed Caryl's car from her studio to her home, had tried to get in to see her and had the door slammed in his face. What's more, he'd been thrown off the grounds by the watchman, a surly individual who was missing one finger of his right hand.

Undeterred, he'd followed Caryl to the Brown Derby, approached the table where she was sitting with Larry Pierce, the big director, and Roland Summers, her leading man, the great lover of Hollywood. He'd asked her for an autograph, hoping that in some way that would be the opening to the business talk, and he'd been given a quick brush-off by Pierce and Summers.

But now—perhaps this was it! He'd sent a note by messenger to Caryl, asked her to see him because his job depended on it. One hour, two—he waited for the messenger to return. Then the wail of police sirens, the utter confusion in the little office as the police squad walked in and carried Bill off to the station.

That Captain at the station made things a little clearer. Caryl Winslow had been receiving kidnap threats; Bill's messenger had come just as she arrived home with Pierce and Summers; they had immediately become suspicious and called the police. So here he was—and they wouldn't let him talk now, explain who he was.

## BY WILL OURSLER

Then suddenly, he heard the word "watchman" and Summers' answer, "But Miss Winslow has no watchman." Things began to click in his mind. That man in the garden this morning—if he wasn't the watchman as he'd said, who was he. . . .

He watched as Pierce escorted Caryl from the station, leaving Summers to talk to the Captain. Bill was thinking hard—while that man was at large, Caryl was surely in danger.

Presently the door was yanked open. Pierce stood there, tie askew, eyes wild. "Caryl!" he gasped. "They've kidnapped her. Stopped the car—grabbed her."

Now Bill was certain that the man in the garden had something to do with it. But he knew nobody would believe him. Somehow he must get out of there and find that man.

"Listen," he said suddenly. "I'll tell you the whole story—but I'll talk only to Summers—alone."

THE next few minutes in that small windowless room were a nightmare. The quick punch with which he felled Summers, the nerve-wracking business of taking off the actor's clothes, dressing himself in them, putting on the dark glasses and then walking boldly out the door past the waiting policemen, mumbling in what he hoped sounded like Summers' voice, "Papers—car—back in a minute."

Then he was out, running through the oaken doors of the station. Out into the early dusk. . . .

Shrill, agonized sirens of police cars wailed across Sunset Boulevard.

Bill heard them. Heard them in the clothing store two blocks from the

station. Tried to be calm and casual and devoid of emotion as he surveyed himself in the full-length mirror.

The punctilious little salesman was flustered. "This is a suit, sir. Blue's your color. And the fit—"

"I'll take it." Bill snapped the words. "Now I want a hat."

Only minutes since his escape. But the wail of the sirens grew louder. The salesman tilted his head quixotically. "Sounds like an air alarm."

Bill brushed it off. "Probably an accident. They like to make noise."

Moments later—with a silent blessing for the wad of money he found in Summers' wallet—he paid for his purchases. At the door the salesman halted him with a peremptory lifting of the hand.

"If you don't mind, what shall I do with the old suit? Shall I—?"

"Hold it. I'll pick it up tomorrow. Haven't time now."

The salesman shook his head with bewilderment. (Continued on page 89)

ILLUSTRATION BY C. C. BEALL

Caryl started to cry out. Bill's hand closed over her mouth. "Keep still, you little fool!" he whispered







# CHALK IT UP!

Call yourself a clever woman if you can fill in the blanks on the fashion blackboard below. We give you the cues; you catch on; you end up a fashion-wise female.

Here's your fashion blackboard; you fill in the blanks from the cues we give you.

1. White . . . . . dress
2. Beige felt hat with bright . . . . . ribbon trim
3. New color combination: Mimosa yellow with . . . . .
4. Flounced . . . . . skirt to wear with a black sweater
5. . . . . dress of white eyelet embroidery



3. . . . .

Something gets born in this—but it's not a baby.  
Our Bing drawls and drawls all through it.  
You probably went home singing.  
The last word is the one that's of first importance for No. 3 on the board.

2. . . . .

This was called a "beautiful document."  
It has to do with pits—but not the kind that comes in cherries.  
A little boy does a lot of reminiscing out loud all through the film.  
The second word of the title is a color and belongs in the blank on the blackboard.



4. . . . .

Lupe loops the marriage loop in this one.  
A little war orphan packs a big surprise.  
Leon Errol puts a finger in the pie and almost spoils everything.  
The first word describes Lupe's nationality in the picture and also describes the skirt in No. 4.



5. . . . .

The hero has a beard—and a knack for making cracks.  
It's a banquet of fun.  
You'll cross your fingers and hope your next dinner party doesn't turn out this way.  
The last word is a tasty bit and is a cue for the last item on the board.





FEET

## FIVE FEET FIVE OF FASHIONS

★ Rule yourself a fashion ruler if you choose a spring suit like this one of Laraine Day's—a Saks Fifth Avenue sky-blue wool two-piecer with a semifitted jacket trimmed up in style by pockets and yoke of the newer-than-new knitted yarn. Let your eye light joyfully on a big purse that's a smart carryall; put your best foot forward in shoes that are a "just right" finish for any spring outfit. For another pretty-picture angle on Laraine, go see her in M-G-M's new film "Fingers At The Window"

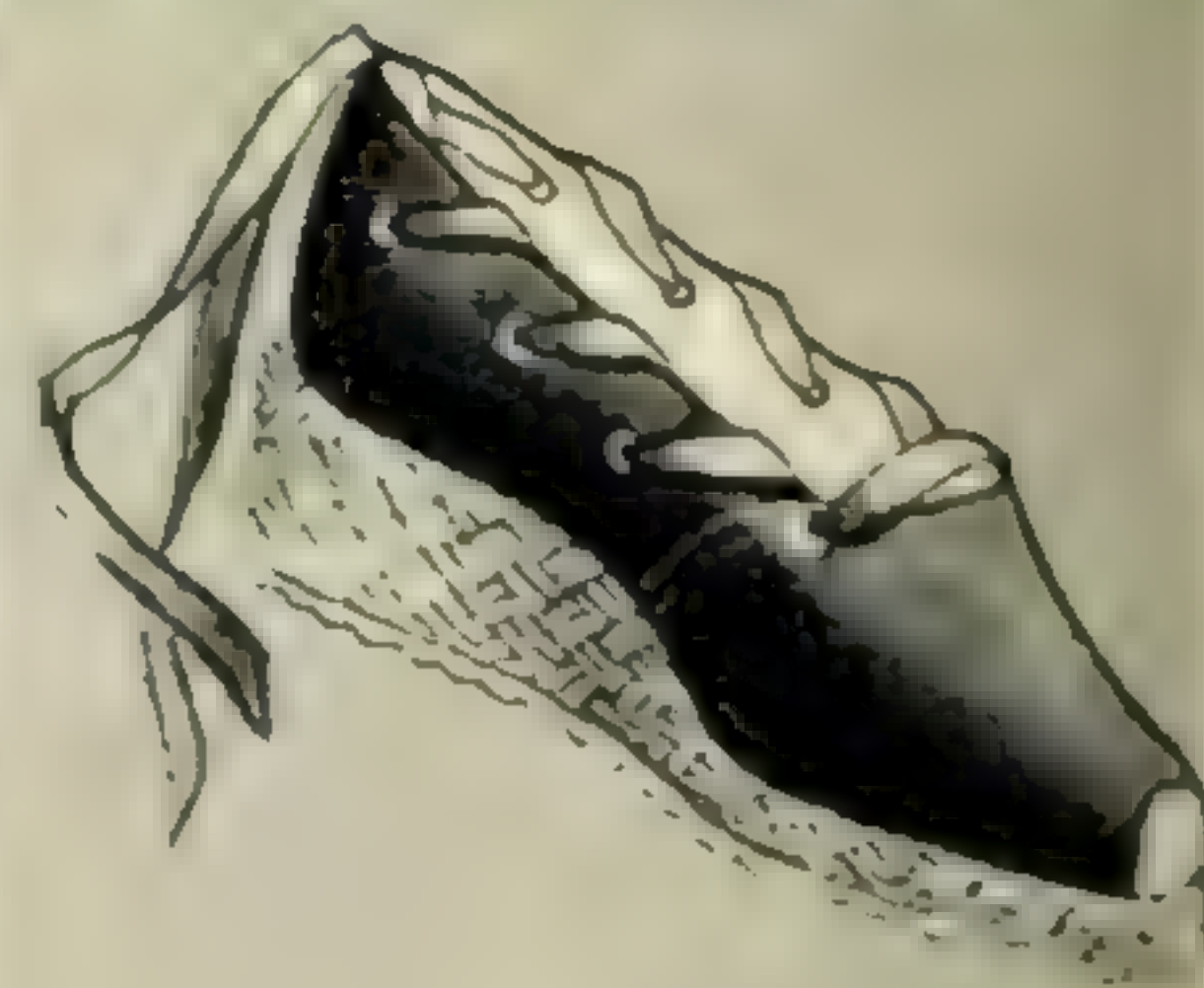


News below: A beige maracain bow'd pump with a V throat. With high or a midway heel. A Paris Fashion Shoe

Miss Day's Paris Fashion shoes were selected from the Vanity Slipper Shoppe, Hollywood



★ Count yourself rising in style appeal if your spring wardrobe has at least one slack suit like this. Of gabardine in the new soldier blue, it has a two-button double-breasted jacket, sleekly fitted trousers. Perfect for playtime picnics; passed by style censors for wartime activities. Miss Day's suit from Saks Fifth Avenue



An ankle-tie wedge of Liberty Red maracain with rope sole, thong lacing. A Paris Fashion Shoe



★ Measure up prettily to all requirements in the topcoat section with a straight-liner of pale blue wool striped in raspberry pink. It shows up as a good sport by keeping company with Laraine's beige wool dress and large crocheted cartwheel hat with a high crushed crown. Dress and coat from Saks Fifth Avenue



A beige maracain lo-heeler with tan calf trim and walled last. Also in blue or black gabardine. A Paris Fashion Shoe



★ A plus sign for prestige, guaranteed by Laraine Day's two-piece silk dress that rates more stares from many people by reason of the "Good luck" signs and the shamrocks that are scattered intriguingly over its black background. The hat is a tricky little straw, black to match the gloves and patent purse, veiled to win attention at the Easter parade. Dress from Saks Fifth Avenue



Open-toe black patent pumps with a faille collar and bow. Also with midway heel. A Paris Fashion Shoe



★ Size up the spring-evening situation and then go dating in a bottle-green crepe dinner dress that speaks smartly for itself except for one striking shoulder clip. The pep-lum and the slit skirt make Laraine a standout figure on the dance floor; the full-length cape of red, green and white plaid would make any date linger longer at the Day front door. Miss Day's dress is from Saks Fifth Avenue



Backless sandal of Kelly Green suede. Also in Liberty Red suede. A Paris Fashion Shoe

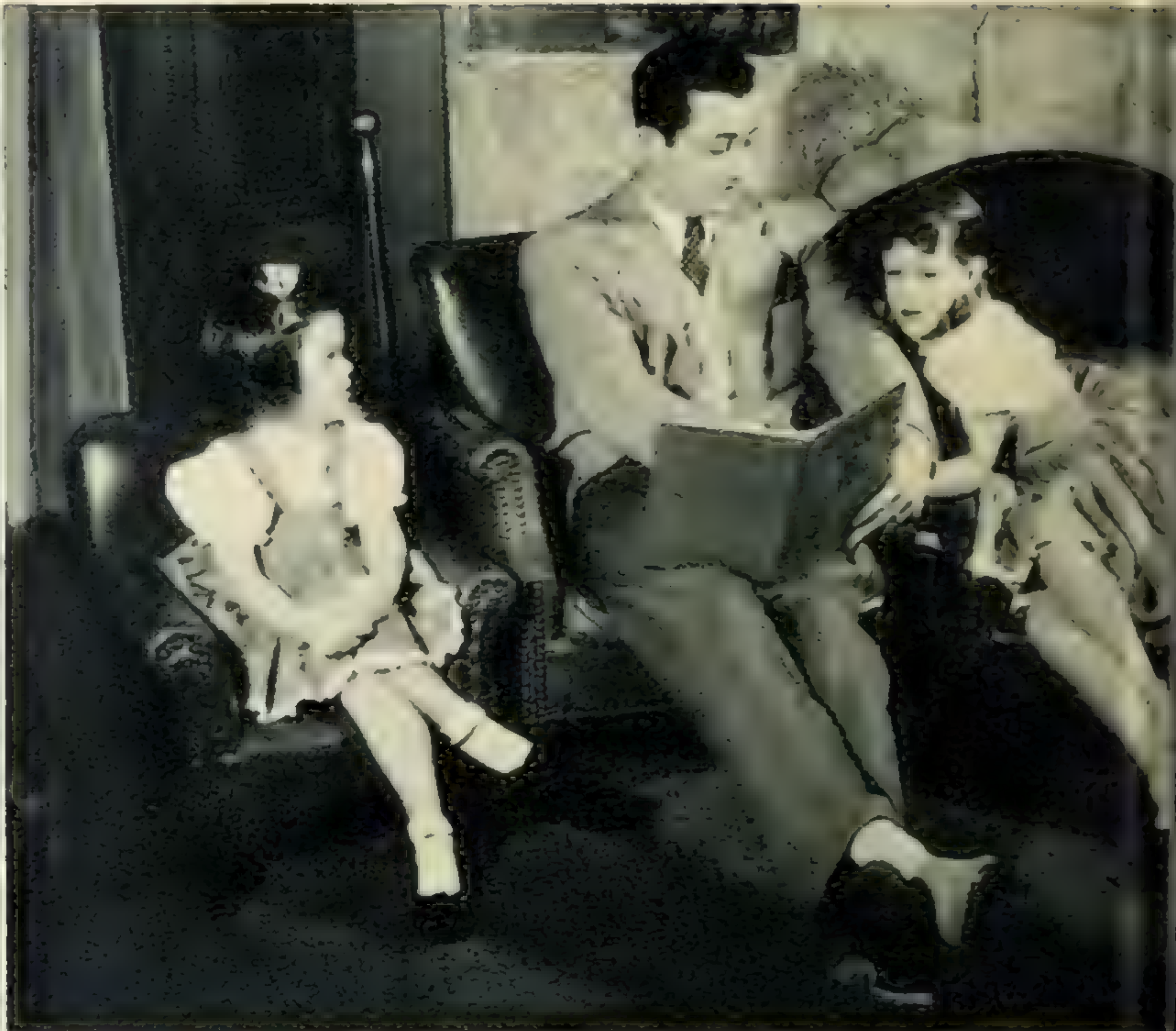




# I waited eleven years



Husband Bob takes wife Betty to Ciro's for dinner. Evidence of their married happiness: The fun they have together; the wedding ring Bob always wears



Head man of M-G-M's "Joe Smith, American" plays big chief at his own fireside, reads a big book to small daughters Barbara Queen and Carol Anne

This story belongs to all of us  
in routine jobs everywhere, we  
who have sometimes felt that  
luck has passed us by

BY ROBERT YOUNG

as told to Gladys Hall

**T**HERE are people who hit the bull's-eye with the first shot. I am not one of them.

I was sort of case-hardened before I came to M-G-M eleven years ago because I had been at the Community Playhouse for four and a half years and things had kept happening to other people there, but nothing had ever happened to me. No talent scout "discovered" me. No agent begged to handle me. I think I knew, then, that I was to be one of those who build

slowly. Some of us do, you know. We are not all "overnight" successes. The race is not *always* to the swift. Remember that.

When I finally got me an agent, the only other clients he had were an old maid, two trained midgets and a performing duck. But that was all right with me because I didn't have much of anything, either. (Nothing, that is, except my faith in myself.)

It seems to me it may be somewhat encouraging to other youngsters start-

ing their careers to know that I had about every count against me when I first signed my M-G-M contract. I had no clothes to my back. In fact, the suit I wore to M-G-M the first day I came here to apply for a job was one my agent had bought for me. I was definitely average in looks. There was nothing outstanding about me. I had neither the dash of a Gable, the looks of a Taylor nor the aplomb of a Bob Montgomery. I was too tall. And too skinny—in the days before Jimmy Stewart made skinniness "smart." I was very young, very naïve and I can well imagine that the first love scenes I played were not too hot.

That sex-appeal thing has always been a hurdle for me. When I first came on the lot someone in the Front Office decided, not unreasonably, I am sure, that I didn't have it. That sort of got around. It got around to me. I said to the producer who started it, "What can I do about it? Besides, how do you know?" He didn't laugh at that crack. So I wasn't a comic, either. (Continued on page 93)







# The Truth

How do they get that way?

**R**ECENTLY the Hollywood Women's Press Club voted to determine who were the most co-operative stars in pictures and who the least. Without the arching of a single eyebrow—in fact, with yawns but scantily concealed, so foregone was the conclusion—Bette Davis and Bob Hope were promptly chosen as the most co-operative stars.

The real fun began when the least co-operative players came up for balloting, such is the curious twist of human nature that delights in the less flattering side of life. Results were not so amazing to those of us who are close to Hollywood as was the amount of discussion occasioned throughout the country. What we had considered strictly a local event turned out to have some sort of national significance.

When Ginger Rogers was voted the female booby prize for press co-operation, with Jean Arthur and Marlene Dietrich close seconds, and Fred Astaire won the male distinction in

Gary Cooper: His is a common failing; you'd be "unco-operative" too if you were at all like him

Is Ginger Rogers' lack of co-operation due to her new philosophy? Would it disappear if she fell in love?

Strictly personal is the reason for Bing Crosby's "difficult" attitude. The same quality that makes Fred Astaire dance so well gives studio workers gray hairs

Jean Arthur: She's on the list for three significant reasons





# About "DIFFICULT" Stars

Here's the Q.T. data, plus one tale out of school that will get your dander up!

## BY "FEARLESS"

the celebrated company of Bing Crosby and Ronnie Colman, the pros and cons among the movie-minded began to fly thick and fast. Some of you were gratified and some of you were outraged.

So "Fearless," in his role of impartial observer, is now personally reporting to you how and why some of these selections of Hollywood's most "difficult" stars were made.

THE star whose lack of co-operation stands out like a sore thumb is Ginger Rogers. Because it represents a complete reversal of form. For years the happy, democratic, friendly Ginger not only dug deeply into her colorful past to find copy for writers, but was the particular buddy of practically every worker on any picture.

The contrast between that co-operative youngster and the star who today insists that any studio hiring her for a picture must include in the deal her personal "buffer" shocks like a dash of cold water. Writers, players

and studio workers can't believe it until they encounter the baffling experience of having this buffer act as a sort of interpreter between them and Ginger.

Ginger herself doesn't appear aloof or cold—just unfathomable, and a little remote. As an old friend and a sincere fan of this admirable little actress, I'd like to try to explain it.

A couple of years ago Ginger developed a new philosophy—a "just ignore it" or "it's too trivial to consider" attitude. This Spartanlike practice of putting oneself above troubles, disappointments, worries and fears—of wiping out their existence with a dismissing gesture—is possibly magnificent for the party-of-the-first-part. But it's pretty tough on the parties of the second, third and fourth

parts—who probably are susceptible to human frailties, who need understanding and sympathy and who would be grateful for a little encouragement.

But Ginger's present philosophy recognizes only weakness in this lack of fortitude. So the common touch that existed between her and the lowliest worker on her set, and the warmth that was often an inspiration to struggling extras, have vanished into thin air.

This detachment from the other fellow's problems and weaknesses and the attitude of regarding as too trivial for consideration the subjects that interest the average individual produce a perfect vacuum so far as co-operation with writers and press agents is concerned—and also serves as insulation against the old camaraderie that existed between Ginger and every worker in her studio.

But Hollywood is hoping the patient will improve and that Cupid will concoct a (Continued on page 103)

Jimmy Cagney will give help to anyone who needs it—but he still hit the "unco-operative" list. He got there because of what he says to authors who want stories on him

Dorothy Comingore's "difficult" attitude was circumstantial—for an in-the-past reason



Charles Boyer may be a great lover because he's a Frenchman; perhaps that's what explains his actions, too





## What the Loss of Carole Lombard Means to Clark Gable

(Continued from page 30) to listen to some nice sloppy, sentimental tunes, right in key with his mood. Carole, who didn't go in for that sentimental slush, who in contrast to his fans and the other women he had known didn't visibly adore him but who called him "Pappy" or "Mr. G.," Carole would kid the pants off him about that. But he didn't care. He drove up to the airport in a welter of sweet swing. As he drew in smartly to the curb the voice of an announcer cut sharply in. "We interrupt this broadcast to bring you an important news announcement," the voice said. "The transport plane bearing Carole Lombard and twenty-one others has been found. They are all believed dead."

It was then that Gable paid one of the prices of fame, the inability to get even the most horrible news quietly and privately. He walked into the crowded airport that was sinisterly quiet. Hundreds of eyes hung on his haggard face, watched his every move. But he was unaware of them. He aged in that instant, aged incredibly, but all he said was, "Where's the plane? When do we take off?"

Out on the runway, an agitated official was bustling about. Wartime regulations made a thousand new details necessary. "Gable must sign for the plane. Gable must sign for it," the official kept insisting. Typically, he had never heard of Mannix, the million-dollar executive. Mannix tore the sheet from his hands and scrawled a signature. "This will be good for the price of the ship," he said.

He pushed Gable into the cabin of the plane and got in after him.

The plane taxied down the field, rose swiftly, while on the ground flags began fluttering frantically. Those were for Strickling who had just rushed through the gate, so the ship came down again and picked him up and then soared off again, that planeload of men and one woman, Mrs. Jilda Winkler, the wife of Otto Winkler, who was not only Gable's press agent but a very dear friend.

It was not until the moment when the men sought to comfort the sobbing Jilda that they realized Gable's double loss. Otto had been Clark's pal. He had always been with him in everything. It was Otto who had been with Carole and Clark when they eloped to Kingman, Arizona, in March, 1939. Otto was Clark's "front man," his "other brain," the one person who could most have helped him now.

But Otto was gone, too. He had been with Carole because Clark had sent him along on the Indianapolis trip to take care of her and protect her. Now Clark moved over to Jill and sat close to her, letting her sob her grief out against him. But he said nothing. The M-G-M crew in the background stayed silent. They knew that characteristic in him. Whenever anything bothers him, he becomes completely mute, and this was the most fearful thing he had ever had to face.

TWO hours later they were in Las Vegas. Gable spoke then. "How do we get up to that mountain?"

They tried to dissuade him. They told him how the cactus-studded slopes of

Table Mountain, strewn with boulders, sheer ridges and snowdrifts, was an almost impossible climb even for experienced Indian guides and hardened trackers. They told him how one tracker had already come back, the shoes torn from his feet by the rough wilderness. For an hour or so, while they told him there was still some hope, they persuaded him to wait in the Rancho Vegas for news.

Rancho Vegas is one of the gayest hotels on earth, a glittering, gambling casino sprawled in defiant luxury against the sterile desert. It's like the setting of many a Gable film, of "Honky Tonk" particularly, but now it was chosen because of its nearness to the scene of the tragedy. They managed to hold Gable down there for nearly an hour, but then he revolted. "If those Indians can go on horseback and on foot, I can go on horseback and on foot," he said and he went out and joined them.

It wasn't until then that the M-G-M crowd, who all worshipped him, realized the triple loss Clark had suffered, the loss of the only mother he had ever known, his mother-in-law, Mrs. Elizabeth Peters, who had also been with Carole.

They did not abandon hope even when Friday night was gone and the cold, clear dawn of Saturday fell bright upon the desert. They toiled on through that impossible wilderness and the hours waxed and it was noon and still they climbed up and up and their hope flamed above their heartsick certainty. They went on until they began to see pitiful bits of wreckage of the plane scattered about them and then a merciful official stopped them. Just a little farther on, he said, were the bodies of the fifteen brave young pilots who were en route West for war duty, and Otto Winkler, and Mrs. Elizabeth Peters and the ship's pilots, and the stewardess and the gay young wife of an Army officer who had been speeding to his side, and Carole. You see, being wartime, you either had to be in the service or have an awful lot of drag to get on that plane. Somewhere, ahead, they were all lying, mingled in death, mingled in heroism, but the dearly beloved features that each of them had possessed were lost now to all save memory.

It was only then that Gable could be made to turn back. And then it was that his devoted friends knew the absolute devastation of his loss. For of course, being as devoted to him as they are, they all knew the story that up until now could not be told.

THIS was that, behind all their laughter, all their glorious love and warm compatibility, behind all their fame and wealth and the trips they had together and the sports they shared, Clark and Carole had one tragedy and one fear. They wanted children and they were denied them and they both worried about Carole's increasingly frail health.

People told them to adopt a child, but they shook off that suggestion impatiently. They wanted their own. They couldn't help knowing what a beautiful, amazing pair they were and they wanted their own youngsters to carry on those super-luxurious, supersharp, superglamorous characteristics. For this reason Carole went to doctor after doctor, tagged along when Clark had to go to Johns Hopkins for an operation for his shoulder and herself went under observation.

The sadness that many a queen of old experienced hung over the bright spirit of this golden queen of a modern world. With her whole passionate soul, Carole



★ ★ ★

This is the way Carole Lombard looked on the last night in her life, wearing a striking black faille dress with huge white roses, cheering on the Indianapolis crowd with typical Lombard verve as she led the national anthem. At the end of the rally, she gave the crowd the V for victory sign, said "Good-by" . . . and was gone

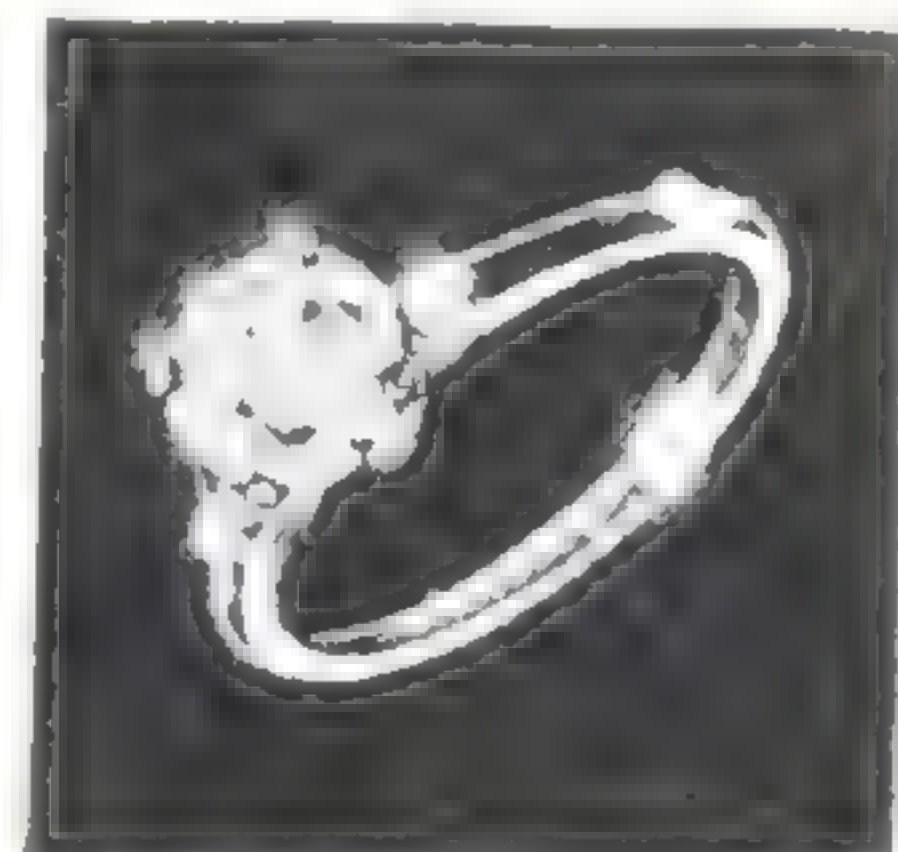
★ ★ ★



## Another Pond's Bride-to-be

MARION LYNN, exquisite daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude E. Lynn of the prominent Chicago family. Her engagement to Bertram L. Menne, Jr., of Louisville, Kentucky, was announced New Year's Day, 1941.

HER RING is a beautiful brilliant-cut blue-white solitaire, set fairly high, and on each side a single round diamond set a little lower. The band is platinum.



## She's ENGAGED! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

See how Marion Lynn's soft-smooth Glamour Care will help *your* skin. Marion says: "I think Pond's Cold Cream is splendid for skin that's thin and sensitive like mine. It's so light, so soft and soothing itself—and softens and cleans my skin beautifully.

"I always use it *twice* each time—like this:

- "1. I SLATHER Pond's Cold Cream *thick* over my face and throat and pat all over with brisk little pats. This helps to soften and take off dirt and make-up. Then I tissue it all off.
- "2. I RINSE with a *second* creaming of lots more Pond's. Then tissue it off. This twice-over leaves my skin *shining* clean—*every little smitch of soil* comes right off."

Use Pond's Cold Cream—Marion's way—*every* night—and for daytime cleanups. See how it helps *your* skin have that lovely fresh-as-a-flower look. You'll see, too, why so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Buy a jar of Pond's Cold Cream today—at any beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes. The most economical—the lovely *big* jars.



**PRECIOUS LEAVE—**  
Marion and Bert a few hours before he was called back to the officers' training school at Quantico, Virginia. She teased him about that close-cropped Navy haircut—but he had only adoring looks for her soft-smooth Pond's complexion.

*It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's Cold Cream!*

## Pond's Girls Belong to Cupid



Hurry today to *your* favorite beauty counter for Pond's soft-smooth Cold Cream—the glamour face cream used by so many lovely engaged girls and by leading society beauties like Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt and Mrs. Vanderbilt Phelps. And Pond's makes for you four other famous beauty aids:

- Pond's *Vanishing Cream*
- Pond's lovely new *Dry Skin Cream*
- Pond's new *Dreamflower Face Powder* (6 shades)
- Pond's "LIPS" that *stay on longer!* (5 shades)



hoped for the maternity she could not know. Perhaps that was why Carole always laughed so much, laughed to hide this deep sorrow of hers. Perhaps it was why, in the last few years, she had sought for deeper meanings in her films, even essayed tragedy in "Vigil In The Night" and "They Knew What They Wanted." The last couple of years she had taken the most faithful care of her health, but it had not improved. Always precarious, it was made more delicate by the continual recurrence of one of those persistent fevers travelers frequently pick up in Mexico and which Carole had contracted when down there on a hunting trip with Clark.

Motherhood was the only thing she had ever wanted in her thrill-packed thirty-two years that was denied her. She got her way about everything else. She even got it about returning to Hollywood by plane.

Otto Winkler tried to talk her out of it, begging her to go by train. She finally tossed a coin with him and Otto lost. Her mother tried to talk her out of it. Otto had offered good sound reasons against flying in winter; her mother had admitted she was merely superstitious. She had good reason to be, for on Monday, the day they had left Hollywood, she and Carole had decided to call upon a fortuneteller they often consulted, just for the fun of it.

The psychic read Mrs. Peters' hand, then read Carole's. She shook her head. "Keep out of planes in 1942," she ordered. There is danger in them for you."

On January 15 in Indianapolis, eager to get home, Carole never thought of that remark.

THE memory of it, however, haunts Gable. When, finally, Saturday and Sunday he had to accept his heart's devastation, he shut himself up alone in his hotel bungalow. Spencer Tracy drove out the three hundred miles from Hollywood to try to comfort him. A doctor stood by wanting to prescribe sleeping tablets. All the M-G-M group stayed close, wanting desperately to do anything from working miracles merely to getting meals for him. But Gable stayed alone, appearing only once in a long while, on the bungalow porch, striding grimly back

#### Editor's Note:

*When Carole Lombard met ghastly and sudden death on a mountain top in Nevada, millions of us thought "Another brave American soldier has died."*

*Everyone knew that Carole Lombard had taken the trip to sell two million dollars' worth of defense bonds to us.*

*Psychologists say that the way to give value to our emotions is to turn them into action. All of us who felt sincerely sorrowful about Carole Lombard should now turn that emotion into an action for which she died: the purchase of United States Defense Bonds. We can write a worthy epitaph if millions more of us go immediately to our post offices and banks to buy as many stamps or bonds as we can afford—in memory of Carole Lombard.*

—E. V. H.

and forth. To all the solicitous attentions, he had only one answer. "I don't want to go back to an empty house in Encino. If I had gone with Carole on this trip all this might have been avoided."

Even when the broken bodies were finally brought down from the mountain, he could hardly be persuaded to leave. It was not until the following Wednesday at the burial service for his wife and his mother-by-marriage and his dear friend that he finally seemed able to gain some strength and courage to go on with life from the very heroism of Carole's death.

It was only then that he comprehended the shrine in the world's memory that

she will forever occupy, this laughing tomboy, this Sennett bathing beauty who rose to make the highest salary any girl star ever earned, who married and divorced Bill Powell and then married the most sought-after man on earth, this girl who, through death, became the first heroine of the Second World War. She was all flame and passion and generosity, this Lombard girl, and she died as she had lived, gallantly, heroically, doing her duty by her country.

Meanwhile the Encino house is up for sale. Jessie, the cook, whom Carole had had for years, Miss Garseau, the secretary, are devastated. The little gag presents have all been destroyed and even the very horses in their stalls and the hand-groomed cows and the cackling chickens seem to sense that desolation has enveloped them.

Shooting on "Somewhere I'll Find You" has been suspended indefinitely.

At M-G-M and in Hollywood you will find those who say there will be no tying Clark down to acting now, that he will insist upon going into direct war service. In Hollywood they are talking about "The Carole Lombard Memorial Bond Drive" and some argue that Gable will go on tour, selling bonds in her name.

But the other half of Hollywood, those who know Clark best, argue that he will do both, war work and his own work, and I, personally, side with them.

Clark has long been very aware of his duty to his public and in this loss he will be doubly conscious of the loss in millions of homes today. He will be conscious that that one plane which destroyed his heart's security and rent asunder twenty-one other families, is only one small incident in days that are darkened with the memory of Pearl Harbor, and Manila, and the siege of Singapore and the blood on the snows of Russia.

Clark Gable has in him the power to make people forget these things for a little while. That is his responsibility—and his cure.

He will, I am convinced, go on with it after a little while, go on with his handsome head held high and with Carole's beautiful, heroic image locked within his heart. And may God bless him and keep him while he walks this lonely road.

The End.

## Love, Honor and Good-by

(Continued from page 31) There is only despair that that which was no longer is or ever will be again. It's as simple and as heartbreaking as that.

Over the telephone on the day after the break John sounded like a man who had run for days and had left no breath for words. But even then I wasn't prepared to see the pain in his eyes and his voice, pain that was heightened by his quiet, dignified bearing, his straightforwardness in speech and sincere, honest strivings to be fair. There were no false gestures, no heroics. John, dressed in tan corduroy for his role in "To The Shores Of Tripoli" sat in a chair before us and talked. He began:

"This is the truth. Truth is best. The sins of omission rather than commission have caused our separation. For twelve months I've been working steadily, working my head off with no time for lay-offs. I forgot to be an attentive husband, forgot the flowers on the right dates. I'd go home dogged tired and flop into bed. But, please, stress this point: Anne did not leave me because I was working hard and had little time to give to our home life. She's much too understanding and wise in the ways of motion-picture

demands for that. Besides, our trouble began a year ago. Where it started, how it began, seems blurred and vague. It began like a cloud over our sun. We seemed to grow apart.

"Anne kept telling me she was unhappy. I failed to realize it. I couldn't believe anything could happen to our marriage."

I REMEMBERED Anne's statement, "I have studied our situation and things cannot work out happily with both of us under the same roof. I only know there can be no reconciliation.

"This is no silly, mad quarrel," she had gone on. "It is something to which we have given deep consideration and I will do nothing to hurt John, who is a fine young man."

I reminded John of this. "It is true we had several long, serious talks about it but I still couldn't believe it would come to pass."

So, day by day, John went to his work at Twentieth Century-Fox making such pictures as "Week End In Havana," "Remember The Day" and other hits that lifted him nearer and nearer to stardom. Anne daily reported to RKO Studios for

"All That Money Can Buy," "Four Jacks And A Jill," "The Mayor Of 44th St." and others. Both were successful in their work; John, if anything, spurting forward at a faster pace than Anne who at the time of their marriage, was making the bigger name.

"John," I asked candidly, "could the trouble have arisen from fluctuating careers?"

He scoffed. "It never occurred to either of us. That part of our life was never considered. The status of our careers was never given initial consideration, so why should it arise as a problem later on?"

Then he said something that gave me clue to the problem that seems to puzzle the six foot, three inch star.

"I don't think I'm any different from any other guy, no harder to get along with; but, you see, Anne's special. married an angel, really. That's why ask you if there's to be any blame at all please put it on me. This Hollywood is a tough racket and Anne can't be treated in a hard-fisted manner. She's special."

My mind traveled back over the lives of these two. John, born in Roanoke





# LUCY'S "Double Life"

*She Smiled...to Hide  
A Breaking Heart !*



**JANE:** I don't understand Lucy. She hardly ever has dates and yet she always seems so happy.  
**SUE:** Don't let her act fool you, Jane. She'd give her eye-teeth to be popular with the men.  
**LUCY:** Why—they're talking about me!



**LUCY:** And what they said is true, Aunt Edith. But I'm always so tired and draggy-looking—no man ever looks at me twice!  
**AUNT EDITH:** Well, if I were you, I'd try to build up some freshness and sparkle!



**LUCY:** Build up sparkle? But how can I?  
**AUNT EDITH:** Haven't you read about those rarer food elements they've discovered, like minerals and vitamins? The magazines say it's a miracle the way they make over so many people.



**SO—LUCY Started Taking Ovaltine Regularly 3 Times a Day—To Get Extra Supplies of Rarer Food Elements Needed for Vitality and Freshness—And Always at Bedtime to Foster Restful Sleep.**



**JIM:** (Some Time Later) Say— isn't that Lucy Jordan? I hardly knew her, the way she's blossomed out lately.  
**JOHN:** By George—it is Lucy! She's changed so much . . . she looks like a different girl!



**JOHN:** (Still Later) Gee honey, I must have been blind to have gone all these months without realizing how wonderful you are. I could spend the rest of my life with you like this.  
**LUCY:** Flatterer!

## Unattractively "Lifeless," Rundown or Under Par?

### TRY THIS PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK

fatigue, jangled nerves, or lack of sparkle are robbing you of social success, you should know this. Now there's a new way to build radiant freshness and vitality—a way recommended by government authorities, magazines and newspapers are urging, and thousands are adopting for buoyant, vigorous days. For, as you've read in countless magazine articles, there are certain new-found food elements widely called "miracle foods." Elements which—taken in larger quantities than commonly found in average American diets—are credited with astonishing powers to increase physical stamina, build sounder nerves,

combat fatigue—give vitality and sparkle to millions now tired, nervous and under par.

In light of this new knowledge, thousands are drinking Ovaltine regularly. For Ovaltine provides a wider variety and wealth of important food elements—than any single natural food. It supplies not just two—or four—or six—but eleven important food elements, including Vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub>, D and G, Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron and complete proteins.

Equally important, clinical tests show that Ovaltine increases the energy fuel in the blood in as little as 15 minutes—thus helping to ward off attacks of fatigue.

So if you tire quickly, are nervous or sleep poorly, try drinking Ovaltine regularly each day. See if you don't begin to sleep better, feel far fresher mornings—enjoy more energetic days. See if people don't start telling you how much better you look.

## Mail for free samples

OVALTINE, Dept. A42-P-4  
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free samples of Regular and Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine, and interesting new booklet about certain new-found miracle elements in food and the promise they hold. One sample offer to a person.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

**Ovaltine** THE PROTECTING  
FOOD-DRINK



Virginia, to parents of wealth, started out in life with a future laid out for him. The death of his father, while John was attending Mercersburg Academy, left the family real-estate poor. With the crash of 1929, high taxes ate up what remained of their one asset and John, at sixteen, was a young man on his own.

He did anything and everything that came his way. His interest in model planes led him to enter an aeronautical school in Massachusetts. Although he had already soloed a full-sized ship, he failed to pass the entrance test in mathematics and while attending the University of Virginia his liking for the theater developed. So up to the drama school at Columbia University traveled John, working his way through in the wildest assortment of jobs known to man. In turn, he became nursemaid to the small children of a widowed businessman, a professional boxer, a bouncer in a night club, singer in a burlesque house in accompaniment to a strip-tease act. Before his chance came with Beatrice Lillie in "At Home Abroad," John was a young

nies. But almost from the start they discovered a wide gulf stood between their different tastes. John loved sports, exercise and outdoors. Anne didn't.

"Maybe," John said, as if groping for pieces of a puzzle to fit together, "if I had not devoted so many of the free hours I did to horseback riding or gymnasiums and spent them with Anne, things could have gone more smoothly this last year, especially when I knew Anne wasn't too happy."

That John was a devoted father no one can deny. The sight of those two on the floor—enormous John and squealing, laughing Julie being tossed into the air and caught by her daddy—has been something to see.

I remembered, too, the pride in his face when Julie Anne had displayed the tiny embroidered flowers on the little silk panties given her at Christmastime, how her smartness and cuteness, her memory for the names of their friends, Deanna and Vaughn Paul, and their mutual friend, agent Henry Wilson, had delighted him. That Anne was an equally

Four or five blocks away in a small furnished bungalow I found Anne. I knew that only because I was an old friend was I there with this shy sensitive girl and her heartache.

"It's just too simple for people to understand," she said. "I really don't expect them to and I'm not angry at the rumors that have flown around about John and me. I guess if we'd had a violent quarrel and separated it would be easier to understand. But you see, what's happened to us happens not just in Hollywood. It happens to people everywhere. Little things grow and grow until the fact that unhappiness is there can't be overlooked. It's so easy to put off and postpone making a break once you know it must be made. Tomorrow or next week you think you will, but time is a peculiar factor in Hollywood, with each partner working so hard, so when I finally knew I was right, I told him at the only moment I could."

That moment, incidentally, was one night during dinner at Romanoff's. "John, I've something to tell you," she had said.

"Let it go until tomorrow," John urged. "We'll discuss it then."

"No," she said, "tomorrow will be too late. I'm looking for a little house to move into tomorrow. You see, John, I'm leaving."

"I had to find a way of life both he and I could live and this is the way," Anne resumed. "I know each of us can find a happy life apart and had we stayed together, year after year, we'd never have found it. My only regret is for Julie. I love her and want her to be happy. I stayed in our old neighborhood so she could have the same little children to play with and our friends could be around her."

"No one wishes Johnny more success than I. No one knows how really capable he is, how many bigger things he will do in his work. I used to read of Hollywood people's separating and how each claimed they were still friends and I put it down to bosh. And now, here I sit, saying it and knowing it's true."

"We have to do what we believe is right, don't we?" she asked. "I believe this is right."

I knew with all her heart she did believe it.

I HAD heard those rumors Anne spoke of and determined to search them out, so I went straight to Henry Wilson, an agent and a mutual friend of Anne and John, a lad who talks straight and honestly.

"I can give you my word," he said. "none of Hollywood's rumors is true, but let's check."

I came away convinced.

"Perhaps," Henry Wilson said, "their ways of life, John's and Anne's, were so different they couldn't be traveled together. Perhaps, too, they didn't know each other well enough before their marriage. Anne, so sensitive, and John, with his trick of flatly stating facts that is so often mistaken for conceit, were an odd combination even too difficult for love to weld."

"No one should say, 'I'm sorry' about this decision of John and Anne's to separate," Henry said. "Neither requires sympathy. Both are wonderful people both different, and yet intelligent enough to realize when the exigencies of life that come to all of us create an insurmountable object, the thing to do is accept it and go on from there, separately."

He's right, of course. But somehow it's a tragic thing to hear John say, "I'll always love Anne," and to know Fate has decreed that love cannot be.

The End.



An about-to-say-good-by picture of Anne Shirley and John Payne, taken the night they had dinner at Romanoff's. It was this evening Anne broke the momentous news to John

man who had experienced many phases of life. He had developed broad values, wide understanding.

ANNE had been poor, at times desperately so, but always she had been sheltered and loved by her mother. When her mother and little Anne (then called Dawn O'Day) hardly knew where their next meal was to come from, Director Herbert Brenon offered Mrs. Shirley \$50,000 in return for the privilege of adopting Anne. The offer was turned down. The strains and stress of poverty, the irregular working hours all combined to cheat little Anne out of the usual carefree, normal childhood. On all sides she was protected by the loving care of friends, however, and then, when she was just eighteen, just four and a half years ago, she met John. John was seven years older in years than Anne and seven hundred years older in experience, but after three short months they were married.

That Anne and John were deeply in love, even madly in love, no one de-

loving and devoted mother also goes without saying. "Julie's a person," Anne told me. "I love her." And all the mother love in the world went into those words.

My talk with John at the studio was on a Saturday afternoon, the day after the announcement of the separation. On Sunday morning early, too early for an actor who has no studio call to be awake, John telephoned me. "Please go to see Anne today," he said, "and tell her all I've said to you. I want her to know."

I stopped at John's first, the beautiful hillside home just across the way from Deanna and Vaughn's and close by Cesar Romero's home. This was the home John and Anne had lived in together. Outdoors the baby's swing and kiddy car rested on the lawn. As I was leaving, Julie was brought in to visit him, but already there was an air of loneliness about the lovely rooms.

Impulsively I asked, "John, couldn't you get together again, you and Anne?"

He shook his head. "Only this morning I telephoned Anne and asked if she was happy. She is. I'm afraid it's final."



"Girls with *Romance Complexions*  
win out!"

**LORETTA YOUNG**

LUX SOAP HAS  
SUCH WONDERFUL  
CREAMY LATHER.  
I PAT IT LIGHTLY  
INTO MY SKIN—

RINSE WITH  
WARM WATER,  
THEN A DASH  
OF COOL

THEN I PAT MY FACE  
GENTLY TO DRY. THIS  
**ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL**  
LEAVES SKIN FEELING  
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Get 3 cakes of Lux Toilet Soap  
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this gentle care that helps protect  
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wonderful  
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*Try it for  
30 days.*"



**9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap**



Cozy attitude on the part of John Wayne with co-star Marlene Dietrich in "The Spoilers" may make him say the same things about her as did Fred MacMurray after "The Lady Is Willing"



## What Hollywood Thinks about Marlene Dietrich

(Continued from page 49) how it really happened. She was doing a scene with the baby in her arms and got her foot caught in the toy fire engine. She was falling face down and to save the baby she caught the sill of the door and twisted herself around. Her foot wouldn't turn and she knew she would probably ruin the ankle she had sprained in making the picture "Manpower," or maybe even break a leg. But she was too game to drop the baby or risk falling on it. And that's just one of the reasons she tops my list of favorite people."

**ELEANOR BRODER**, Director Mitchell Leisen's secretary, checked dialogue on "The Lady Is Willing."

"Dietrich didn't turn out as I expected," Eleanor admitted frankly. "She had the glamour and the famous international air, as advertised, but instead of cold brilliance she had a warm sparkle. She wanted to have fun. Before her accident she was all over the place, mimicking opera singers, ballet dancers and old-time street musicians. We never knew what she would do next."

"But her various activities and interests didn't lessen her drive for perfection. She rehearsed endlessly, devoted unlimited time to her make-up, was satisfied with nothing less than the exact result she wanted in lighting and stood for fittings till she was ready to drop. Time and effort apparently mean nothing to her."

"Dietrich's self-control was positively amazing. No amount of irritation or annoyance can fuss her or make her raise her voice. What does bother her, though, is people's not getting along together. She sensed there was friction between two of the girls on the set and managed to adjust their misunderstanding without seeming to be doing so. She's infinitely more diplomatic than the average star."

**N**OT everyone your inquiring reporter interviewed cheered Dietrich. The magazine contact at one of the studios where Marlene made a picture doesn't clap hands at the mention of her name. This publicity worker said: "You can have my part of Dietrich. I didn't think much of her when she came on the lot and less when she left. I've worked with too many stars to be impressed by

snootiness. I went out on the set to arrange for an important magazine interview for her. It was an off-the-picture story and it didn't mean a thing to my studio or to me personally."

"But she let me stand for five minutes or more beside her make-up table without so much as glancing up. She couldn't help seeing me in the mirror, but she let me finally walk away without indicating she knew I was on earth. I tried again that afternoon, but she was telling the electrician how to light a scene and looked right through me."

"So, in my very best English, I mentally told her to go to the deuce, and let it go at that. There were too many stars and players on our own lot who were willing to co-operate for me to stand around coughing and hemming in the hope Dietrich would finally notice me."

Walter Ruf, Columbia's publicity unit man on "The Lady Is Willing," unknowingly explained this magazine contact's experience with Marlene.

"The first day or two on the picture," said Walter, "I thought Dietrich fancied herself a bit exclusive. But later I learned that her apparent aloofness was just concentration. When she's in the middle of something she won't give anybody a tumble. But the instant she finishes the job in hand she really extends herself to be friendly and gracious."

"Making up is one of the things Marlene concentrates on. She takes longer to make up than anybody I've ever seen. But when she's finished, gosh, *how* she's finished. Other stars continually rush back to a mirror for assurance or to adjust or add something. But not Dietrich. Once made up she went through scenes, kidded with the boys, cuddled the babies and relaxed all over the place without once giving a thought to her make-up. And it was always perfect."

"Dietrich is very methodical. While in the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital with her broken ankle, she kept a complete record of every wire, letter and gift sent her—and there were hundreds. Once they removed the cards before delivering her flowers and she had the whole hospital staff looking for them so she could make personal acknowledgments."

"She loves to use the telephone and one-call seems to inspire another. She

really had a field day with the phone in the hospital. She literally crawled under the bed covers and cooed into it."

A player who did a small part in one of Dietrich's pictures and who, for obvious reasons, doesn't want his name used, says:

"Dietrich is too sure of herself and too officious for me. She wants to tell everybody how to do his job and has an exaggerated notion of her own importance. I also don't like her condescending way with bit players and extras. Nobody has to go out of his way to be nice to me. I just want to be treated as an equal, or let alone."

Joe Wald, a veteran cowboy and stunt man, says: "I sure never expected to be in a picture with 'Legs' Dietrich. And when us tobacco chewers did get the 'Destry' call we figured we'd have to gentle down and not get too close to the glamour gal. We figured we'd have to muffle our spurs and hold our breath."

"But after we saw Marleenie tear into Una Merkel in that knock-down and drag-out cat fight, we kinda figured she was human, after all."

"And, by gum, she sure was. Before they got done with the big barroom sequence where we put on the roughhouse she had hog-tied the whole kaboodle of us. Yes sir, she was a full-fledged honorary member of our cowboy and stuntman's association. We liked teaching her to whirl a rope, but sure hedged when she wanted to start six-gun practice in the back lot."

"If Marleenie's what they call a glamour gal, I'd like to have me one out on my ranch."

**Y**OUR reporter was told to contact George Raft's pal, Mack Gray, for an opinion on Dietrich. But when we called to see Mack, George was home alone. He said:

"What do I think of Dietrich? Just that she's the swellest person I ever met. She's loyal, sincere, game and a good fellow. I don't understand how anyone can say she's stuck up. She's just the opposite of that. She was swell to everybody who worked on 'Manpower' and at the end of the picture she gave them all watches—grips, juicers, wardrobe girls—everybody."

"In the scene where I was supposed to hit her I wanted to fake it. But she made me do it legitimate. She said I'd look bad if I didn't. And she made me hit her so hard she fell and sprained her ankle."

"When she came limping back to work with her lips all swollen, I felt pretty bad. But she teased me out of it. That's the kind of a gal she is."

"It wasn't the big things Dietrich did, like taking care of all the expenses of the wardrobe girl who got hurt on 'The Lady Is Willing' that won all of us," said Roselle Novello, who works in Columbia's wardrobe department. "It was the hundred little considerations she showed us. Like bringing home-baked cakes to the studio almost every day and giving birthday parties for Director Mitchell Leisen, for 'Chico' and for two or three others who had birthdays while working on the picture."

"Dietrich is an excellent cook and made the cakes she brought us, layer cakes and big square fruit-filled cakes. One day she'd bring apricot cake, another day peach cake and another day pineapple cake—and everybody who ate lunch on the set got some."

"She made working on that picture a pleasure by always thinking up little ways to surprise and please us."

Harold Johnson, a young man from Cincinnati out here to work in the Doug-





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las plane plant, was interviewed as he left a Hollywood movie theater.

"I only know the Marlene Dietrich I've seen on the screen and read about in the papers," he said, after a little coaxing. "She's okay in pictures, but I don't think she's done the women of America much good by introducing the fad of wearing men's pants, shaving off their eyebrows and generally ruining their appearance.

"I met a fellow who works in a studio who says she's a regular fellow. But I say it's too bad she wasn't a regular woman when she came here first, instead of an extremist setting a screwy example for girls, just to get publicity."

Fred MacMurray, who co-stars with Dietrich in "The Lady Is Willing," said: "Marlene was terrific—with her courage and performance before the camera and her sportsmanship behind it. I hope she gives the public as much pleasure in seeing the picture as she gave us in making it—and I'm sure she will."

**R**UTH FORD, one of Orson Welles' Mercury Players from New York, had her first movie part in Dietrich's picture.

"I watched Dietrich every minute of the six weeks I was on the picture," says Miss Ford. "I wanted to see what made her click; what gave her that peculiarly mysterious and sophisticated air, and what made her an international figure.

"I discovered she capitalizes the quality of restraint. If there is a scene of excitement or melodrama Dietrich lets the other fellow chew the scenery. She underplays it.

"That quality carries through into her personality. It awes people. I was afraid of Dietrich. (And I wasn't alone, for I learned that almost every worker on the picture 'The Lady Is Willing' was afraid of the assignment with her.)

"I held Dietrich in awe. Usually I can talk with the best of them and never have that 'at a loss in a crowd' feeling. But I was tongue-tied by Dietrich. Her aura frightened me.

"But the first thing she said to me when I came on the set to do off-stage dialogue was a lift. I had come from my home without make-up and with my hair brushed back. She said, 'Oh, how pretty you are,' and called people over to see me.

"Later, when I was more at ease, she showed me where my make-up was wrong. She told me to use just a base and a white shadow around my eyes. When I discovered how right she was, and asked her how she knew so much about it, she said that when they first made her up in Europe her husband came on the set and didn't recognize her. So she had to learn to make herself up in self-protection."

We talked to Nellie Manley, Dietrich's Girl Friday, and asked her what was Dietrich's most outstanding characteristic. She replied instantly: "Loyalty. Loyalty to those close to her, loyalty to her work, loyalty to those who work with her.

"She has had Becky, her personal maid, for sixteen years. I have been with her for eight years. Miss Dietrich hired Becky in Europe as nurse for her daughter Maria. When she came to America she brought Becky with her and when she got an English-speaking governess for Maria she made Becky her own personal maid. When Miss Dietrich found it necessary to replace the governess with a private tutor, she found work for her, too.

"When she finishes a picture she gives everyone on it a present. But she doesn't merely tell someone to make out a list and give a wholesale order for the same

item for everybody. She selects each present herself, choosing an article because, as she says, 'That looks like him,' or 'That looks like something that should belong to her.' I've seen her spend hours over a watch counter, picking heavy gold watches for the grips, practical wrist watches for publicity men and actors, dainty wrist watches for girls and thin, fine models for sound men. She wanted to get the property boy at Universal a watch with all the gadgets on it he could need. So she shopped until she found one with a stop-watch arrangement, a special sweep second hand and other features that she knew would appeal to him.

"She spends days shopping for Christmas presents for Maria. She has a special table in Maria's room just for her presents. And it's always loaded down—

## Who Has the Best Male Figure in Hollywood?

Here's a break for you, girls! The boys had their chance when Photoplay-Movie Mirror judges picked the girl with the most beautiful figure in Hollywood a few months ago. Now you're going to have your innings when we pick the handsomest male torso. So keep your eye on the

May Photoplay-Movie Mirror

and everything is made to order. And that same thoughtfulness marks what she does for others, too."

**B**ECAUSE no woman can think of Dietrich without thinking of clothes and clothes sense, we asked Yolanda, the designer who has done a great deal of work for Marlene, to add a few lines to our personality sketch of the famous star.

"One thing you can mark down in your book," said this expert, "if she wanted to, Marlene Dietrich could be one of our greatest designers.

"I have never seen Dietrich wear anything that anybody made, no matter how famous the designer, that wasn't highlighted by her own originality and personality.

"Marlene will let a designer work out anything she wants to, without interference. But Dietrich always picks up where she leaves off and adds a touch that makes it distinctive.

"I have designed for many women who have as much money, but never for one who has as much knowledge of what is smart and exclusive as Dietrich.

"Dietrich is generous and sympathetic to a fault. I have seen her take clothes off her back and give them to a woman who admired them. And I have seen her unhappy for days because of suffering in Europe. Once you know her, she is very easy to get along with. She is decidedly not snooty."

Stanley Dunne, property man at Columbia studios, agrees that Dietrich is not "stuck up."

"Because I'd heard how exclusive and hard to get along with Marlene Dietrich

was," explains Stanley, "we decided to beat her to the punch by giving her dressing room no glamour girl could object to.

"So we took two portable dressing rooms, built them together and spent a lot of money furnishing them exclusively. She had the classiest nest ever put on a set for a star.

"But aside from changing dresses in a couple of times, she never used it. She used the set dressing table, out among the workers, instead. She insisted on mixing with the crew.

"Once, when I sat down at the piano to entertain the boys, she pulled a chair over beside me and joined in with musical saw. And, boy, she could play. She sang songs for us and kept thin humming on the set. She served coffee and her own home-made cake almost every day."

**M**ARGARET TEETER, waitress at Universal studio's commissary, served Dietrich every working day for seven weeks.

"I wish our average customer was half as easy to serve as Marlene Dietrich," mused Margaret. "She wasn't in the least fussy about her food, was always pleasant, was never in a hurry and didn't demand a lot of attention. She would eat anything. She ordered large luncheons and was very fond of roast beef, mashed potatoes and salads. She liked vegetables of all kinds. She didn't eat much dessert though she would occasionally have what she called a 'bust' of cake and ice cream. She drank a lot of coffee.

"One day she said to me, 'Margaret, people say I'm starving myself to keep my figure. But I always eat, don't I?' I said, 'And how?' and she laughed so you could hear her all over the commissary.

"During the making of 'Destry' she and Jimmy Stewart ate lunch together and I waited on them every day. They had lots of fun and sometimes they would have as many as ten people crowd around that corner table with them.

"Jimmy loved our big hot turkey sandwiches with gravy and mashed potatoes. When he'd order one Marlene would ask if it was good, consider it and then she'd try the same. She would clean the plate. Next time Jimmy ordered a turkey sandwich she would go through the very same routine.

"They would bring all the foreign celebrities to her table and she could talk to them about anything, usually in their own language. When they'd all stop talking a foreign language at the table Jimmy Stewart would ask me where an alien (meaning himself) should register.

Among others, we asked Bill Edwards, publicity man who worked with Dietrich at Paramount and at Universal, to have us draw this pen picture of the famous blonde.

"Dietrich," Bill explained, "goes in for everything wholeheartedly. But the most enthusiastic and proudest I've ever seen her was when she got her American citizenship.

"The first time she went to vote she spent hours dressing and arrived at the polls in a striking black and white creation and very photogenic. She gave the cameramen there a field day.

"It was while the California 'ham and eggs' campaign was hottest and we asked Marlene how she was voting on the issue. She replied: 'Doesn't the privilege of being an American citizen carry the obligation of not telling how you vote?' Leave it to Marlene always to have the right answer."

And that's what people think of Dietrich.

The End.



## "We Are Pals—Gene Autry"

(Continued from page 43) showmen, too—Tom Mix with his ten-gallon hat and his superelegant white automobile; Barbara La Marr with her lavender limousine and her diamonds and her ermine. None of these attempted to be stars during working hours and ordinary individuals the rest of the time; they were stars first, last and always. But not—at least with a few exceptions—our stars of today! They will do what they can toward providing entertainment for you during working hours but during the rest of the time they work just as hard at being ordinary and therefore quite unglamorous people.

All very well, no doubt. But just the same, there is Gene Autry—a horse, shall we say, of a very different color!

HERE is, for instance, the way he dresses. He isn't a cowboy on the screen and Mr. Average Guy the rest of the time. He wears those tight-fitting pants and those fancy shirts and high-heeled boots and his cowboy hat whenever he is out of bed.

Look at that special bus job of his, with his and Champ's picture painted on the outside, several feet high. (Champ is his horse, as you probably know.) Another example of Autry showmanship.

And look at the way Gene treats you when you meet him, even for the first time—as though he is in his quiet way tickled to death to see you—as indeed he is. And the way he answers your letters, every single one that you write. Look at the way he is always putting on an impromptu show for you—as he did that time, last fall, for those kids who didn't have the money to go in and see him at Madison Square Garden in New York. Maybe you were there. Anyway, after the show one afternoon he came out of the stage entrance to find several hundred ragged, unkempt youngsters waiting.

"Hello, kids," he said, "I'm sorry you couldn't see the show. If I had my way, you'd all go in free, but I only work here. Anyway," he told them, "let's ad- turn to that vacant parking lot yonder and see what can be done." So he got Champ and, sitting there in the saddle, while the elevated shrieked half a block away, he did his stuff. You see, these kids were a part of Gene's public and he felt his responsibility to them.

There was the time, too, last fall when Gene went to Oklahoma to visit. It happened on the day he spent in Okemah. He thought he'd have a nice quiet day here. But he figured without the local eater manager and the public. The eater manager had advertised, unbeknownst to Gene, that Gene would make a couple of personal appearances. The result was that by nine in the morning the theater was packed.

So there was nothing for Gene to do but to make his appearances, and he did. But that wasn't all. After he'd left the eater and had gone over to the Governor's for lunch, the manager came caring after him, perspiring and frantic. "I've done you dirt, Gene," he said. "I've let it out that you were going to come back for a third appearance. I thought I could get the people in the theater and then tell 'em you couldn't come, but when I told them that, they started raising a ruckus. For the love of Mike, go over and stop them!"

So Gene forgot his lunch and went back to the theater once more to face a crowd which, through no fault of his, was pretty disgruntled. He walked out on the stage, his guitar under his arm.

"Hello, folks," he remarked. "I was

*"Can't  
Make It—  
TODAY WAS  
WASH-DAY!"*



Bill is beginning to wonder . . . "It's funny how Jane always folds after wash-day. I see other women . . ."

**H**OLD it Bill! Washing a tubful of clothes is no pushover. If you saw the time it takes, the way Jane has to rub—and rub—just to get your shirts clean, you'd get a shock.

She doesn't *have* to work so hard though. Not if she'll use Fels-Naptha Soap. Fels gives her a combination of gentle naptha and richer *golden* soap that gets dirt out *much* faster.

No matter how it's ground in.

She won't spend so much time bending over the washtub if she uses Fels-Naptha Soap. She won't have to break her back, nor ruin her hands, *rubbing*. You'll have whiter shirts and they'll probably wear better . . .

We've been trying to get Jane to use Fels-Naptha Soap—like 'those other women.' Maybe you can persuade her.

*Golden bar  
or Golden chips—*

**FELS-NAPTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"





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3 out of every 4 voted  
**Modess  
softer**

**THAN THE NAPKIN THEY'D BEEN BUYING**

Pronounce Modess to rhyme with "Oh Yes"

over to the Governor's having lunch when I heard you were waiting for me. Then I came right over. I'd rather be here, anyway."

No, he didn't make a wisecrack. He just sort of took it easy; was obliging and sincere. The crowd forgot its peeve and Gene was tops once more.

**H**E never lets anyone down if he can help it. That went for the youngster on the Vox Pop radio program in New York who, having won some contest or other, was privileged to telephone to whomever he wanted and chose Gene. The latter was in Texas at the time and the man whom the Vox Pop people contacted on the deal forgot to tell Gene about it until an hour before the call was to be made. He remembered it finally as he and Gene, driving from Denison, Texas, to Gene's home town, Tioga, had stopped for an early supper.

"Good heavens," the man screeched in a panic, "what'll we do?"

Although he was tired and hungry, having had no lunch, Gene's answer was to leave his supper on the counter and climb back into his car. "We'll hurry up and get to Tioga," he told his jittery companion, calmly, "and I'll take the call."

They did, too. They drove up to the Tioga general store at the time Gene had said they would and he headed for the telephone. Two minutes later, surrounded by an ever-increasing crowd, he was pleasantly asking the thrilled Vox Pop youngster how he was and saying he'd like to meet him face to face sometime. After that, he put on a little impromptu show for the assembled Tiogans. He'll always sing for anybody if he can.

Gene's present big interest, besides his pictures and his radio show and his tie-ups and the benefits he is always appearing in, is the big rodeo he will present in Houston, Texas, during the Texas Fat Stock Show and plans to put on somewhere, every year thereafter, undaunted by the fact that other movie cowboys' rodeos have consistently flopped, financially.

Whether his rodeo is destined for success or failure, Gene is the kind of fellow who figures out the thing to do, according to his lights, and then hews to the line. Nothing can change him once he's made up his mind. There was, for instance, that little set-to he had with Republic right after his big set-to had been settled. He was back on the pay roll at his own price and everything seemed lovely when he heard that the studio was going to drop Cowboy Roy Rogers whom they had acclaimed during the fight as their new cowboy star in place of Gene. Gene heard about this and went around to the big boss.

"Nothing doing about letting Rogers go," he said. "You built that kid up. To drop him now would ruin him. Keep him on, or you don't get me, either."

So they kept Roy on. Not so many people know why. Gene isn't a showman when it comes to ballyhooing his generosity. Gratitude, let alone praise, embarrasses him. When you thank him for a favor he blushes and changes the subject.

On the other hand there is nothing reticent about his pride in his "Melody Ranch" in the hills northwest of Hollywood. "Melody Ranch" is quite a place—and the kind of place you'd expect a showman who is a cowboy, or vice versa, to have. There is a big white house with double-deck verandas clear across the front—an imposing yet friendly house, typically Western. But what really catches your eye right off and gives you quite a shock to boot is "Joe," the Indian who sits all day on the front porch. He is an

evil-looking individual, Joe, with his bronze skin and pigtailed and red-rimmed eyes and dirty clothes. You wouldn't want to meet him on a dark night—even though he is purely "local color" and made out of wood.

Inside the house, downstairs, is a big lounge opening smack onto a covered training ring which in turn leads to the stables. Of course, it isn't exactly usual to have house and stables under the same roof! But it's all right, really, especially when you discover half a dozen electric fly catchers on guard at strategic points. Incidentally, ever witness an electric fly catcher catching a fly? It's a rather gruesome business. But most efficient.

Upstairs are Gene's and Ina Autry's living quarters—another big lounge furnished in typical "rancho" style, bedroom, bath and kitchen. Pièces de résistance are three-dimensional Western "scenes" (contrived by carved wood-figures set against paintings of the desert or mountains) and a couple of chairs made from the horns of real Texas longhorn steers, now almost extinct.

Gene and the friendly, attractive Mr. Autry whom he wooed and won some eight years ago by composing love songs and singing them to her over the radio are living at "Melody Ranch" now, since their home in San Fernando Valley burned down.

Which brings to mind a funny story they tell on Gene—funny and typical. Seems that Gene and Ina were in New York when the fire occurred so one of the men working for Gene called him a long distance.

"Say," he yelled, "the house just burned down!"

A slight pause. Then, "Yeah? Well, now, that's too bad."

Gene was so unemotional about it, the man thought he hadn't understood. "Your house burned down!" he insisted.

But the Autry calm wasn't to be ruffled over spilled milk. "That's too bad," he said, again. "But say, I'm glad you called. I want you to send me my KNX contract—" And he was off on a discussion of a minor business matter.

**T**HE moral being, when you have as much on your mind as Gene Autry has, you simply can't spend time on a foolish thing like regret; you have to save your strength for other things. For instance, if you were Gene Autry, there would be that problem of fan mail. Of course, he has people to help him answer the letters he receives, but he spends a lot of his own time on it, too.

There is something mighty interesting about that fan mail of Gene's. More than sixty per cent of it comes, not from kids, as you might think, but from girls between sixteen and twenty. They tell him their troubles. They ask advice. They ask him to pass judgment on their boy friends. They treat him as though he were a brother or maybe a favorite uncle.

Gene is grateful for his fan mail, though despite the trouble it is to answer. Make no mistake about that. Let's mean interest, he maintains. Interest means customers at the box office.

So maybe it's no wonder Gene Autry comes first with fans like the little boy who classified him with God and Santa Claus. Maybe it is as understandable as the simplest lesson in arithmetic, just two and two make four: Be nice to people and they will be nice to you.

Maybe other Hollywood stars who earn the same degree of success would have better luck achieving it if they gave more of themselves in return... if they took a tip from Gene Autry.

THE END

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MILE



## Carole Lombard's Greatest Wish

(Continued from page 30) that—and that Lombard had a pixy. Carole's fixation was fair play. Or perhaps a little more than fair play, for she stacked the deck for the underdog. Her prejudice for the fellow behind the eight ball was a positive phobia.

And she wished she had the humaneness that would make her remembered! The first wish had been granted Lombard long before she stepped aboard the grateful airliner. Carole wanted to pass in full bloom—not to "wait and wilt." He had been deeply grateful that, just before his death, Russ Columbo had had taste of success. His first picture "Wake Up And Dream" had just guaranteed him stardom and he was brimming over with happiness at the thought of his coming marriage to Lombard.

Carole's friends are grateful, too—grateful that happiness and success rode beside her when the giant plane crashed to the mountaintop in Nevada. Happily married; the close pal of her husband Clark Gable and his legion of friends; at the very height of her career with the best picture she had ever made, "To Be Or Not To Be," due for release; and her busy life crowded with new interests and activities—surely that first wish had been granted.

In contrast to her hilarious moments and to her usual brisk, practical manner, the lusty Lombard occasionally curled her lips under her, ran her hand slowly through her blonde hair and philosophized heavily.

It was in this mood that she spoke of Will Rogers' flight to eternity—and asked what better end one could wish than arriving right up to the last minute and then leaving friends to complete the unfinished business.

That wish, too, was granted to the best.

Carole Lombard was serving her country when she "stepped out." And she was in gallant company. Fifteen United States Army fliers surrounded her. No one that knows the gay Carole can doubt she was surrounded if men were near? And who can doubt the gaiety, the courage, the high spirits that flew with the doomed plane? Who could dream that there was room aboard for fear, or apprehension, or gloom? Blacking out the route could not darken that flight. A shining streak flew through the clear night sky for her to strike.

Surely it struck at one of the happiest and fullest moments of Carole Lombard's life. Her ears must still have been ringing with praise for the magnificent way in which she was serving her country and for the great job she had done in Indianapolis at the big war rally.

On leaving friends to complete her unfinished business, Lombard served her country better than she ever dreamed of serving. Before the sun following the tragedy had set, dozens of stars were happily seeking a way to pick up where she left off. And hundreds of lowly studio workers were looking for a way to serve.

She had the answer to her question of why in Hollywood could hope to have a full passage that would equal in glory the departure of Will Rogers. The answer is—Carole Lombard!

That's a thought for Clark Gable, for his brothers, for Bill Powell, for "Field" and for the thousand odd fellows behind the eight ball who would like a piece for their memories of a great gal. The End.



Gown by Milgrim, New York

## Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

**PUT FRESH #2** under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.
3. See how *gentle* FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spreading

vanishing cream is not greasy—not gritty—and not sticky.

4. See how *convenient* FRESH #2 is to apply. You can use it immediately before dressing—no waiting for it to dry.
5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not rot even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.

**Make your own test.** Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. If you don't agree that FRESH #2 is the best under-arm cream you've ever used, the test will cost you nothing because your dealer will be glad to refund your purchase price upon request. FRESH, Louisville, Ky.

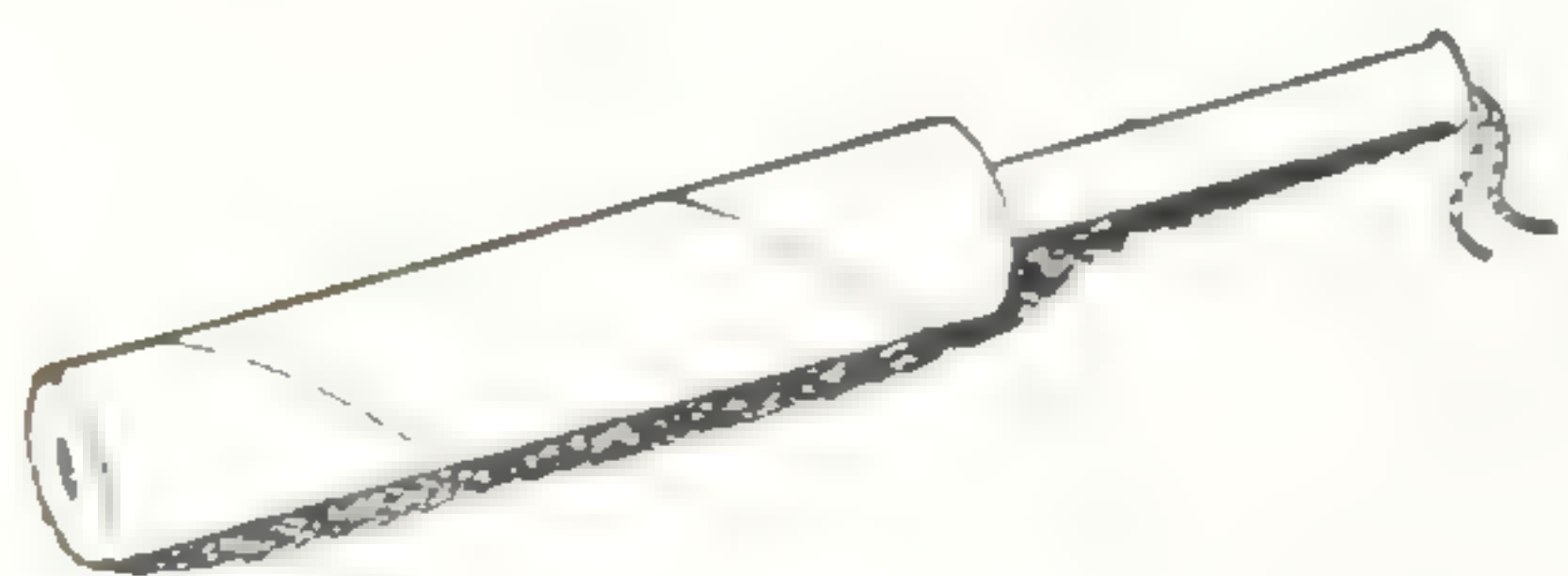


Companion of FRESH #2 is FRESH #1. FRESH #1 deodorizes, but does not stop perspiration. In a tube instead of a jar. Popular with men, too.



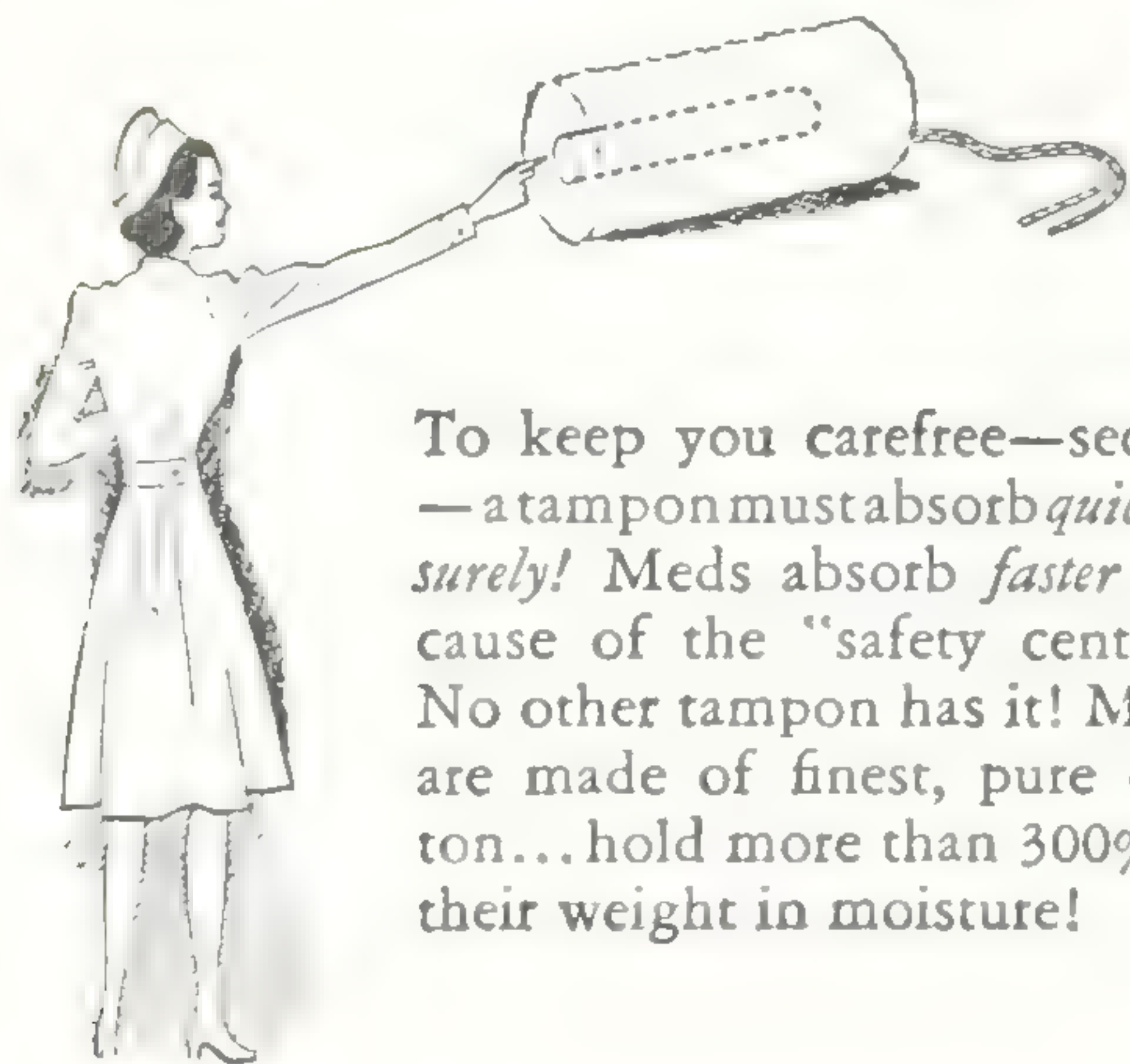
Do you know the truth about

# Tampons?



There's *one* thing you probably know about tampons—and that's the wonderful freedom of *internal* sanitary protection. But are you really up to date about the latest improvements in tampons? Do you know why Meds—the Modess tampons—protect in a way no other tampons do?

*Protection... how much do you really get?*

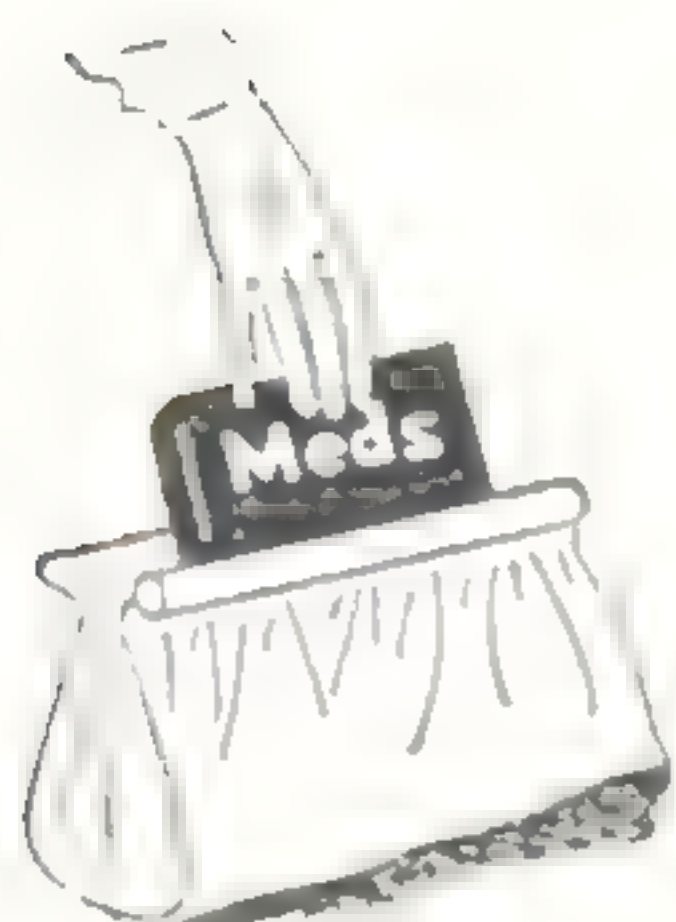


To keep you carefree—secure—a tampon must absorb *quickly, surely!* Meds absorb *faster* because of the "safety center." No other tampon has it! Meds are made of finest, pure cotton... hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture!

*Does it fit correctly?*

Insert a Meds properly and you hardly know you're wearing it! For Meds are scientifically shaped to fit—designed by a famous gynecologist, a woman's doctor. Dance, work, have all the fun you please! No bulges! No pins! No odor! Easier to use, too—each Meds has a one-time-use applicator that ends old difficulties. And so convenient! You can even carry Meds in your purse.

*What about price?*



Meds cost *less* than any other tampons in individual applicators. No more than leading napkins. Try Meds! Compare! You'll be glad you did!

BOX OF 10—25¢ • BOX OF 50—98¢

# Meds



*The Modess Tampons*

(Continued from page 52) was reading for "Flight To The West," with Betty Field and Paul Henreid.

At four o'clock he was turning down the part; he liked both the role and the play but was afraid the public would like neither. At 4:30 he was reading for the part of *Randy Curtis*, the take-off on a movie hero, in the Moss Hart play, "Lady In The Dark," with Gertrude Lawrence up. At five o'clock he was telling himself it was terrific—part, play and box-office.

"We'll let you know in a day or two," Moss Hart said approvingly.

"I'm afraid that's not going to be soon enough," Mature came back. "I've got three other producers waiting for an answer."

At the mention of the three rivals, Moss Hart hastily summoned co-authors, director and producer, who looked Mature over, gave him a singing audition, went into a huddle and emerged with the information that he was just as good as signed.

"Gentlemen, for years I've sat around in Hollywood waiting for options to be picked up at someone's pleasure. From now on I don't intend to let anyone but myself decide my future. I like the play; I'd like to be in it. But either I'm signed today or I'm not signed at all."

"All right," one of the producers finally said, "we'll draw up the contract first thing in the morning."

"We'll draw it up tonight," Mature announced.

"But it's too late," someone protested. "In that case, good night, gentlemen." And he headed for the door.

"For the love of Pete sign the guy, will you?" Moss Hart said. "This is *Randy Curtis*. Don't let's let him get away."

"*LADY In The Dark*," as everyone knows, "made" Victor Mature. "Lady In The Dark," as few people know, saved Victor Mature. He had not, as is supposed to be the case, left his native Louisville on the afternoon of August 5, 1935, bound for Hollywood to become a movie actor.

"I quit Louisville," he told this writer, "because I had to find the answer to what was tormenting me. The movie career was an afterthought."

Afterthought or not, it hadn't supplied the answer. Three years of living in tents, going without food and suffering humiliation and insult had netted him his first picture contract with Hal Roach. Two years of haphazard employment with Roach had netted him, thanks to those 130,000 letters, a term contract at \$200 a week and nothing else. Hollywood jeered at him. "The poor girls' Clark Gable," the Brown Derby wits dubbed him. He was, so they said, revoltingly handsome, attractive only to giddy school girls, totally minus the social graces and hopelessly untalented. Why didn't he get wise to himself and go home?

No, this wasn't the answer to what was tormenting him.

The New York run of "Lady In The Dark" provided not only the answer but also, in the process, a rebuttal to Hollywood's case against Victor Mature.

Men's men like Sherman Billingsley, proprietor of the Stork Club, and Walter Winchell, columnist and Navy man, became his staunchest supporters, remain so to this day. Garbo and Helen Hayes called around backstage, found him "charming." Westchester county matrons, lady instructors at girls' colleges and a daughter or two of a South American ambassador to Washington sent him mash notes. New York debutantes, en masse,

announced for publication that if they had to be marooned on a desert island someday, please, heaven, let it be with Victor Mature. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt found him "a lamb" and his social conduct blameless enough to give him carte blanche to visit her. The late Mrs. Sarah Delano Roosevelt, at whose charitable affairs he served as auctioneer on more than one occasion, found him amusing, called him "glamour pants." And most importantly, the New York critic who had come to the opening of "Lady ready to do some wicked blood-letting on the beautiful youth from Hollywood praised him in their reviews almost to man.

Thus by a six-month run of a musical comedy were justified and vindicated nineteen confused, aimless and unhappy years in Louisville and five years of the locust in Hollywood.

MARCELLUS MATURE'S first inkling that his son Victor was a born rebel occurred in a somewhat dramatic fashion. He was just sitting down to his noonday meal when his five-year-old scion stomped into the house, lunch basket under his arm. He was about to make the proper inquiries when the telephone rang. The principal of the George V. Tingley School was on the wire. It seems that Master Victor, after twice protesting in so many days that he objected to the school's community lunch project whereby children pooled what they brought from home, had scooped up his basket and beat it.

"I don't like what the other children bring," his son and heir said hotly, after the telephone conversation had ended. "And I'm not going back to that school."

He didn't go back. After thinking the matter over, Marcellus Mature, a good Catholic, had his son enrolled in the parish school, St. Paul's.

"The boy will outgrow it," he reassured.



Caveman display of the Mature figure (with Carole Landis in "1,000,000 B.C.") had the girls writing Victor letters, the Hollywood wits labeling him "revoltingly handsome."

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MISC.



s wife. "I would like him to become doctor."

For a while it looked as if he might right. Shortly after his ninth birthday, however, the Sisters recommended that he be withdrawn from the school. "But why?" Marcellus Mature demanded, humbly, of the Sister Superior. "He has neither the inclination nor position toward study. It is unfair to rest."

Marcellus Mature, bogged down for a moment in a quandary, solved the immense task that very day by driving his offspring out to St. Joseph's Academy, a boarding school at Bardstown, some forty-seven miles out of Louisville. En route home, after depositing his son and turning over a check for \$500 covering tuition and board, he mulled the situation over in his mind and decided it was settled. Of course, five hundred dollars was a lot of money, but nothing was really a lot of money when it came to education.

Marcellus Mature came by his passion for education because he, himself, had little or none and missed it. The son of an inn-owner at Innsbruck, Austria, he had run away from home at the age of sixteen, had roamed all over Europe until he was twenty-one and then sailed, in a cargo ship, for America, landing in New York with five cents, all pennies, in his pocket. Friendless in a strange land, without a trade to fall back on, he became a scissors-grinder. Two years later, after negotiating the whole distance on foot, grinding scissors and knives as he went along, he landed in Louisville in a soapbox on wheels, found the city active and sank his roots there.

In Louisville he prospered. By the time he began paying court to a doctor's daughter born in Louisville of Swiss-French parents, his business was flourishing, he had several routes and owned several horses and wagons.

He would never have won her if her father, the old Doc, hadn't been a friend of his.

She's got a dreadful foreign accent, she protested, when the name Marcellus Mature was first broached. He married her after a two-year courtship. He moved not long afterward to the city at 500 Camp Street which is now crowded out to tourists, and bore him two sons and a daughter, of which brood only one survived.

Marcellus Mature did pretty well. To his business of grinding scissors and knives he added, as a sideline, refrigeration systems and watched it grow until it eclipsed the revenue from scissors-grinding.

Victor married at St. Joseph's two years later, ran away, returned home and, more, was entrusted to the parochial school, St. Xavier's this time. He finished eighth grade, went into the first year of high school, worked at it for a year and was ousted as a bad job. Marcellus Mature, patience exhausted, promptly sent his son off to the Kentucky Military Institute, hopeful that the military would teach him the self-discipline needed before it was too late.

K. M. I. taught him no self-discipline, then two years of it at \$2500 a year. For twelve and wiry, he broke every rule in the books, was punished, resumed being them.

The eventual fiasco at K. M. I. was a bitter pill to Mature père. Resolutely, and sadly, he put aside all hope of ever seeing his son become a doctor and sent him to the Spenserian Business School with the promise to himself that if Victor failed this time, he would accept the inevitable and never mention



# All you've ever longed for in a Lipstick

AN ANNOUNCEMENT BY  
*Constance Luft Huhn*  
HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE  
*Makers of the World's Most Famous Lipsticks*



## 3 LOVELY TANGEE SHADES

TANGEE RED-RED... "Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All!"... harmonizes with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED... "The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"... always flattering.

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A SOFTER, glossier sheen on your lips... a perfectly balanced texture that is *not too moist*—yet *not too dry*... a lipstick that *really* stays on—these are the qualities we have blended into our new Tangee SATIN-FINISH!

We are happy to offer you this latest and greatest Tangee improvement... the most important, we believe, in twenty years. Now Tangee brings you all you've ever longed for in a lipstick—Tangee's glorious shades, Tangee's famous pure cream base that is so soothing and protective, and the smooth and lasting flattery of Tangee's new SATIN-FINISH.

## TANGEE Lipsticks

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The Geo. W. Luft Co., Distributors.....417 Fifth Ave., New York City  
Send "Miracle Make-Up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipstick, matching rouge and face powder.

LIPSTICK & ROUGE: CHECK ONE ☐ NATURAL ☐ THEATRICAL RED ☐ RED-RED

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I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

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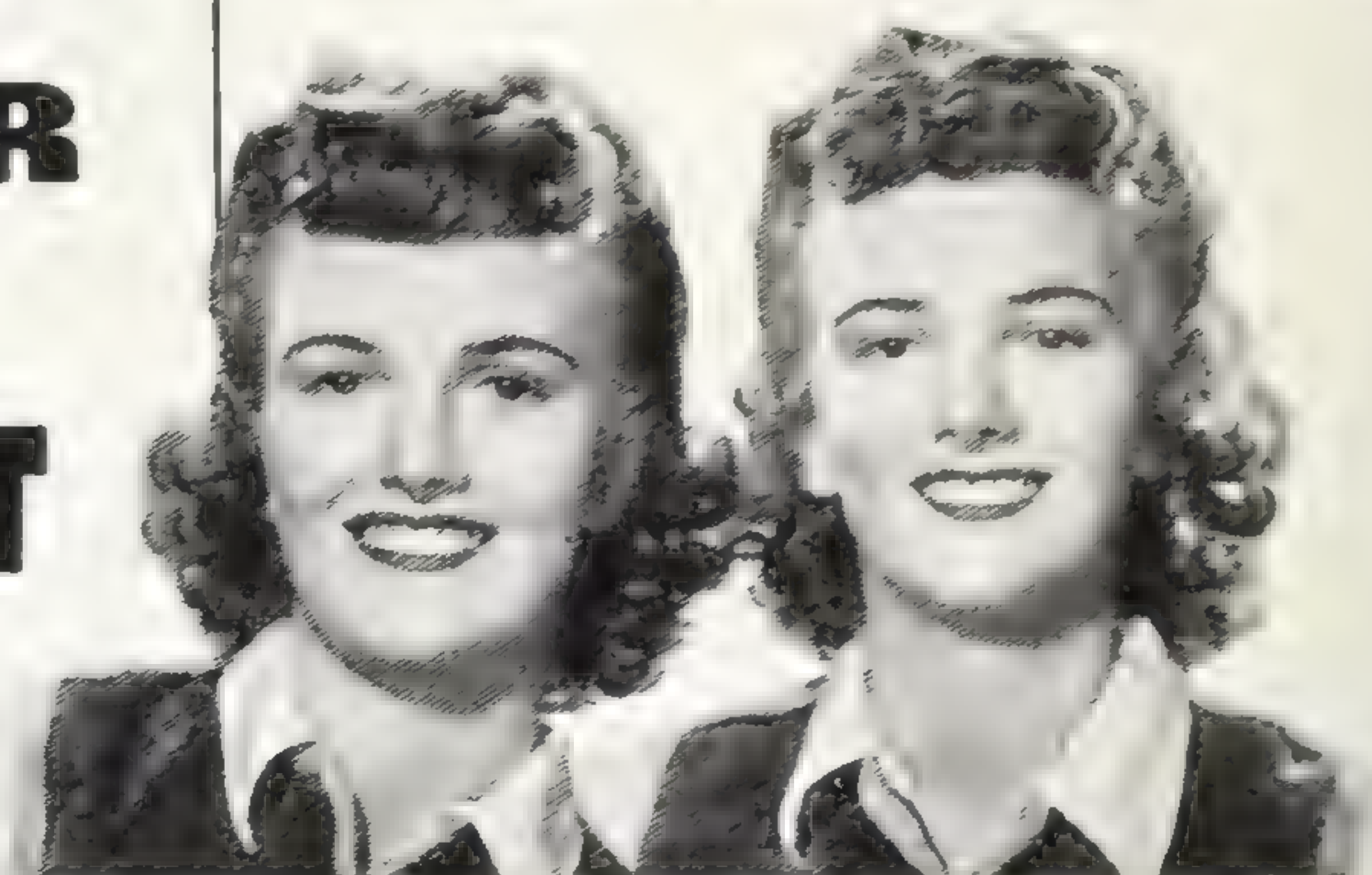
*Fitzgerald Twins see amazing proof that*  
**PEPSODENT POWDER**  
**makes teeth**  
**TWICE AS BRIGHT**

**"CHECK"**

says Bernice,  
radio network accountant

**"DOUBLE-CHECK"**

says Bernadette,  
Chicago business gi



"We used to dare teachers and friends to tell us apart. But that was before we made a tooth powder test. Lucky me! We flipped a coin and I won Pepsodent. Bernadette chose another leading brand."



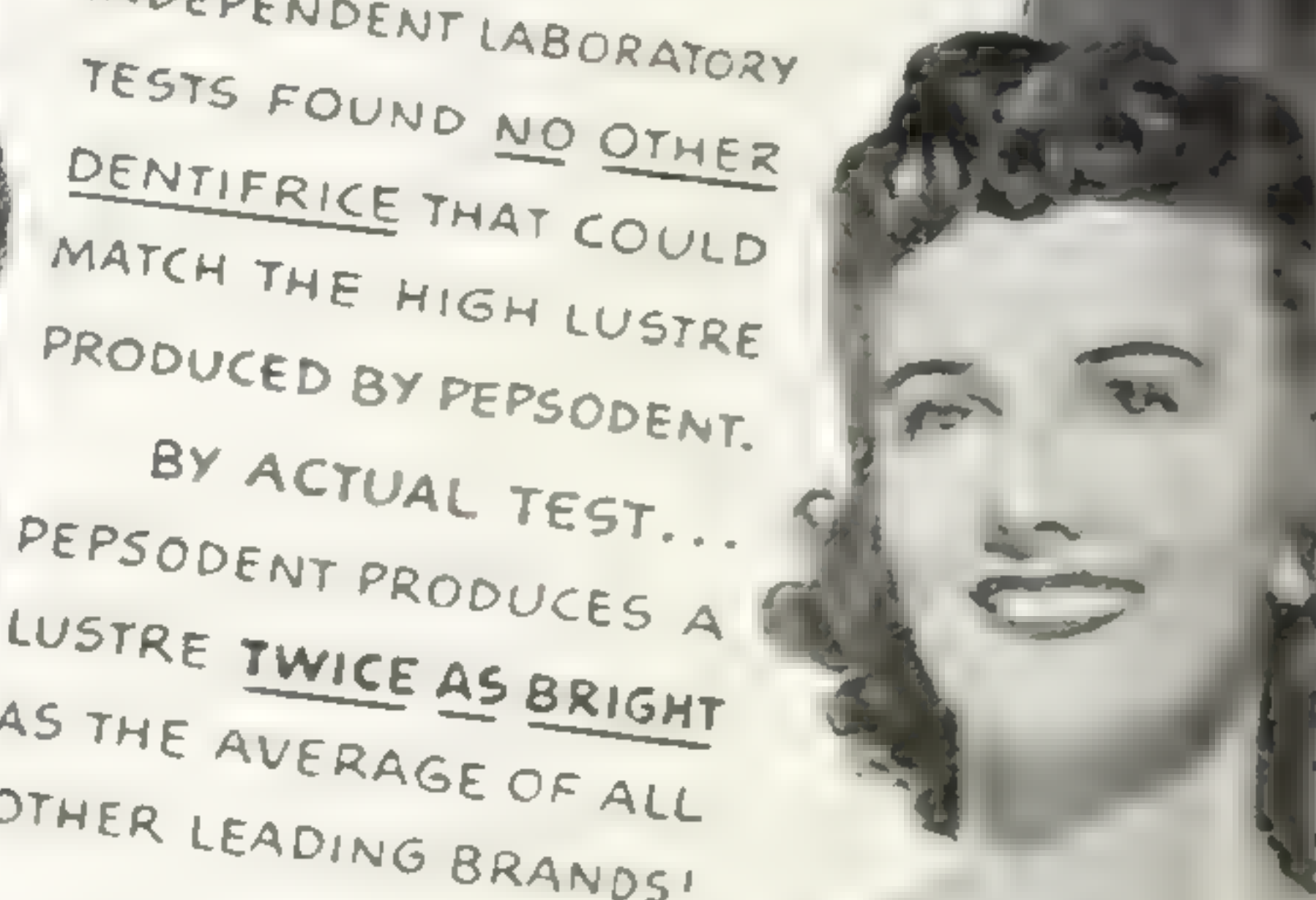
"Who'd have thought it would be so noticeable! Everyone remarked about it. My teeth became *twice as bright* as Sister's. Even Dad marveled that Pepsodent made such a difference...so Pepsodent's the choice of the whole family now!"



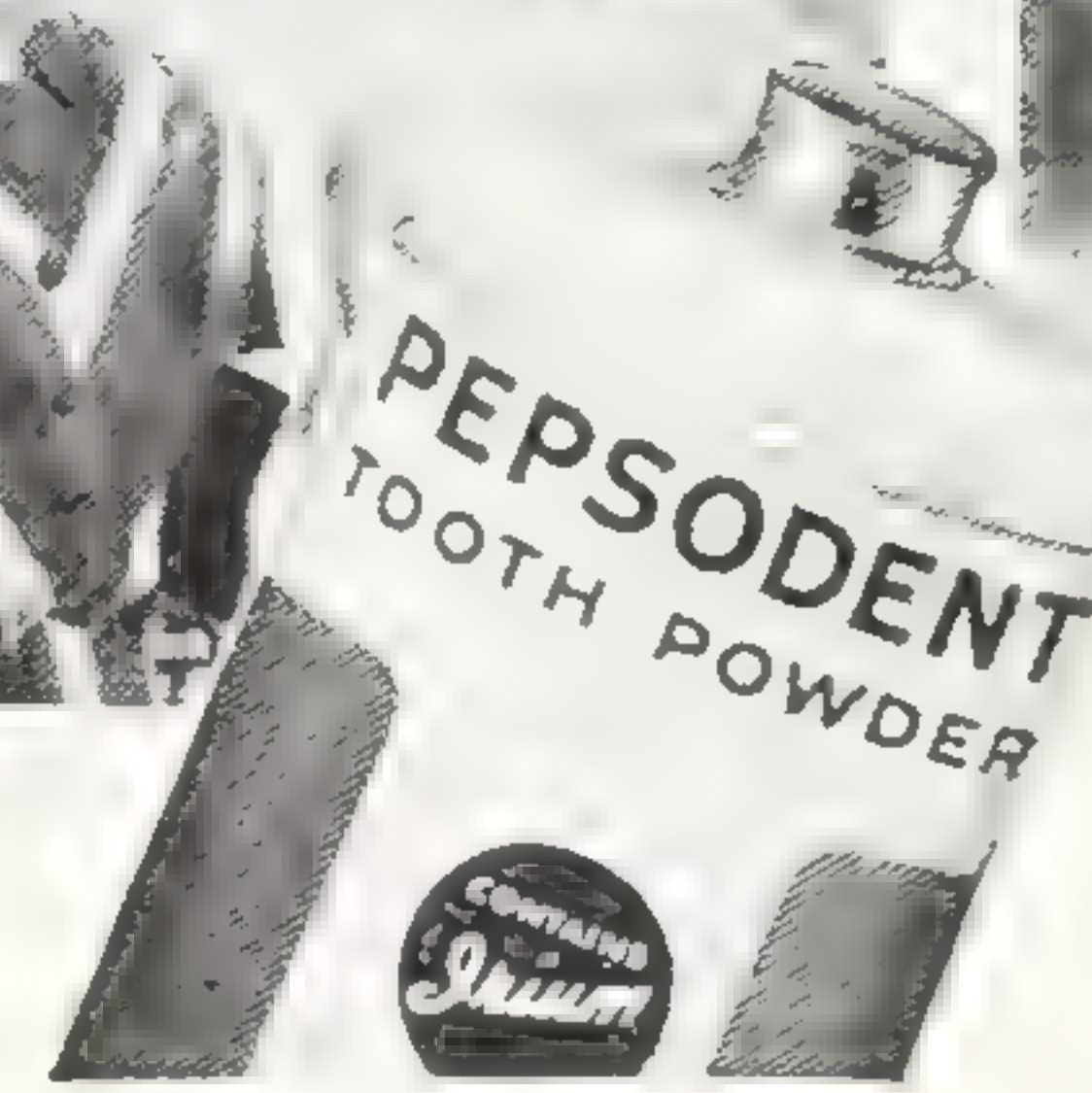
"Seeing was believing! Nothing but Pepsodent for us!"



**FITZGERALD TWIN TEST  
 CONFIRMS THIS FACT:**  
 INDEPENDENT LABORATORY  
 TESTS FOUND NO OTHER  
DENTIFRICE THAT COULD  
 MATCH THE HIGH LUSTRE  
 PRODUCED BY PEPSODENT.  
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 PEPSODENT PRODUCES A  
 LUSTRE **TWICE AS BRIGHT**  
 AS THE AVERAGE OF ALL  
 OTHER LEADING BRANDS!



**For the safety of your smile...  
 use Pepsodent twice a day...**



**see your dentist twice a year.**

education again. Victor lasted a couple of months and Marcellus Mature, true to his word, put him to work grinding knives on one of the routes he owned, although his income from selling refrigeration was now five times that of the routes combined. He would pay his son four dollars a week wages. Of this amount—and he made it very plain—he expected his son to save three dollars.

As a scissors grinder Victor was an unqualified success. He quit his father's employ after a few months because he rebelled at the small wages, and at the ridiculous allowance. He quit work one Saturday noon and got himself a job that same day as a salesman for Bradis and Gheenes, a large Louisville candy house. He was only fifteen but he looked twenty. In three months he was the best salesman the company employed, was earning \$175 a month plus \$35 a month allowance on his car.

It was just about this time that romance came into Victor's life for the first time. He had staged it, at the invitation of a couple of older fellows he knew, to a dance—his first dance—at the Country Club one Saturday night and was standing against one of the columns looking on when it happened.

He must have sensed her. He swung his eyes starboard and there she was, a spectral thing in blue and white with ruffles, her face alabaster and angelic; her eyes, blue; and her hair, blonde. She was fragile and passive, as only a sixteen-year-old with life ahead of her can look. She stood there a few seconds and was gone.

He lost no time in finding someone who knew her, demanded an introduction and got it. Three days later he was squiring her to a movie, his first date. That same

night he fell in love—for the first time.

He saw her off and on for the next four years. He didn't see her as often as he liked for several reasons: for one, she was, naturally, a popular girl, a year older than he and beaded around by cavaliers in another and older set, a set with which he had, by spurts, neither the courage nor inclination to compete. For another, he worked late so that dates were prohibitive. Finally, being selfish and jealous (by his own admission) but also righteous, he elected to remain, as much as his fondness for her would let him, on the sidelines with that peculiar gallantry of youth. Besides, love Jeanette Morris though he might, there was still raging within him this savage self-discontent, which love, far from stilling, only accelerated.

HE stayed with B. and G. for over a year, demanded more money, didn't get it, talked a woman candy jobber into letting him have a day's supply of merchandise on credit, and went into competition with his former bosses. As his own employer, he was a masked marvel. He got up at six, worked until eleven at night. A sensational salesman, he earned \$96 that first week, \$150 the second, and had a bank balance of \$3500 at the end of nine months. So that Marcellus Mature, watching but saying nothing, found his hopes for his son rising.

It is characteristic of Victor Mature that even profitable monotony palls on him eventually. Naturally, when selling candy got to be too mechanical and after he had proved to himself that he was justified in demanding more money from B. and G. (he is eternally proving things to himself) he sank the \$3500 into a snazzy restaurant on College Corner.

The restaurant prospered. It was soon

evident that it would start paying handsome profit, which fact brought Victor an exhilaration followed by immediate depression. The restaurant business wasn't it any more than candy business was it. He had only whip a thing to realize that wasn't. Would this go on forever? Where he bound? What was he looking

He was sitting in a picture show one afternoon of August 3, when the came to him. The thing to do was leave Louisville. Yes, that was it. He hadn't he thought of it before? He walked out in the middle of the picture and went to work. That very afternoon he disposed of his restaurant. On the following morning he went calling on ex-customers who still owed him for candy, accepted whatever they offered him in cash (which wasn't much) and the rest in groceries and canned goods, quit his dunning operations when the back of the car was packed with sundry foodstuffs, and came up a rather whimsical fellow by the name of Charlie Root.

"How would you like to take a trip with me?"

"What direction you headed?"

"West—California. I think."

"I'll be ready in thirty minutes."

That same afternoon Victor Mature left Louisville. He left without telling anybody good-by, not even Jeanette Morris, the only girl he had loved. Not even his parents, for that matter. He had an idea they might not understand.

For the inside account of how Victor Mature made himself the most talked-about personality in Hollywood and of how he established himself as a rage among the women, see the May issue of *Play-Movie Mirror*.



## Make Up Your Mind!

(Continued from page 39) worked out, I would have been able to remain in New York, after all, for a while at least, and to have had both my career and my marriage for the time being. But the divorce was over and done with and, right or wrong, that phase of my life was ended.

"Today, when I have a difficult decision to make, I like to go off by myself for a couple of hours. Then if I can't make up my mind, I sleep on it overnight.

"I believe it's all right to ask advice on a decision affecting your career, but ask someone who doesn't love you and so can give impersonal advice; second, ask someone who has no point to gain in telling you which way to jump. Third, ask someone who is successful—not a broken-down failure.

"On personal decisions, I don't believe in asking anyone for advice. Maybe other people can tell what's right to do, but they can't tell what will make you happy. Maybe the thing that seems right to them won't make you happy. They can consider the decisions cold-bloodedly and objectively but nobody can feel what you do down in your heart and that makes a difference. Your heart as well as your head must be consulted. The more you talk to people, the more confused you are likely to become."

A DECISION which I made a long time ago stands out in my mind as one of the most difficult I ever had to make," Anne Shirley of "Four Jacks And A Jill" and "All That Money Can Buy" told us.

Anne was fourteen at the time. Christ-

mas was only a few weeks away and she needed money badly. She hadn't worked for a long time and there was a call for chorus girls for the picture, "Harold Teen," at Warners. If she told her real age, she knew she wouldn't get the job, as it was one which included many hours of night work which children weren't permitted to do. So Anne pretended she was eighteen, gave a fake name and was one of those selected. She was told that the job would last from six to eight weeks. Of course, she was taking a terrific gamble, for, if she had been caught, her license to act would have been taken away from her.

After two or three days' work at Warners, suddenly out of a blue sky came a call for a one-day bit at M-G-M, for which she would receive \$25. If she refused that tiny one-line bit, she knew that M-G-M would probably strike her off its list. If she failed to show up for a single day at Warners, they would be through with her.

She'd make far more in the Warners job, but what of the future? As a chorus girl she felt she had no future at Warners, but at M-G-M that one tiny bit might lead to other better bits.

Though she hated to give up all that money, after a day and night of thinking it over, she decided that was the right thing to do. So she told them at Warners that she was ill and reported for work at M-G-M. "Evidently I made the right decision," she says, "for later on I did get other work at M-G-M."

"When you have a difficult decision to make, decide what will be best in the long run. Choose the thing that will last the longest and bring the greatest

happiness, not merely today or tomorrow, but for all the tomorrows that make up the future."

And little Anne Shirley has stuck by her guns in making the most difficult decision of her life—the decision to break up her marriage to John Payne. In her own words: "I know each of us can find a happy life apart."

JOAN BENNETT admits frankly that she has never found a formula that is helpful in making decisions. At any rate, she's never been able to live up to one!

"I know," she confessed to us, "that I am too prone to seek advice in making up my mind. The more people I consult, the more different kinds of advice I get. This leaves me a lot worse off than when I started. A few years ago I tortured myself over the question of whether I should go back to New York for a role in a stage play or accept a role in a picture. I took the picture, which was a flop. The stage play, which I didn't take, was also a flop. Now I toss a coin to arrive at a decision—and then, no matter which way it falls; I ask my friends' advice. I guess I'm hopeless."

Most motion-picture stars hate to make decisions and only make them when the dreaded moment can't be put off any longer. Dorothy Lamour, to be seen next in "The Fleet's In," said to us, "I fret and stew until the last minute comes and then make my decision—which is frequently wrong. Or rather, frequently my decision makes itself. If you wait long enough, one horn of a dilemma usually withdraws itself and then you're

## Grand Opera meets good taste



American-born Metropolitan Opera star **Natalie Bodanya** reached the top simply because she has that extra something that marks a standout.

And, more than any other drink, the same is true of Pepsi-Cola. Those Pepsi-Cola extras—finer flavor, better taste and bigger size, make it welcome always. Treat yourself today for a nickel. You'll agree, Pepsi-Cola tastes better—first sip to last.

*Purity...in the big big bottle  
— that's Pepsi-Cola*



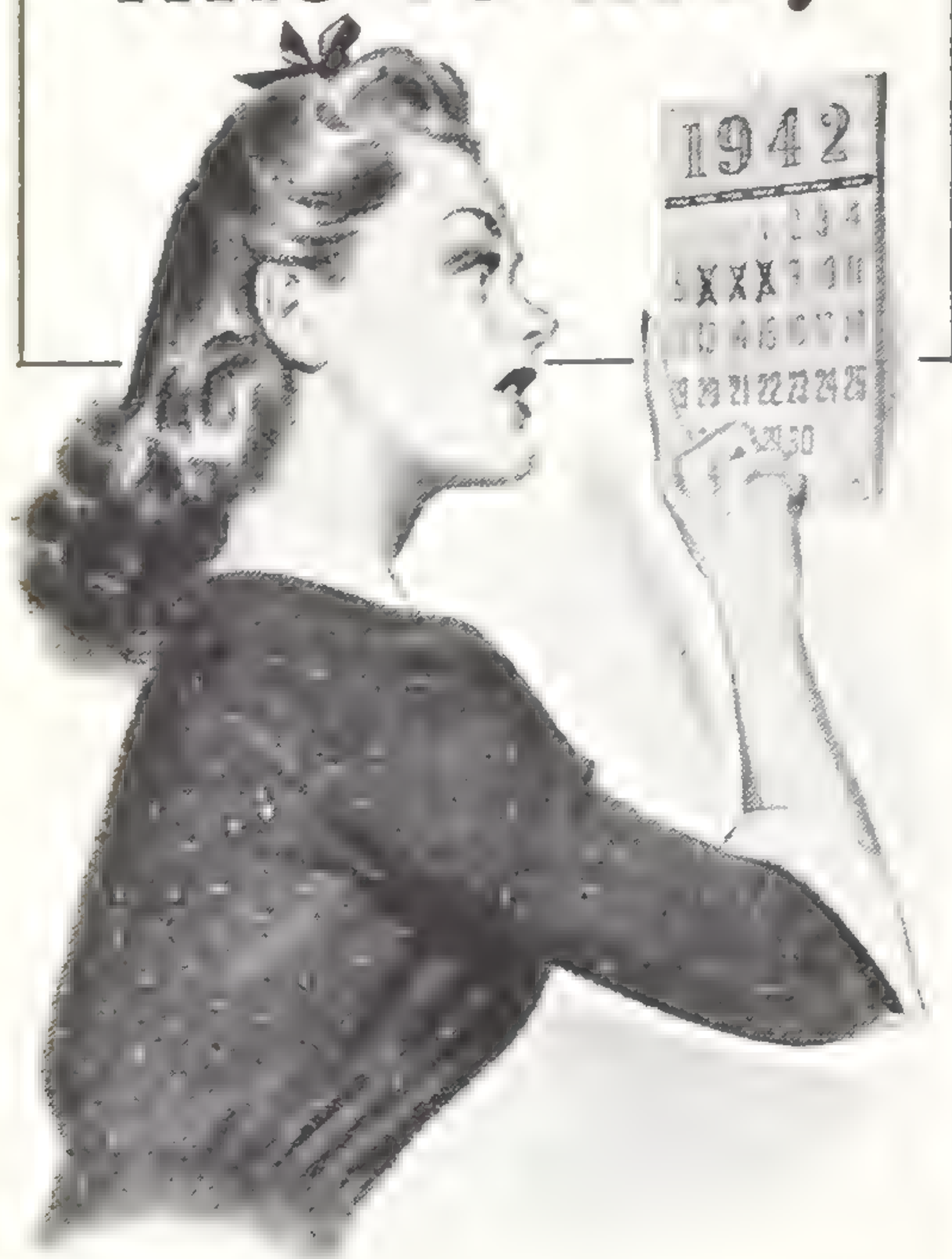
★ Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast. ★



# "Listen:..."

I SAID TO THE CALENDAR,

## "you can't do this to me!"



"BOB'S telephone call—and my cramps—came just at the same time.

"Bob said, 'Big news, honey! I've picked up two good seats for tonight—you know, the show you've been wanting to see. We'll splurge a little, afterward—supper, where we can dance. See you at 7:30!'

"All the while the calendar was saying, 'Tell him no.' But I was sick of its tyranny! Right then I did something I'd been meaning to do for a long, long time. *I tried Midol.*

"Bob and I enjoyed that show. Yes, we danced, too. And nobody knew—even I almost forgot—that sheer habit of giving in to 'regular pain' had almost wrecked our fun!"

• • • • •

Isn't it time you broke the habit—the old-fashioned habit—of giving in meekly to functional periodic pain? Isn't it time you tried Midol?

If you have no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical treatment, Midol should redeem your "dreaded days" for active, comfortable living. It is made expressly for this purpose. You can use it confidently, for Midol contains no opiates. One comforting ingredient is often prescribed for headache and muscular pains. Another, *exclusively* in Midol, increases relief by reducing spasmodic pain peculiar to the menstrual process.

If you don't see Midol on your druggist's counter, ask for it. The large size, is only 40¢; the small size, 20¢.



# MIDOL



RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

stuck only on the remaining horn. I once read of a famous French author who threw all his mail into a bath tub and left it there for a month. At the end of the month, he found that most of his correspondence had taken care of itself. Situations calling for decisions have a way of doing the same thing."

Virginia Field, whom you've seen in "Waterloo Bridge," "Singapore Woman" and "The Knockout," likes to be alone when making decisions. She finds it easiest to make up her mind when there is absolute peace, quiet and solitude and she likes to make decisions when she is physically exhausted. She says that when her body is tired, her mind is clear. Once, when she had a difficult decision to make, she went to a supper that ended late. She got home at two, took her dogs for a walk, then brought them back, took another long walk and sat down on the grass near a high school to think. She made her decision at about three in the morning, came home at four and immediately started to carry out her decision—which involved temporarily leaving California.

"When you are troubled by a decision which has many angles, I think it is best to sit down and write down the pros and cons. Then eliminate the unimportant items. Put down your personal desire, the advantages and disadvantages of each decision and the probable outcome of each. Try to think not only how you hope it will come out, but what you will do if it turns out differently. Make your decision as objectively as if you were a third person considering the problem.

"Don't ask too many people for advice. If they love you, they will be prejudiced; if they don't, they will be indifferent; if they dislike you, they might suggest something that will harm you. People ask advice much too freely; and often ask advice of people who are not equipped to give it. Then they don't give all the facts to the people of whom they ask advice. If you face the problem honestly and dare to give yourself all the facts, it usually works out much better."

SO THERE you have the stars' own experiences in making decisions. Naturally, they don't all agree with each other, and their advice, though fascinating, is pretty contradictory. Which advice is good in the light of modern psychology; which advice dangerous?

That was where Dr. Marston came in. "I think Judy Canova is wrong about when to ask advice," he said. "She says it's all right to ask advice on business but not on your personal life. As a matter of fact, oftentimes you get better advice about your personal life than about business decisions. In a personal decision there are usually factors that are universal and other people have experiences that help them to advise you. Usually the more sympathetic the person, the better his advice on personal things.

"In a business deal the problem is in a sense unique. Your future success depends on your ability plus what you enjoy doing. Nobody is ever successful except at what he wants to do. On business decisions, it is wise to consult experts where legal points are involved and also if you want to find out if a certain company is reliable or the deal on the level. But the only person who can give you helpful vocational advice is likely to be a psychologist who finds out what you want to do and enjoy doing.

"Of course, Miss Canova is right in saying you should consult someone who has no axe to grind. As for consulting

successful people, that advice is all right if you consult successes in the field you wish to follow. The advice of successful people in a field is helpful within that field; rarely outside of it.

"Miss Shirley's theory that you should make the decision that will lead to the most happiness and peace of mind in the long run is good; but the practice of it is difficult. It is all right to make your decision on that basis, if you don't kid yourself what the long run is likely to be. Also look out for your gambling instinct. Many people would rather take a long shot.

JUDGING by what Joan Bennett says, she finds it difficult to rely on her own judgment. For such a person, asking advice from many people is sometimes safer than asking one person. Many Hollywood stars, confronted by a perplexing problem, will consult one person, an astrologer, who gives them advice which is not scientifically reliable. At least, if they consult many people they get many viewpoints; have something to work on in their own minds. Generally speaking, this isn't a good method; it's much better to develop self-reliance, but it may be good for people of this type. Sometimes they are able to come to a decision of their own, bolstered by the conviction that they are relying on someone else.

"As a rule, to get anywhere, you must rely on your own judgment. Joan Bennett has probably developed that ability better than she gives herself credit for.

"Dorothy Lamour is right in saying that if you let enough time pass, half of your problems decide themselves, but, unfortunately, most of the decisions made by time are unfavorable to yourself. People want you to do something; you put off making the decision; and the opportunity passes.

"Virginia Field's analysis is the most intelligent of all. She has a sound idea in marking off the physical factors and letting the mind work undisturbed. Though she does it by becoming physically exhausted, a method that is more effective for most people than physical exhaustion is this. You can lie down and relax. Quiet yourself; make your decision when you are half asleep, when the physical impulses are quiet.

"Her advice to decide objectively is excellent if you can do it. Not one person in one hundred can decide objectively and get away from the introverted point of view. If you can do it and still set yourself up as an important factor in the decision, it is a perfect method. Look at yourself as Mr. I—then trace the bearing of the decision on Mr. I objectively. The decision has to be made from the point of view of your own self-interest.

"If you can get a clearer thought by writing out the advantages and disadvantages of each decision, as she suggests, write them out."

"Is there anything the stars failed to suggest," we asked Dr. Marston, "which you think would help people to make difficult decisions easily?"

"Only this: Don't take the whole problem too seriously. In a sense, no decision is final. If you force yourself to make a decision when circumstances don't really call for that decision you may force yourself to go on a detour from your goal. Hold the general attitude of getting to a goal. There may be a thousand paths to it. Consider every decision as an incidental choice of one or another of these paths. You will get to your main goal if you keep on driving for it."

THE END



## "I Want to Be Loved"

(Continued from page 41) cafe. The evening didn't need an anticlimax.

"Our second date? Will took me for a drive. We went high up in the Hollywood hills and sat and talked and looked down at the magnificent panorama. This was, actually, the first time we had had an opportunity to become acquainted. I bubbled over about back home in Ireland and he responded with down home in Mississippi. I discovered Will was absolutely sincere about loving symphonies. That gave me a glow. Up until then I'd always been laughed at for confessing I liked symphonies; it had been branded a phony affectation in me.

"Our third date was as unmelodramatic and as grand in tone. A drive to the beach. No jammed, smoky night club and a lot of cocktails can ever compete with real moonlight, you know! Will says it was that evening he admitted to himself he could fall in love with me."

Gradually Maureen was looking forward more and more to Will's calls. Through him she met many attractive, amusing yet earnest people, the circle of friends she now has.

"You read," declared Maureen, "how perilous it is to fall in love in Hollywood, that the odds are slim here for happiness. Believe me, when I suspected my fondness for Will was developing into real love I did some serious thinking. I am ambitious. Still, what is more important is that I want to be loved and I have had definite ideas on the subject!

"All the clichés occurred to me, yes. But falling in love in Hollywood isn't a risk when both have the same ideals from the start. I haven't had to change mine to suit or hold him, nor has he had to try any false attitudes. We've found the someone who matches perfectly.

"AS soon as Will was positive I wasn't artificial or career-crazy and I knew that he was well liked and trusted by everyone who met him, our friendship deepened. I'm sure a man wants to be certain about the girl he marries, for too often a faked illusion leads directly to disillusionment. So I never pretended with Will. No posing, ever. When we went out I didn't doll up with flowing veils and great hunks of jewelry and cast around for attention to prove how popular I was. For if sweethearts can't get long when they are relaxed, they shouldn't be going together at all."

Maureen hesitated. "Naturally, after finding someone who was understanding and who had the same likes, finding fun in the same things was next."

Although they come from different sides of the ocean, Will's and Maureen's notions of practically everything coincide. "We love to dance, but we'd rather invite friends in or visit at their houses than go night-clubbing. We relax having good dinner out at Harry's Steak house, instead of parading at a restaurant where 'names' are flocking to be seen.

"During the two and a half years we've dated we have been to the 'must' places like the Coconut Grove and Ciro's exactly seven times.

"I am glad we both feel this way about our leisure time. It has been written that a nice fellow can't compete with Hollywood 'wolves,' with the 'big shots' who dazzle a girl by invitations to the night clubs. But that is absurd! Just the other day, Will accused me of being too inexpensive a date. He exclaimed he'd never spent more than ten dollars a month on entertainment. And it wasn't," Maureen chuckled, "in response to my latest



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A smile that comes on to pay off—in defense bonds: Dorothy Lamour goes strictly business in Washington with Admiral Charles Conard, in charge of the sale of Defense Bonds for the Navy, and John Harris, founder of the Variety Clubs of America

present to him, either. When I ran off the set the other night a total stranger might have imagined I was anxious to sweep into a swanky shop for something like jeweled cuff links, knowing I was off to buy Will a surprise. Literally, I headed for a ten-cent store and shopped for a toy cooking set, with an egg-beater that works. A gag gift? Well, yes and no!

"Will has given me little presents I adored. An angora sweater and a book of poetry on my birthday. He likes poetry as much as I do, incidentally. He keeps me supplied with perfume and it's a constant surprise to come home and find red roses. What girl wouldn't think so?"

"We're like the boy and girl who grew up as next-door neighbors, even if we didn't. The same fond kidding, the same forthright loyalty. I'm the sleepest woman in the world, Will vows. But when we're driving and I go to sleep, he doesn't mind. He's given me the self-confidence I needed. He says I've proved he was right about the woman he wanted for his wife. I'm sentimental—and he calls my four albums of snapshots of us 'Our Sentimental Moments.' I've a Brownie that I stick in whenever we're off on a jaunt.

Each New Year's Eve, for three years now, we've driven around the Rim of the World to the snow at Big Bear. Then from the high mountains down to the Sportsman's Inn in the desert, for a dinner of duck, trout, or quail, and back to Hollywood by midnight for all the bells. This is the kind of thing we love to do."

**W**HEN Will proposed to Maureen it wasn't a staged episode. He said that if things worked out he was going to ask her to marry him. Maureen said that when he did she would answer yes.

He was her first date in Hollywood. She has politely declined the persistent invitations of all the Hollywood glamour boys. "It isn't a fact that all girls want to be rushed by lady-killers! I've never been interested in the tall, dark and handsome men, myself. I'm unimpressed

by the man who rhumbas divinely. I wanted a man whom I could look up to, I wanted a genuine companionship, everything every girl dreams of from romance, wherever she is. There's no pretense, no flimsiness behind Will's blue eyes. He's not sensationally dashing, he isn't the headwaiter's delight at *Ciro's*, and I am glad. I could never keep up with that pace."

If you knew, as we do, the names of the Hollywood actors who couldn't get so much as a first date with Maureen, you'd be all the more astounded. The lads who say it with mink or a limousine wrapped in cellophane couldn't maneuver the slightest tumble:

**W**ILL'S round, merry face reminds me of my father's and I wanted a man like him. Talented, jolly, but dependable and solid when you needed him. Will isn't towering, but he's a healthy five feet, ten inches and if you look long enough you realize he has an intellectual forehead and a very strong jaw. I'd been led to believe I couldn't find a real gentleman in Hollywood. Right away I could tell Will was considerate and natural. Then he turned out to be sensible, besides. What more could I want?

"From the beginning we always had something to talk about and that is a fine test at that point. Will says that even if marriage hadn't come into the picture for us we'd have remained the best of friends the rest of our lives, and I'm sure of it."

Her engagement ring, a beautiful dark green peridot, was designed especially in New Orleans by the same jeweler who made the engagement rings for Will's father, grandfather and great-grandfather. That appeals to her immensely. "A peridot isn't a precious stone, but it's a rare and lovely one." She now has a pendant to match and soon will receive earrings.

Maureen, who herself studied acting in Ireland's finest dramatic academy and who was awarded a medal as Ireland's best young actress, doesn't interfere with Will's work, nor does he with hers.

"Will doesn't even read my scripts, has never been on a set with me since we both worked on my first picture in Hollywood. I would like," she added, candidly, "to meddle in his career, but he won't let me!"

It is a foregone conclusion that Will Price will be a great director in the not too distant future, judging by his record so far. "Capra had better watch out!" Maureen asserted. "Will has already accomplished so much in the five years he's been here. Many another man would have been content to stop climbing."

Since it wasn't a stock movie-hero flair that intrigued her, what did? Will Price hails from a prominent Mississippi family and was destined to carry on the tradition of the law the Prices had built up in the small town of Magnolia. His father, brother, grandfather, and great-grandfather had made legal history. But after his education at Duke and the University of Mississippi he, like Maureen, dared to try Hollywood. After training at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, he was awarded a parallel position to Orson Welles' in New York; he was made the head of the Federal Theaters in the Southwest.

"George Cukor brought him to the studios to make the tests for 'Gone With The Wind.' And because he has been eager to master every phase leading to a directorship, Will has been, in turn, a test director, a talent scout, a dialogue director and a script writer," stated Maureen proudly.

Because he has been so thorough, he is now in line to be a full-fledged director. "And at twenty-eight," purred Maureen, "that is something!" She's twenty-one, herself.

**W**E are both at the big moments of our Hollywood careers," she went on. RKO and Twentieth Century-Fox share Maureen, so highly are her prospects rated. "I think every girl should try to marry a man who feels and hopes as she does. Opposites can never be firm friends, find fun both like.

"We've met each other's mothers, our backgrounds are alike in spite of an ocean in between them and we were agreed on what we want in the years ahead. We both want children—and six won't be too many. We can't visualize our home without them. I'm a lucky girl to have found as fine a father for them as Will will be!

"Someday we plan on a small, comfortable Southern farmhouse. Part stone, part wood and part shingle, with deep porches around all sides, high ceilings and sash windows. Will is fond of gardening, I'm fond of painting. He wants to grow camelias; his mother has the second finest camelia garden in the world down in Magnolia.

"When we're too old for Hollywood, we're retiring there to be farmers on the land Will is to inherit.

"Meantime, we're resolved to live in the fashion of small-town people who have separate jobs. Will is determined to pay all the household expenses, to support me entirely. With my salary I'll buy only my screen wardrobe and send money back to my family to help them weather the war.

"Will has clinched my Americanism. I've taken out citizenship papers."

Call her extraordinary wisdom about herself pure instinct, if you wish. A man with Will Price's character couldn't have fallen in love with anyone less than a thoroughbred like this. And if Maureen hadn't skipped all the surface superficialities she'd still be alone today.

The End.



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PENETRATES THE FABRIC PROTECTS THE FIBRES

## These above All

(Continued from page 34) high up in the clouds with him—with a man I so admired . . . of flying side by side with him later again, when we flew from Hollywood to New York and back, like two boys, and not as a man and woman. Those long hours in the air brought us so much closer together.

"From the first moment I met him I knew with an absolute inner certainty that he was the man I was going to marry. An inside voice, which has guided me through life, told me so. Our marriage wasn't something we consciously planned for—but was preordained, long before we met. I'm convinced of that. We were like two half-beings wandering through the air, so to speak, seeking each other with a blind, elemental, mysterious compulsion—like the two atoms of a broken molecule, until we finally met each other and were reunited, if I may say so. I was absolutely destined to marry him—I'm sure of that. Even though—" she shook her blonde head and laughed—"I was supposed to be engaged to another man, or rather, to two other men, when Brian and I came together with such fatal affinity."

HER eyes shone with mischief and memories. "I don't believe there ever was such a wedding as ours. It contained all the ingredients of a mystery novel, and a comedy too could be written about it.

"I suddenly became frantic when I thought the church aisle at Del Monte might be too narrow for the hooped skirt of my wedding gown, that I'd be caught in that aisle, unable to move, with everybody in the church laughing at my predicament . . . How I phoned to the man from Magnin's who had brought my wedding gown and was staying at the hotel, but the operator gave me another guest by the same name, and when I begged him to please hurry and come up to my room to measure my waist and hoop, he said, 'I'd like to oblige you, young lady, but I'm afraid you're talking to the wrong party.' When I told Brian about it later, he roared. He has a divine sense of humor.

"But it pretty nearly deserted him the next day. The ceremony of our wedding was to be performed at ten o'clock sharp. Poor Brian stood for twenty minutes alone before the altar, with the organ playing, waiting for me, but I wasn't able to get to the church until fifteen minutes after ten because of my mother, who at the last moment disappeared. I had the most awful thoughts—had she fainted and was she lying alone on the floor of her room, or had somebody kidnapped her? I sent people off in all directions to find her. Presently she ran up to me, holding up with one hand her flowing chiffon gown and with the other clutching the high-waving plumes on top of her red velvet hat. 'Oh, my dears, what's all this excitement for?' she asked breathlessly. 'I'm late because nobody called me. It isn't my fault.' We drove off madly to church, but she held a salon in front of the church before going in—and meanwhile the organ was going on, and my poor Brian standing alone before the altar. I'm sure they were the longest twenty minutes he had ever spent in his life.

"I'd like to take with me all the days we spent in the Redwood country of California for our honeymoon, swimming, fishing, canoeing, hiking. We both love to read, but the only books I took with

me were a volume on etiquette and the dictionary—and was Brian amused!

"After our honeymoon we settled down in his house in Beverly Hills, which he had recently decorated with a set of frightful furniture. Especially the bedroom. I said, 'Brian, I'm afraid I will have to make a few changes in this room.' He frowned and said 'Why? Why change? Here's a comfortable bed and everything in the room looks perfectly nice to me.'

I spent my own money and redecorated it and, well, you saw it, quite lovely in a magnificent way, isn't it? But Brian shook his head and said, 'I don't think it's much better than before.' He wouldn't say a nice word about it, but I noticed that he would take people upstairs to show them our bedroom, saying to them, 'My little woman did that.'

I'd like to take with me the sound of his fascinating voice reading to me from some favorite volume of poetry when I go to bed—the shape of his head bent over the book—the feel of his tender hands as he tucks me in like a mother and turns off the light when I fall asleep. And I'd like to take with me the memory of our few quarrels—which too are sweet—and how he never makes up, knowing well that I can't do without his affection and it is I who must take the first step for reconciliation, which after I've cooled off I gladly do. Oh, he is stubborn that way, but I love him for it. When I'm depressed, when anything upsets me, all I have to do is to go home and throw myself in his arms.

"I'd like to take with me all the glory of the 'Rebecca' premiere—it meant so much to me and made me a star overnight—but which, alas, I missed, being at the time ill in bed. I was cast in 'Rebecca' when I married and you can imagine how happy I was to be given such a role upon my return from my honeymoon. People who would not bother to speak to me before sent me flowers and telegrams of congratulations after 'Rebecca'—and I was vain enough to like it. And I'd like to take with me the memory of winning the New York Critics' Award this year, after being nominated for the Academy Award, but failing to get it.

"Some of the happiest moments of my life I've spent before the camera—and I wouldn't ever want to forget them.

"I'd like to let out an awful scream in a theater before I die—that has been my suppressed desire, a silly thing, which I'm silly enough to want to do. To travel in Greece, and meet Winston Churchill. Brian has met him. One day while he was absorbed in a book, 'The Decline And Fall Of The Roman Empire,' Mr. Churchill approached him, noticed the book he held in his hands approvingly and said, 'Young man, what page are you on?' 'Two-eighty-nine, sir,' Brian said whereupon to his utter amazement Mr. Churchill proceeded to repeat that page from memory, word by word.

"The war, of course, is the concern of every one of us and I hope to do my little bit for victory. But up to now such have been the high moments of my life and if I were to die today, I'd cherish in my selfish way these above all and would like to take them with me and keep them forever and ever."

THE END



## You've Got to Believe Me!

(Continued from page 56) The traffic on Sunset offered temporary shelter. Bill pulled the Panama down over his eyes, pushed his way forward.

Then he saw it. Parked on the corner, —a sight-seeing bus. The barker, visor-cap pushed back, was haranguing passers-by not to miss this trip of a lifetime.

"The company," the barker informed Bill as he took the dollar, "will be happy to refund if you don't agree. . . ."

Against the spiel of the guide and the jouncing over the road, Bill tried to think.

The man with the missing finger. He was the one lead. Bill was certain he was in the crime. Not the leader, probably. One of the 'underlings, sent to "case" Caryl's home. But his trail would lead to the others and, finally, to Caryl. . . .

The time was short. A few hours at most. And he knew no one in the city. No one who could help him. Somehow he had to pick up the trail.

The bus was edging through the Mexican quarter, with its crowds and tinny music and Latin smells, when the idea hit him. He wondered why it hadn't come before.

The guide was talkative. When he wasn't pointing out sights, he would throw himself in one of the seats and chat at length with the nearest passenger. Bill moved up to one of the front seats.

Large, bluff, expansive, the guide welcomed the bid for conversation. With some effort, Bill got the talk from war and politics to night life and dancing—and gambling.

"Gamble myself, when I get the chance," Bill told him. "Maybe you've got some suggestions?"

The guide was shocked. "In this city? Aren't you aware that gambling is against—"

The bus was stopping. Passengers climbing out, pushing into a garish restaurant where—fifty cents for sight-seers—they could taste real Mexican food.

On the way in, the busman drew Bill to one side.

"'Fraid someone might hear me on the bus." His voice low. "Don't go in for myself. But there are places."

Bill tried not to seem too eager. "Sounds interesting."

"There's one that's safe. Run by old-time politicians. Won't let you lose more than twenty bucks."

"If I start winning, they'd toss me out. What about the big dives? Places where we've hundred bucks—"

Before he was finished, he had wormed out of the guide a list of half a dozen establishments where large stakes were the order of the night. The real one—the place where people in the know went—that was the Club Rivoli. Best in Los Angeles. Out on the south side in Inglewood Canyon.

The kind of place, Bill decided, where you look with hot money like to hang out.

But he began with the smaller places. Thanks to Summers' generously supplied wallet, he could afford to lose money and talk to the gamblers. He tried to find out who might have heard of his friend with four fingers. Bill chatted about him casually—an old-time acquaintance whose name he forgot. Thought he might be somewhere around town.

Racketeers and professional gamblers and plain thieves. Uncommunicative and openly suspicious. He was thrown out of one place. "Don't like heels asking questions," the bouncer told him curtly.

Always the same answer. No one had

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heard of the man or even seen him.

He kept on. Fighting down the sense of futility and his rising panic with the passage of the hours.

CLOSE to midnight. The cab drew up before the Club Rivoli.

The flight of stairs was dark. At the top he rapped sharply—three times, Kelly the guide had told him. The panel slid back. The face peering out was swarthy.

"Yeah?"

"Kelly sent me. The busman."

The eyes were looking him over. Then the door opened. "Come on in. What's the name?"

"Swanson." The first name that came to him. "Bill Swanson."

Lamb being led to slaughter. Kelly evidently sent them easy marks with cash to throw away. Suckers. The swarthy individual, wearing a tuxedo, was polite.

"Straight ahead to the game room."

Still rather early for gamblers. Only a few persons were at the tables. The roulette wheel was going and a dice game was in progress across the room. Bill stayed at the roulette table.

He lost consistently—ten and twenty dollar bets on single numbers that never paid off. He noticed two men who stayed close to the table, watching. They too were in tuxedos and looked like part of the organization.

He plunged twenty-five on zero. The ball tinkled into twenty-three. Bill threw up his hands.

"Luck's out, that's all." He turned to the two men. "Can't win without Four Fingers. He always brings me luck. Curious thing."

They stared at him. The tall one said, "Who do you mean—Four Fingers?"

The other said, "You mean Clip? The blond guy—"

"Shut up!" The tall one's voice was like a steal trap.

"Clip!" Bill snapped his fingers. "That's the name. Knew him back East. Always brought me luck. Understand he's here—on business. I've been looking for him."

He said the last words slowly, looking from one to the other. The tall one glared at him. "What do you want to see him about?"

Bill said, "Her."

The tall one stood there, staring, "I think you'd better come in back."

Bill asked brightly, "Boss there?"

Nobody answered.

There were three men in the room where they took him. The pair escorting Bill spoke with them in low tones. The place was paneled in pine with heavy red carpets on the floor and a large carved walnut desk at the far end.

The first two men went out. The door clicked behind them. Standing close to him was a large, beefy-looking man with close cropped hair. Over by the window, a dapper young fellow with reddish hair and freckled skin leaned against the heavy drapes. His left hand rested in his coat pocket.

THE one with the heavy jowls studied Bill. "What's the racket?"

No more time for backing out. It was all or nothing.

"I got a message for Clip," he said. "From the boss."

He was sure they knew about the kidnapping. But they weren't the brains of the plan. Someone else—someone who stayed out of sight and directed them.

The three closed in around him. The red-haired one said, "Looks like a dick."

Sam said, "What do you think we are—dopes?"

"You will be," Bill answered urbanely, "if you don't listen to the boss's orders."

"That stuff about knowing Clip back East—that was phony, wasn't it?"

"I had to get in to see you guys. That was the easiest way."

"Got no note from the boss?"

The one with red hair drew his hand out of his pocket. It held a snub-nosed revolver.

"The boss isn't stupid." Bill grinned. "Look—I came in here without a rod. Would I pull a dumb stunt like that—unless I had the boss behind me?"

Sam said, "What did you mean out front by that 'her' you mentioned?"

Bill's lips were tight. "Caryl."

A muscle flicked in Sam's cheek. "The boss—the boss sent you, you say? What's his name?"

Sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach. "I don't bite on that either, Sam," he said finally. "Don't give out names to anybody."

The little fellow with the gun said, "Maybe we ought to take him out there, Sam. Maybe it might not be a bad ride."

"Yeah." Sam nodded slowly. "You may be telling the truth, fellow. If you aren't—" He turned to Red. "We'll take him to the car."

They had the car garaged under the building. The big man drove. Bill was

## *Do you like "Pidge?"*

We mean, Walter Pidgeon. Because if you've enjoyed him in his pictures, you'll want to know how much he enjoys you—people—anywhere—everywhere. And you'll find that out in our next issue. You'll also find a stunning natural color portrait of him!

sandwiched in the front seat between the driver and Red. Sam sat in back.

They drove in silence straight down to the ocean. For a time they followed the shore line up, then switched inland. The landscape rushing past them grew darker and more desolate. Black shadows of the hills loomed against the night, coming closer, hemming them in.

SCREECHING brakes broke the rhythm of the engine. The car skidded crazily, veered halfway across the road, halted.

"Switch off the lights." It was Sam in the back seat.

They sat in the dark. No one spoke. Bill began to long for the sight of the lights of another car. He glanced at Red, who was sitting silently beside him. The automatic was gripped firmly in his hand.

"Okay." Sam's tone was short. "No one in sight."

The driver switched on the lights. They turned sharply to the right. They were on a narrow dirt road, bouncing over ruts and jagged rocks.

The house was small and low and hidden in a pocket against the base of a hill. The last fifty yards they made on foot, through the brambles. Not until they were only a few feet distant did Bill see the thin pencil lines of light behind the tightly drawn shades.

The one with the missing finger—the one they called Clip—greeted them in

the main room. He was still wearing the suit he had had on when Bill saw him in the garden.

Bill glanced about him quickly. The room amazed him. Like a country club lodge, with log cabin walls and dainty curtains at the windows and a fire blazing cheerily in the big fieldstone fireplace.

Clip said, "What are you—?"

"Boss sent me." Bill was cool. "Got a message. Sorry about the mixup in the garden. Couldn't tell you—"

Sam cut in, "So you guys know each other?"

"Yeah," Clip said. "In the garden. Today."

"Says he has a message from the boss." Sam looked at Clip meaningly. "Says his name is Swanson."

"Never heard of him. Sounds screwy. Why didn't you talk in the garden?"

"How'd I know you?" Bill asked him. "Anyway, I didn't have any message then. Just casing the place—double checking for the boss. I got to talk with the dame. Alone."

The silence was heavy. Bill knew what was in their minds. Maybe the boss was pulling a double cross. Trying to cut them out of their share. Maybe Bill was a dick—lying his head off.

Clip smiled. The change was too sudden. "Sure, you can talk to her. Boss knows what he's doing. Only you got to hand over your rod first."

"He ain't got one," Red offered. "Frisked him when he was getting in the car."

They were smiling at him now, relaxed. They'd be listening to him—waiting for him to show his hand. Then he'd have one chance in a hundred of getting out alive.

THEY led him across the room, down a flight of stairs, opened the door at the bottom.

The room was cramped, windowless, bare. A single candle flickered on the table in the corner.

She was standing there. He saw scorn in her eyes. Scorn that could not hide the fear beneath. For one moment they looked at each other.

The door closed behind him. He waited for the sound of retreating footsteps—heard none. That meant the men were there, just beyond the door.

The mussed golden hair caught glints and shadows from the candlelight. Her lips broke in a queer, hesitant smile. She tossed back her head in a gesture of bravado.

"This is a surprise! I wasn't expecting—company."

"It isn't company. You can put away the party dishes."

The smile froze on her lips. "But you—you aren't one of them?" It was disbelieving. "You couldn't be. Surely you've come to take me out of here. . . ."

He said very quietly, "Don't be a fool."

She drew in breath quickly. Stared at him. Then she caught hold of herself. "Of course. How stupid of me. Gangsters only look like gangsters in the movies."

"That time you're right." He crossed over, threw himself down on the cot. "I wouldn't be sticking out my neck for any doll. But I got important business with you."

"Perhaps you'd like an autograph?" Her words were mocking. "The one you didn't get at lunch?"

He grinned. "Right again, sister. An autograph. Only I want it under a note telling your studio to fork over or else."

"Or else what?" She leaned against the wall. "Don't you think that sounds a little melodramatic?"



"Suit yourself—Caryl." His voice was low. "I'd hate to see anything happen to that beautiful face."

He lighted a cigarette, slowly, deliberately. Looking at her. Wondering if she would possibly know the danger of the moment.

"What you want," she said slowly, "is for me to write a note, telling the company to pay the ransom? You'd like them to—buy me back."

"At the price we're asking, they'd get a bargain."

"How wrong one can be!" Her laughter was swift, rippling. "I was actually defending you this afternoon. Telling the others you couldn't be what they thought—a criminal."

"Look," he leaned forward. "If things were different, we might be different. I might be telling you how pretty you are, or sending you boxes of candy. Maybe I'd tell you I—but I've got a job to do."

"And it happens to be murder."

"If there's no other way."

"They must have cut out your heart at birth."

"Take it easy, Caryl. Play along. Then you won't get hurt."

"I want to play along," she told him quickly. "I can make it worth your while. But you've got to get me out of here."

She came over and stood looking down at him, red lips set tight. "Why don't you and I do business? You want money. I can get you twenty-five thousand, an hour after—"

His mouth twisted in a sardonic sneer. "Double-cross the others? I'm not asking to be bumped off. Anyway, it couldn't be fair to them."

"You'd double-cross your mother if the price were right."

"Maybe. If it were safe. But your idea would be suicide. Besides, you'd turn me in the first chance you got."

"You wouldn't trust me?"

"I don't trust any dame. Above all not a good-looking dame like you."

"Suppose—suppose they don't pay the ransom?"

He shrugged. "They'll pay. They've got a million dollars tied up in a movie. Without you, they lose it. Paying the fifty grand is good business."

She was studying him carefully now. He felt himself redden under her cool appraisal. When finally she spoke, her tone was light, almost flippant. "You're pretty callous, aren't you? All right. If they don't pay—in spite of everything—what happens then?"

He knew the answer. So did the others in the house. They were playing for keeps.

"You'd be pushing up daisies." His tone was flat, devoid of emotion.

She was, to his amazement, smiling, her eyes full of laughter.

"It's funny," she told him. "I only wish I understood it."

"What's the point of that crack?"

"It's not a very convincing performance, Mr. Whatever-your-name-is."

SOMEWHERE in the house he heard the ring of a phone.

She walked to the straightback chair near the table, sat down with an exaggerated calm, crossed her legs. "I don't know what the game is. But you're no gangster. You're acting. Trying to, rather. I've seen too many ham performers—"

He was remembering the men outside.

He stood up, walked over and jerked her up out of the chair. She drew away, face white. He lifted his hand,

brought the back of it sharply across her cheek. She started to cry out. His hand closed over her mouth.

"Keep still, you little fool!" he whispered.

He could feel her body quivering. The odor of her perfume. Her face was close. He drew his hand away. The movement was sudden, delirious. His lips pressed against hers. Searing into him. The strange ecstasy of the instant—

She broke the kiss, struggled to get free. He held her to him.

"You've got to believe me, Caryl!" He whispered the words. "You've got to."

She was looking at him. Puzzled, frightened, incredulous. As if she wanted to believe. Then he felt her fingers tighten on his arm. Her eyes trying to warn him.

Behind him. He thrust her to one side angrily. "Dames! All alike. Think one lousy kiss is worth—"

He turned. Clip and Red standing in the door. Red said icily, "Nice work if you can get it. Just what in—"

"Never mind, Red." Clip's voice was suave. "We'll find out soon enough." He looked at Bill. "The boss phoned, pal. We told him you were here. Says he doesn't know the name."

"But he must," Bill said. "He—"

"Don't let it worry you. He'll be here in half an hour. Then we can get it all straight. We'll wait upstairs, you and Red and me. . . ."

For one instant, Bill's eyes met Caryl's. Abruptly he turned, started up the stairs.

In the next few minutes a report will come over the radio in that room upstairs—a report which inspires Bill to take a desperate chance. . . . For the tense hours ahead of Caryl and Bill, see the May issue.

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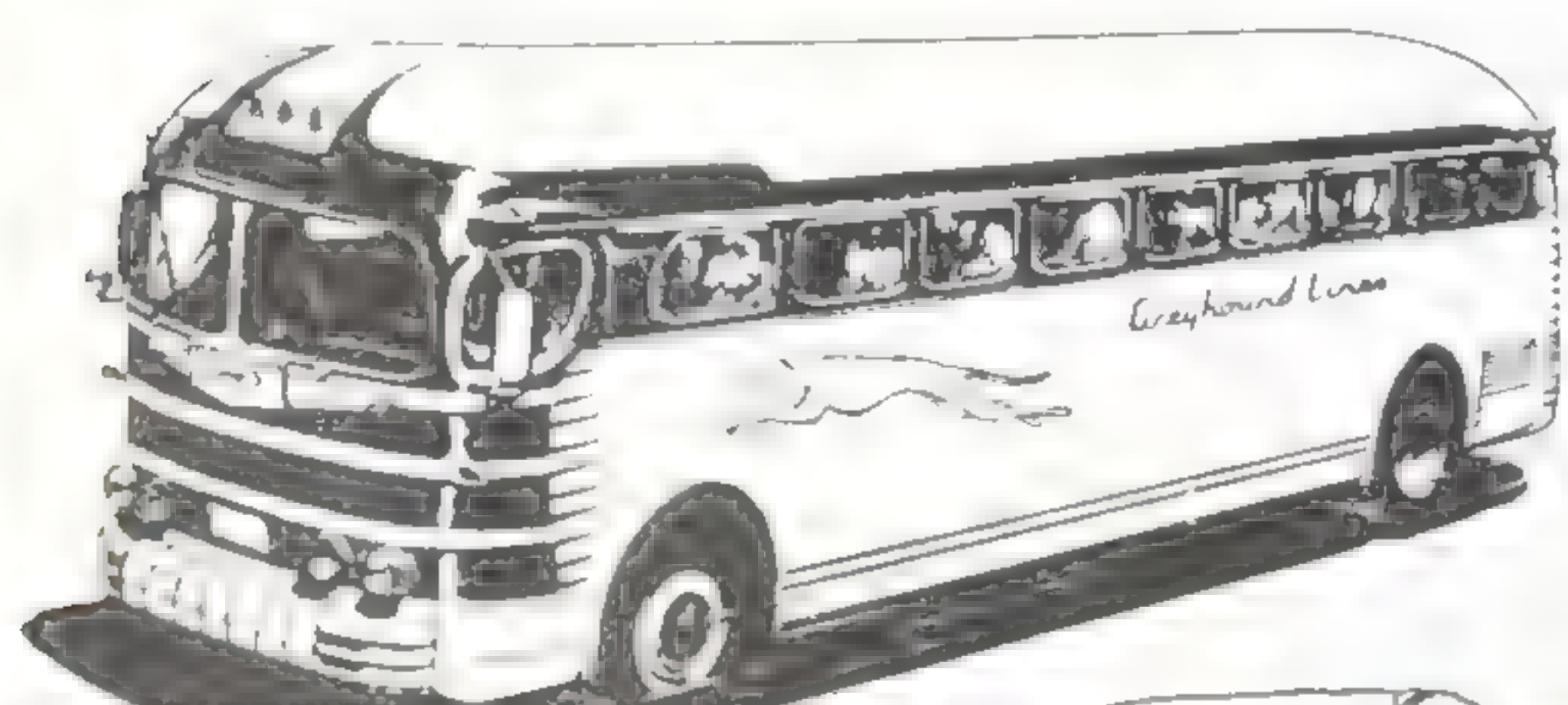


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## Portrait of a Young Man on His Way

(Continued from page 36) night clubs are a waste of time and money.

His ancestors were Scandinavian, Scotch and Dutch, and he cannot abide conceit in actors.

He likes gambling for small stakes, is not lucky, and can quote Bobby Burns, the Scotch poet, at will.

He is only mildly amused by prize fights or wrestling.

He goes through calisthenics every morning.

He has been married eight years, has never been to the Metropolitan Opera in New York, and deprecates wedge shoes on women.

He thinks women are irritating card players.

He starred as tackle on the college football team, worked in his father's lumber camps in northern Wisconsin, and is still billed on the marquees of his native state as Stanley Morner.

He walked into a radio station in Milwaukee at the height of the depression, sang a couple of songs, announced them himself, and stayed there for a year and a half as a vocalist and announcer. He likes mince pie, never follows hunches, and still clings with affectionate tenacity to his first college football sweater.

**DENNIS MORGAN** is not stubborn about taking advice.

He is characterized by a boyish grin, his tastes are modest, and his favorite cheese is American nippy.

He performed sixty consecutive nights over a Chautauqua circuit in the title role of "Faust." He can't stand very much of hillbillies, and has a definite financial program which never seems to work. He was born in an eight-room white farmhouse.

He likes air travel, has never succeeded in mastering the tango or rumba, and thinks life is sweetest in northern Wisconsin, Washington or Oregon. He is a gum-chewer.

He dotes on musical jam sessions.

His mother sang, his father had no musical talent, and Morner is a well-known name in Sweden.

He smokes less than a pack of cigarettes a day.

His viewpoints and attitudes have been most strongly influenced by Mark Twain and more than anything he enjoys a luncheon of a corned beef sandwich on rye and a tall glass of tap beer.

He rebels against the systematic and orderly, is very fond of hunting dogs, and the front page and sport sections of the daily papers interest him most. He is forever singing in the bathroom.

His first love was a girl in his class at high school who is now his wife.

He failed to make the track team at college, has no desire to learn flying and thinks the most desirable asset in a wife is understanding.

He plays the piano only well enough to practice his singing. He doesn't like swimming in indoor pools, and would rather take long walks in the woods than anywhere else.

He is a good swimmer, never diets, and always goes out between the acts for a smoke. He was a protégé of Mary Garden, cast for "Carmen" in Chicago which was rehearsed but never staged. He was recommended by her for a test at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer which resulted in a five-year contract.

He has no desire to climb a mountain, likes any kind of candy made of chocolate, and after sitting around for two and a half years at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer doing nothing, he begged out of

his contract and played in a Los Angeles revival of "The Student Prince." He was again approached by the same studio who suddenly saw in him a great bet but instead he accepted a one-year contract with Paramount where subsequently he played a series of gangster roles. He again begged out of his contract.

Having determined that Hollywood was not for him he returned to Chicago after leaving Paramount, was immediately sent for by Jack Warner of Warner Brothers, decided to take another chance, was placed under the contract which was eventually to lead him to his biggest opportunity as Wyn Strafford in "Kitty Foyle."

He used to play a trombone but dropped it on account of neighborhood objections. He bought the house he lives in which is an English country house on two acres of walnut trees, birch trees and rare English holly. He hates to go to bed.

Dennis Morgan has a son of six and half years, a daughter of three and a half and never wears a flower in his dinner jacket.

He accepts traffic tickets in good grace belongs to no clubs or lodges, and has yet to do any important singing in pictures.

He majored in economics, music and dramatics, would have gone into the lumber business had he failed in his chosen profession, and sums up his success philosophy tersely: "Men make their own luck, good or bad."

He likes potatoes baked, and considers the "Flower Song" from "Carmen" the most beautiful of arias. He hopes some day to own a farm.

He has never suffered self-consciousness, does not think all suicides are moral cowards, and never carries anything on his person except a gasoline credit card, driver's license and very little money. Dennis Morgan likes suits of blue or brown and thinks matrimonial vacations are dangerous.

The End.



She never wears wedge shoes—her husband doesn't like them. A touring view of Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Morgan.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



## I Waited Eleven Years

(Continued from page 64) What was I? You know the feeling?

Nevertheless, I got an awfully good role shortly after I came on the lot. With Helen Hayes in "The Sin Of Madelon Claudet." That led to a part in "The Wet Parade," which wasn't all it might have been because of the Prohibition situation at that time.

Still, those were two big, important pictures. They inflated my hopes and when hopes collapse, it hurts.

There followed a series of what must be inelegantly referred to as "droops." As more time and more such pictures went drably on, I began to visualize myself as playing an endless succession of brothers or uncles who come home in the third act.

Because I played the same kind of role as Bob Montgomery—except that mine were in "B" pictures—I was referred to, jestingly, as "the poor man's Bob Montgomery." I got so I hated the guy. (I should remark right here that he is, now, one of my best friends.) Every time I wanted a role, he got it. When he didn't want a role, I got it.

I nearly threw in the sponge a lot of times, I must confess. But then, so did the studio. They were ready to let me go more than once.

Then, as option time drew perilously near, a loan-out would always come up and save my skin. Because with each loan-out my stock would—temporarily—go up. As when I made "He Met Her In Paris," with Claudette Colbert and Melvyn Douglas. When that turned out to be such a hit, I was sure that this time I would be welcomed home with red carpets and a brass band. Now Bob Montgomery would get my castoffs. But again nothing happened. That was pretty much of a letdown.

There were many such. I have taken a lot of letdowns and have got up again—out who hasn't? Gives you bounce. Keeps your knees nimble.

THE only recourse, when I didn't like the way my career seemed to be going, would have been walkouts and suspensions. I never walked out, never took suspensions. Not because I am a willing martyr but because I think that no good comes of them. Because I do believe that the boss knows better than his employees or he wouldn't be the boss.

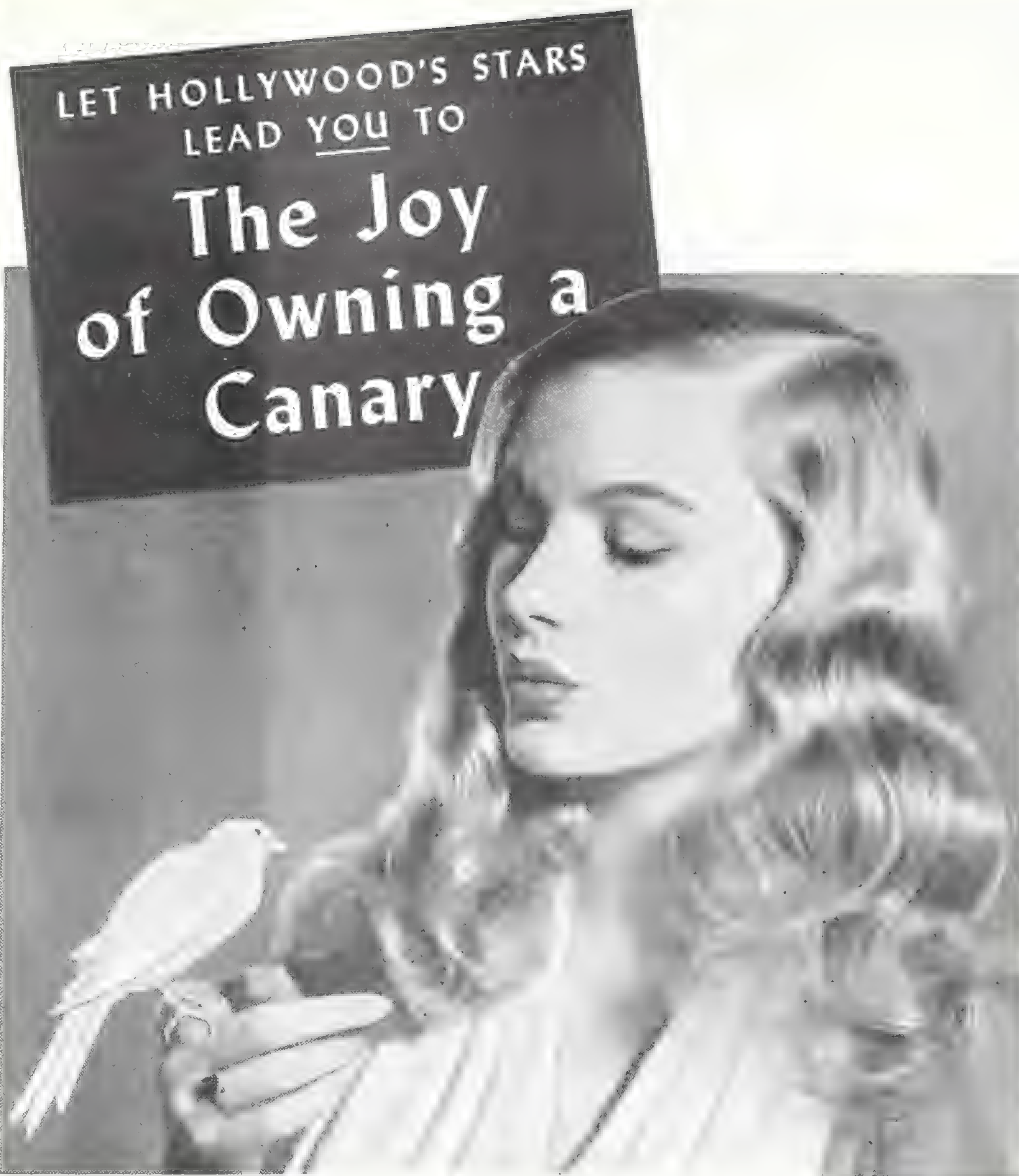
Perhaps I was wrong, I don't know. Perhaps displays of so-called temperment may give the Front Office a little more respect for your backbone. But I also figured that they were not trying to cast me in pictures that would ruin me. There would be no percentage in that for anybody.

I kept thinking grimly, *If I can just hang on.*

Which, in a nutshell, is precisely what did. And very good for me, too.

The thing I feared more than anything else was loss of enthusiasm. If, deep down inside you, you get a little sick, lose hope, you are defeated. You cannot be defeated by any other means or any other person or any other circumstances. Also, I did not want to lose confidence in myself. It was all I had, really. I had to keep that so that when the role came along, I could do it.

There were times when that confidence wore pretty thin. Times when newcomers would rocket past me, leave me standing there, seeming just to mark me. There was Robert Taylor. Grab your hats—hang on to the comet's tail, you can, watch him rise! In less than a year, Jimmy Stewart reached a place



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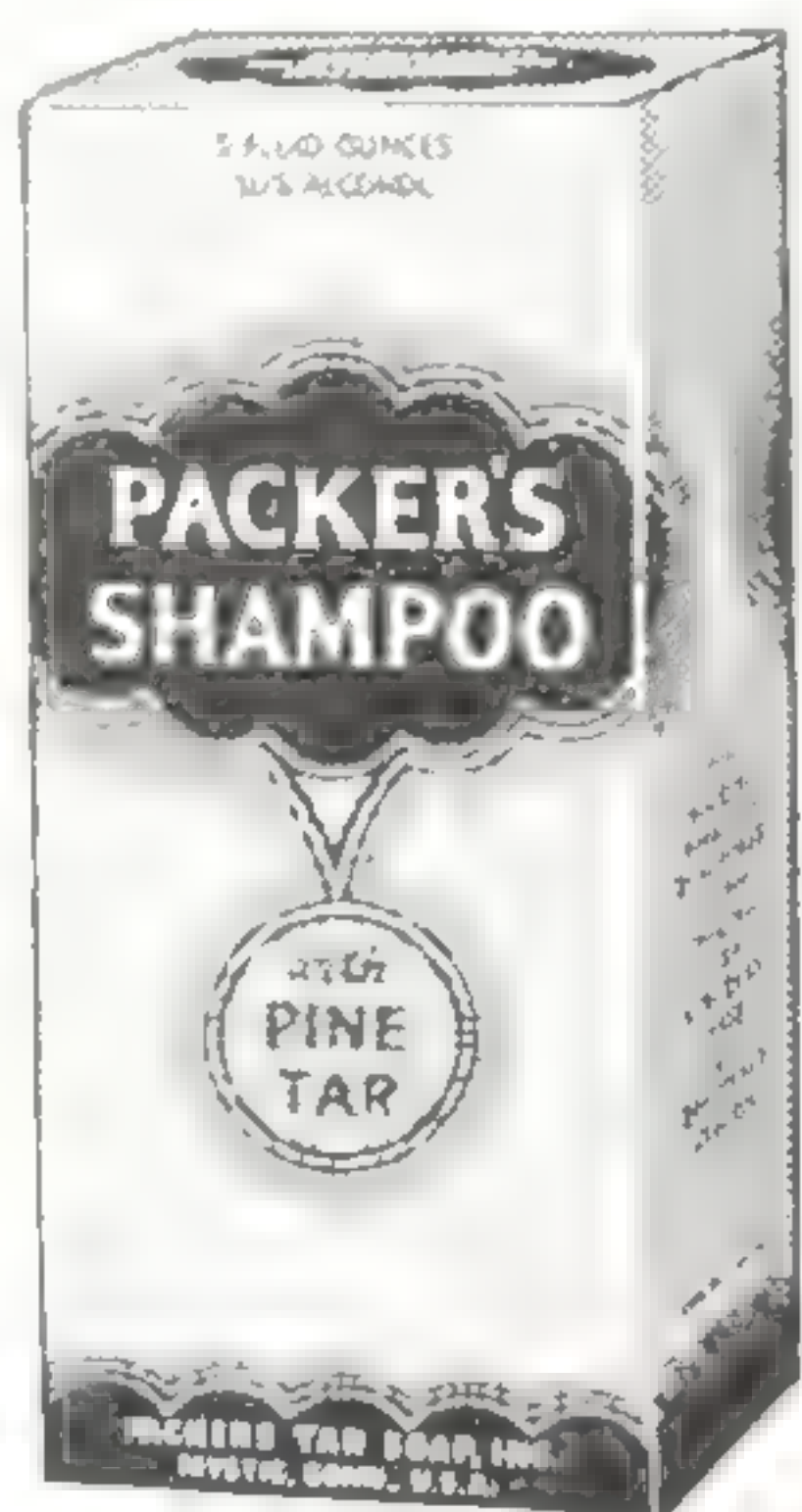
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# Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

in the sun I hadn't even approached in seven or eight. As against these swift, sensational records I could check the dozens and dozens of pictures I had made, pictures which did not, then, appear to have "made" me.

It isn't much fun to walk the treadmill while others soar and skim the heights. But remember, again, that the race is not always to the swift. Remember that we are not all born winged. Remember that good sturdy shoe leather, taking a step at a time, gets places, too.

It was the conviction that only if I lost my enthusiasm and my confidence could I really be licked that gave me the iron determination not to lose either the one or the other.

But what gave me confidence? And how did I keep it? Well, I did a spot of talking to myself every now and again. I turned out to be an extraordinary one-way talker. The advantage being that no one can answer back. Or *can someone?* Maybe that Little Voice we all have within us, with the habit of giving us the truth, whether we want it or not.

For, not to be falsely modest, a revolting trait, I figured that the spot I was in was, somehow, somewhere, my own fault. Mind you, I believe that luck plays a big part in success, wherever you are, whatever you are doing. But I also believe it is some seventy-five per cent up to us, what we do, where we get. This being so, I was not going to go around beefing, "Rotten deal!" Not going around screaming my brains out. Not going around moping. If you mope, you get ulcers. Ulcers are expensive. Times are hard.

**I** DID, of course, have my moments of thinking, *I'm going in there now and lay my cards on the table!*

Then that little voice would hiss at me. "What cards?"

I wonder how many men—and women, too—have been on the merry-go-round I rode at these times? Going round and round in a circle and getting nowhere.

At any rate, I would start for the Front Office, fire and fight in my eyes. As I walked I'd begin to think of what I did *before* I was in pictures. I'd think

of my ranch out in the Valley, of the nice cars in the garage, of the advantages I am able to give our two youngsters. I'd think of the people I have been able to meet, great authors, scientists and so on (always a terrific thrill to me) just because a movie name gives you that open sesame. I'd think how much better off I was than I would be if I were, say, the best metal lather in the country. So what did I have to beef about?

Then I'd go into reverse again: I'd work myself up, all nice and hot and steaming, thinking of Taylor and Stewart and the others who had kited up and over me in no time at all. I'd think of all the times I'd tried to nix a script, had been proven right and had never once said "I told you so!"

Then I'd get as far as Happy's coop, halfway to the Front Office. Happy sits in that little coop and directs traffic on the lot. Sits there all day long. I'd say, "How are you, Hap, how do you feel?" He'd say he felt pretty good, no complaints. Then I'd begin to weaken again. "No complaints," eh? That great, fruity argument I had up my sleeve felt pretty pulpy.

After all, I'd think, eleven years with one company, at an ever-increasing salary, is definitely not something to cry into your soup about. And even if the Big Break never comes, what of it? We can't *all* get the Big Breaks, you know. You *do* know that, don't you? Besides, you lug, I apostrophized myself further, you're luckier than ninety-five per cent of the others, at that. You're even luckier than the minority group of top stars. Because, when the inevitable moment comes, that moment which bridges the gap between playing romantic parts and character parts, you won't need to fear it, you can make it and go on, indefinitely, and at a handsome salary, too.

On the other hand, I'd think, swiveling again, I don't want to reach the place where I will be an old office fixture. One of the "Oh, hand it to Bob Young" things. Not forever, that is.

In these soliloquies of mine, there was always one ever-present thought—a thought of something that really hands me the biggest thrill—that other people

---

Eleven years of a wait-and-work theory rated Robert Young this: He comes into his own as a top star in M-G-M's smash film, "Joe Smith, American." The wife is played by Marsha Hunt; the son, by Darryl Hickman

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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



care so much. I'd think of all the actors, my competitors as well as the bigger stars, who would get me into corners and say, "Now, look, you dope, you've got to do something!" They wanted me to get ahead. They wanted me to have my break. "Isn't that better than having it?" that stinking, little Voice would ask me. "Yes," I'd growl, "yes, it is. Now, shut up!"

But it wouldn't shut up. It would add that, ironically enough, the one who had always been the most insistent that I do something was that chap, Bob Montgomery!

Tie that. The mention of Montgomery would start me figuring, as we all must figure, on the difference there is between people. We are not all alike. We are not all so constituted that we can behave alike. Montgomery can fight for himself—and others—because he is a born Champion of Causes. He is a born fighter, a born rebel. When Montgomery comes pounding down a hall, his victims shake in their shoes. They *know* he means business.

I am not like that. I do not mean to say that I am meek. I hope I'm not. I rebel against injustice—when I feel it. But what has always stopped me is that "on the other hand" routine, that wavering between anger at injustice and the conviction in the deepest recesses of my heart that, as things go, what I have had for eleven years was pretty fair justice, at that.

SO it is that I never got to the Front Office. Never registered any fat and tuming complaints. Never did a walk-out or took a suspension. Held on grimly. Worked like a stevedore. Watched and waited. Prayed and swore.

Whether this was weak or strong, sound judgment or the line of least resistance; whether this same procedure would be good for you, or you, or you, would not presume to say. All I can say is that, in certain essentials, we must all stick to our own last. We cannot copy other people. We have to behave according to our particular and individual pattern of behavior. This was mine.

So then I got *Pulham*.

King Vidor was responsible for my doing the part.

The way it happened, they just called me and said, "You start Monday."

Of course I had made tests. A great many tests. But so had others. A great many others.

When I started to work, I knew how good they have been for me, these eleven years of apprenticeship. I realized, then, that all those parts I've played, however bad I'd thought them, were *experience*, and taught me something, every last one of them, if only what *not* to do.

I am the type that needs a background of experience. That is my way of work.

Five years ago, for instance, I would have been scared to death of *Pulham*. As it was, it wasn't a walk-off. I wasn't nug about it, I hope. But if I had had the difficulty of the role to contend with as an inner doubt as to whether or not I could do it, it would have been bad medicine for me. As it was, I did have confidence in what I was doing. By confidence I mean that I was ready for the role. It is something like a fighter on the night of the big fight. He goes into the ring, looks at his opponent and then sometimes he thinks, *If I'd trained for six months instead of going on a bender, I could take him on without fear!*

When I looked at the role of *Pulham* could think, *Well, I've trained!*

It was thus, after eleven years, that the big break came for me.

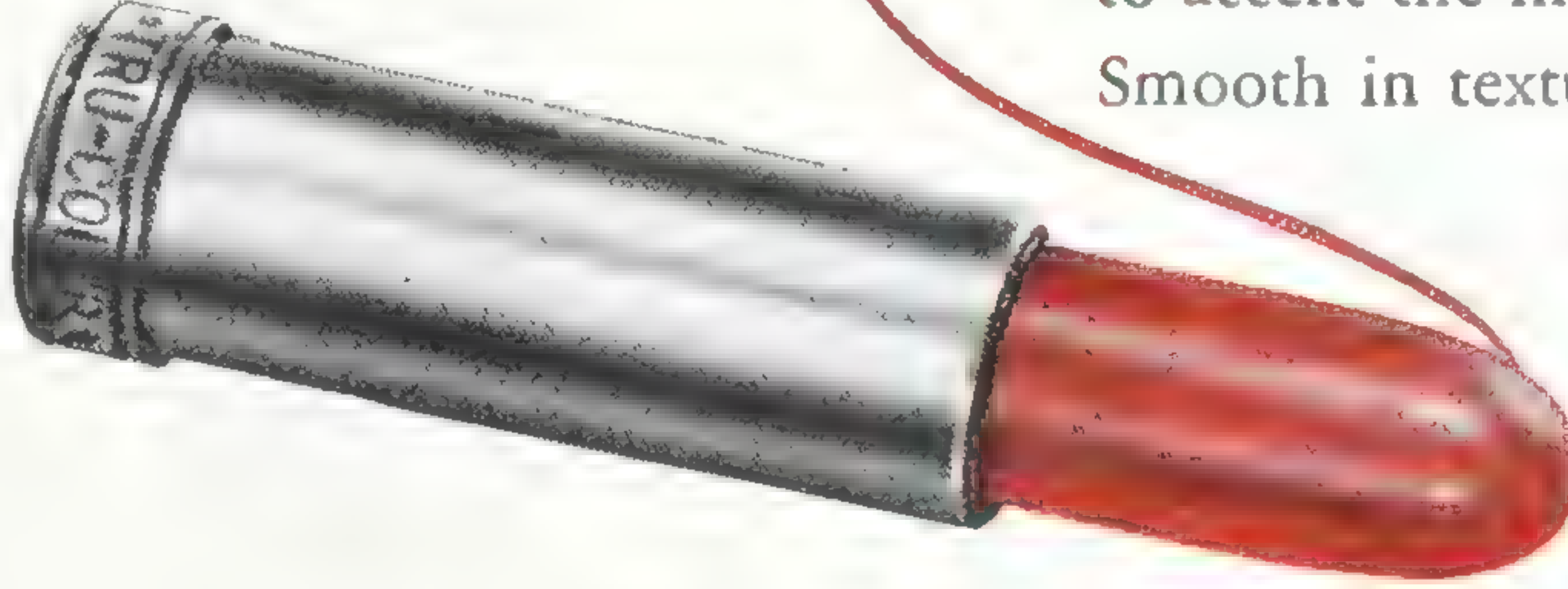
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Powder and Rouge.



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| COMPLEXION                                                    | EYES                                                         | HAIR                                                            |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------|
| Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>                           | Blue <input type="checkbox"/>                                | Blonde <input type="checkbox"/>                                 |
| Fair <input type="checkbox"/>                                 | Gray <input type="checkbox"/>                                | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>    |
| Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>                               | Green <input type="checkbox"/>                               | BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>                              |
| Medium <input type="checkbox"/>                               | Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>                               | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>    |
| Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>                                | Brown <input type="checkbox"/>                               | BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>                               |
| Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>                               | Black <input type="checkbox"/>                               | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>    |
| Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>                             | Amber <input type="checkbox"/>                               | REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>                                |
| Olive <input type="checkbox"/>                                | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>    |
| SKIN <input type="checkbox"/> Dry <input type="checkbox"/>    | Dark <input type="checkbox"/>                                | Flax <input type="checkbox"/> Chestnut <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/> | Any <input type="checkbox"/>                                 |                                                                 |



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Grip-Tuth holds your hair as you set it!

At last! A way to keep your hair-do lovely, for days longer! Grip-Tuth, the modern, better hair retainer, slips into place in a jiffy: each split tooth acts like a tiny spring, holding curls, waves, any coiffure: and you're perfectly groomed, your hair securely in place!

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NOT a comb. Each SPLIT tooth (like tiny spring) grips gently, holds firmly, keeps hair secure — GRIP-TUTH's patented principle!

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SO different!**

Go modern with the completely different HAMPDEN's rouge. This wonderful color cream is so easy to use • blends off to nothing • gives a soft, warm color, even in tone like 'nature's blush.' It's the rouge plus!



**ROUGE-STICK**  
hampden

25c also 50c & 10c sizes  
Over 5 million sold

## The Magnificent Ambersons

(Continued from page 46) I'll call for you at two-ten."

And again, although Lucy was tempted to refuse, she found herself yielding to him, heard herself say, "All right—at two-ten."

THE sleigh ride was not the complete success George had expected it to be. He drove all through the town and along the snow-cruised roads near by, pointing out houses and farms which were Amberson property and would someday be his, only to discover that Lucy was impressed by the beauty of the scenery but not by the Amberson wealth it represented. He told her elaborately of his plans for the future—how he intended to live a life of ease and culture to which his wealth would entitle him, only to learn that Lucy had little interest in men who did no work. They were returning home in a rather uncomfortable silence when Lucy suddenly cried, "Oh, there's Papa in his horseless carriage—and isn't that your mother and your Uncle Jack with him?"

George followed her pointing finger, taking his eyes from his horse. And that was a fatal error, for the horse, terrified by the strange apparition puffing and clanging toward him, bolted out of control. The cutter tilted on one runner, spilling George and Lucy into a ditch amidst a tangle of fur robes which half smothered them but saved them from injury. George worked himself free and turned to pull Lucy to her feet—and then somehow, before either of them realized what was happening, she was in his arms and her soft young lips were pressed against his.

"George! George, darling, are you hurt?" It was Isabel's voice, agonized with fright, and George and Lucy jerked apart, red with embarrassment, to see the horseless carriage stopping on the opposite side of the road. Isabel sprang out, ran toward George and dropping to her knees began to brush the snow from his shoes. "Oh, my baby," she sobbed. "Are you all right?"

"Of course I'm all right, Mother," George snapped impatiently, but at sight of her frantic expression he added gently, "Don't take on so, old lady. Why, you're all covered with snow yourself." With surprising tenderness he lifted her up, whisked the snow from her fur cape and handed her into the automobile. Then somewhat diffidently he helped Lucy into the seat beside her. A moment later, strangely silent, they were all on their way back to town.

GEORGE'S father died shortly before George graduated from college. Now that Wilbur was dead and Eugene had so recently returned to Midland, speculation began again—speculation as to whether Isabel, at long last, would marry Eugene. None of this idle chatter reached George's ears; his arrogance had cut him off from close friendships in the town so that he had never heard of Isabel's early romance with Eugene, much less any hint that it might be resumed now.

Besides, George had his own problem to worry about, the problem of persuading Lucy Morgan to marry him. Much as he disliked Eugene, George had known from the moment of that shy, hurried kiss so soon after their meeting that he was in love with her.

"When are you going to say you'll marry me, Lucy?" he demanded one day.

"Oh, dear," Lucy wailed. "I knew it. Whenever you make the horse walk in-

stead of letting him trot it's so you can give all your attention to proposing!"

George laughed in amusement.

"You are the prettiest, sweetest girl in the world," he told her fondly. "But why is it," he went on seriously, "that you never even want to talk about marrying me?"

"Because," her voice was almost inaudible beneath the wide brim of the leghorn hat she wore, "because I have a feeling that I'm never going to marry you."

"What makes you think that?" George asked bewilderedly.

"Oh, because everything's so unsettled," Lucy explained wearily. "You haven't decided on any business or profession—or at least if you have you haven't told me—" she halted as though to give him a cue and her face was lighted with hope, but the hope faded when George lapsed into a tight-lipped silence.

They drove without speaking for a little while, then George said coldly, "I thought you understood by this time, Lucy, that I have no intention of going into business or a profession."

"I see," Lucy said slowly.

"I suppose because your father is a businessman," he went on scornfully. "he's told you that you shouldn't ever become engaged to me until I'm a businessman, too."

Lucy shook her head. "I've never talked to Papa about your going into business, George."

"But even without talking to him, George goaded her, "you know how he feels about it—and you feel the same way."

Lucy nodded and her slight gesture infuriated him. "You may be interested to know," he burst out, "that I don't care any more for your father's way of thinking than he cares for mine!" And with that he clouted the horse savagely with the whip and the startled animal plunged headlong down the dusty road.

IF Lucy had remained in Midland she and George might have patched up their quarrel but, hurt and unhappy over his unreasonable attitude, she left the next day for a visit with friends out of town. Knowing that it was her father's influence, even though unspoken, that was keeping Lucy from him increased George's resentment of Eugene even more and when, a few days later, Eugene dined at the Amberson mansion, George, obeying some blind instinct for revenge, was unbearably rude.

"Automobiles are a useless nuisance," he said scornfully. "They should never have been invented."

A horrified silence settled on the group at the table.

Eugene laughingly broke it. "Perhaps George is right," he said mildly. "But automobiles are here—and they are bringing changes with them. We have no way of knowing whether these changes will be for the better or not and if they are not—well, someday I may have to agree with George that automobiles never should have been invented."

Isabel was so upset by the scene that she was nearly ill. Uncle Jack Amberson said frankly that George was a stupid young fool. Only Aunt Fanny Minerva approved of George's attitude. Frustrated and sensitive about living on the Amberson bounty, she couldn't face the additional grief that Eugene would never ask her to marry him, as she had foolishly hoped when he first returned to Midland, that he might do. For the sake of her pride she



had to pretend to herself that he would have married her if Isabel hadn't come between them, and also for the sake of that pride she had to make Isabel suffer for it—and here was the means within her hand. With one gesture she could imperil Isabel's romance with Eugene and disrupt the relationship between mother and son. It wasn't malice that prompted Aunt Fanny; she was devoted to Isabel as she had been since childhood, but momentarily her own bitterness eclipsed that devotion.

"You did just the right thing," she told George. "Your father—my poor dead brother—" she sniffed in self-pity, "would be proud of you!"

"What are you talking about?" George demanded impatiently.

Aunt Fanny's tears increased. "That's right," she sobbed, "turn on me, now that I'm old and living on charity. Pick on me, when I'm only trying to tell you how much your father would appreciate what you're doing."

George groaned in perplexity. "Doing about what?"

"Getting rid of Eugene," Aunt Fanny whimpered. "Getting him out of the house to put a stop to all the gossip."

George caught her frail shoulders in his hands, gripping her so that she winced with pain. "What—do—you—mean?"

Aunt Fanny told him then—told him that the whole town was wondering whether Isabel and Eugene were going to be married, told him about their early romance.

"I suppose your gossiping friend, Mrs. Johnson, is responsible for this—this slander," George said accusingly.

"She—she may have mentioned it, out—" Aunt Fanny faltered.

"She won't mention it again!" George shouted. "There'll be no more gossip!" His voice choked with fury. "I'll see to that!" and he swung out of the room.

"No, George—" panic-stricken at the rage she had set in motion, his aunt ran after him and caught at his arm. "I shouldn't have told you," she cried remorsefully. "I didn't mean—"

WITHOUT answering, George pushed her aside roughly and plunged from the house and a few minutes later at Mrs. Johnson's home he was threatening suits of libel and slander if she should ever mention Isabel's name again. But Mrs. Johnson, instead of being cowed by his threats, ordered him out of the house. By night, what had been only harmless chatter had reached, thanks to Mrs. Johnson's active tongue, the proportions of an ugly scandal.

The upsetting details of the scene were kept from Isabel. On the following day, unaware of the frenzied thoughts in George's mind, she serenely waited for Eugene to call to take her for an automobile ride. Overnight she had persuaded herself that George's rudeness to Eugene was nothing more than an unfortunate display of bad temper, for which he would apologize, and she faced the task of explaining this to Eugene, sure in advance of his forgiveness and understanding.

But when Eugene arrived, George himself stood in the doorway, barring it, and Eugene's expression changed from happiness to polite formality.

"How do you do, George," he said. "Will you tell your mother, please, that I am here?"

"My mother," George replied coldly, "is not interested in knowing that you're here—today or any other day."

"I'm afraid I don't understand you, George."

"Then I'll make it plainer. Perhaps," his voice mounted, "you'll understand—"

## "If You're a Simon Legree I'm Little Eva!"



"So you're the big, bold villain! Hmm—you don't look it to me!"

"I'm glad you didn't know me *when*. Thoroughly disagreeable! Nerves shot, jumpy . . . tough to get along with. I had a perpetual . . ."



"A perpetual what?"

"Grouch. Like this! And then I was told that I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency."

"And what in the world is that?"

"A shortage of those amazing vitamins you find in their natural form in fresh yeast. So I drank two cakes of FLEISCHMANN'S a day in tomato juice . . ."



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Ever read the FLEISCHMANN label? This is the only yeast with all these vitamins. And the only sources of the entire Vitamin B Complex are *natural* sources, such as yeast and liver. If you bake at home, remember: even Vitamin A in FLEISCHMANN'S is not appreciably lost in the oven. Vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub>, D and G go right into your bread.

## Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast For Natural Vitamin B Complex



this!" The final word was drowned by the slamming of the door. For a moment the two men stood, each on his own side of the door, then Eugene walked down the steps, every line of his body expressing defeat and anger.

Unable to see Isabel, Eugene wrote to her. "Don't strike my life down twice, dear," he begged. "This time I've not deserved it. I know, dearest woman in the world, what your son is to you, but I promise you you shall have happiness and only happiness if you will just find the strength to live your life your own way and not George's way."

Jack Amberson delivered the letter to Isabel and told her, then, of George's opposition to Eugene. When he had gone Isabel sat alone for a while, then she went to George's room and handed the letter to him. George read it through and tossed it aside contemptuously.

"It's the most offensive, the most insulting letter I've ever seen," he declared. "You're my mother and you're an Amberson—and I know you've got too much pride to marry a man who could write such a letter as that."

Isabel swallowed the sob that suddenly choked her. "Marriage—marriage," she spoke with painful slowness, "doesn't mean so much after all, dear, at my age. It's enough to know that—that people think of you. Enough to see them."

"See him!" George cried accusingly. "Mother, you couldn't after this!"

"Not ever, George?" Isabel said pleadingly.

"No!" George shouted. "Not ever! If he ever sets foot in this house again—oh," it was a cry of anguish, "I can't bear to think of it!"

His words might have been swords, cutting into her flesh, and swords could not have hurt her any more than the

realization that the peace and contentment she had longed for with Eugene must be put out of her mind forever. For that, she knew instantly, was the way it must be. She walked forward unsteadily and took George into her arms as she had when he was a child. "Darling," she whispered, "I want nothing—ever—but your happiness. That will be all the happiness I shall ever need."

**W**HETHER it was Isabel herself or George who sensed that thereafter life in Midland would be intolerable wasn't quite certain; what was certain was that they decided to go abroad and to go at once.

The day before they were to leave, George met Lucy on the street. Lucy smiled cordially in greeting and he realized with a gasp of relief that Eugene had not told her what had happened.

"Lucy, I want to tell you something." In spite of himself, he couldn't keep the old domineering quality out of his voice.

Lucy's smile did not change. "I hope it's a funny story," she said lightly.

"It may seem like one to you," George said bitterly. "To begin with, when you went away you didn't even let me know, didn't write or—"

"Of course not," Lucy interrupted briskly. "We'd had a quarrel—don't you remember? Since we couldn't play together like good children it seemed obvious that we shouldn't play together at all."

"Play!" George retorted vehemently. "You mean—we were only playing at being in love?"

"It couldn't ever have been anything else, George," she answered steadily. "The way you are and the way I am—" she broke off. "What were you going to tell me?"

"I'm going away," George said heavily. "Mother and I are taking a trip around the world. And we aren't making any plans to come back."

"That sounds like a nice long trip," Lucy observed with determined cheerfulness. "A lovely—"

"Lucy!" he cried. "Is that all it means to you?" She didn't answer. "The you've never cared for me at all," he went on pitifully. "And this—well, this is good-bye, Lucy. And I think it's good-bye for good." He turned away, paying no attention to her gentle, "Good-bye, George."

Lucy watched him until he was out of sight then she slowly entered the drug store. To the clerk she said, "Give me some aromatic spirits of—of—" but before she could finish the sentence she dropped, unconscious, to the floor.

**G**EORGE and Isabel were away from Midland for five years. During those years no son could have been more devoted than George, no son more considerate of his mother's wishes—ever wish, except one. For every time Isabel suggested returning home George put her off by pointing out the cultural advantages of their Continental life and Isabel, more than ever a slave to her wishes, always gave in. But strong as her devotion was, her health could not stand the strain; she had never been strong and gradually homesickness and loneliness robbed her of all vitality. At last when it became obvious that she had only a short time to live George brought her back to the Amberson mansion.

Midland had undergone vast changes during their absence. As Eugene had predicted at that disastrous dinner party five years earlier, the automobile had

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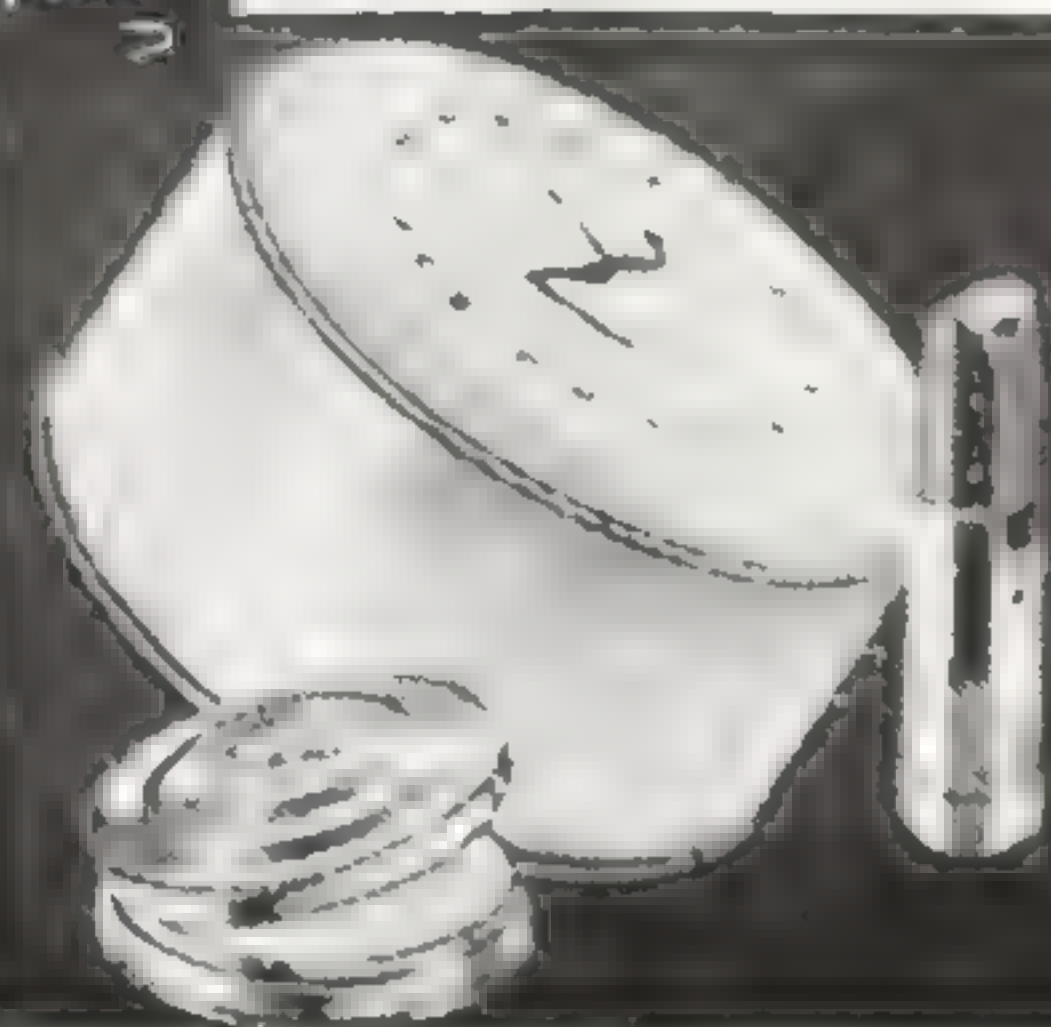
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Make this test: wash hands with Lifebuoy's purifying lather. Rinse well and dry. In a few moments see how naturally fresh and clean your hands smell—no lingering odor or perfume.

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**NEW 1942  
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**NEW** ADDED INGREDIENT  
**NEW** VANISHING SCENT  
**SAME** PROTECTIVE LATHER

**FROM HEAD TO TOE IT STOPS "B.O."**

changed everything. The Amberson mansion, once the showplace of a wealthy residential section, was hemmed in by factories whose smoke grimed its walls; and as the Amberson fortunes had declined those of Eugene Morgan had risen. In the factories that surrounded the Amberson estate he turned out automobiles by the hundreds, but his new Georgian house of mellow brick was miles away, safe from the noise and dirt.

These outward changes made no impression on Isabel, for she was too ill to leave her room. George, half frantic with fear, devoted himself to her more assiduously than ever. In one respect only did he oppose her: Even though Eugene called daily and even though Isabel spoke wistfully of seeing him, George would not permit their meeting. Even on the day of her death when, knowing that there were only a few hours left to her, George would gladly have given his life to prolong hers, he had Eugene turned away from the house. It was only after she died, when he had nothing but the agonizing memory of her last whispered, "George, my dearest son," that awareness wept over him and he realized at last the full extent of the unhappiness his domination had caused her.

Major Amberson's death followed Isabel's by only a few short weeks and it was then that the complete wreckage of the Amberson fortunes was discovered. Nothing was left; even the house itself must go.

Jack Amberson decided to leave Midland, impelled not so much by the hope that he would become prosperous elsewhere as by the feeling that it would be easier to endure poverty in strange surroundings. George went with him to the station and there Jack borrowed a hundred dollars—the last hundred dollars,

almost the last dollar that George had.

"I'll say one thing for you, George," Jack said gratefully as he pocketed the money, "you haven't a stingy bone in your body. However," abruptly he turned serious, "since we are saying good-by, I believe I'll tell you that I've always been pretty fond of you, George. You've had a pretty tough jolt and you've taken it like a soldier and—well, I'm still fond of you, but, more than that, I like you now."

Uncle Jack's remark that George had met trouble like a soldier was no more than just. His mother's death had made a great change in him, as though some blind instinct to atone for the misery his selfishness had brought her had created within him patience and understanding. Ever since the full extent of the family's disastrous situation had been made clear to him he had gone his way quietly, without complaint or recrimination, trying to devise some way out of it. He had found a job in the office of a Midland attorney who was an old friend of the Ambersons and now, having put his uncle onto his train, he walked slowly home to discuss with Aunt Fanny plans for their future.

He found her slumped at the dining-room table. She had been crying, he noticed, but when he came in she made a gallant effort to appear cheerful.

"I've found us a place to live, Georgie," she said. "It's a boarding house—really a very nice one. It's only \$36 a month and meals will be \$22.50 a month for each of us."

George did some rapid mental figuring. "That's more than we can pay, Aunt Fanny."

Aunt Fanny began to cry again. "Your mother would have wanted us to be together, would have wanted me to make a

home for you," she said brokenly. "Can't you see, Georgie, that I'm only trying to do what she would want me to do?"

"The only thing I can see," George replied wearily, "is that we'll need a hundred dollars a month to live in that boarding house—and I'll be making \$32."

Aunt Fanny didn't say anything. She buried her head in her arms and George could hear her sobbing softly. At last he stood up. "Don't worry," he said soothingly. "I think you can have your boarding house. I've just thought of a plan."

George's plan was simple. There was a new company in Midland which manufactured dangerous chemicals. Because the work was so hazardous they offered high wages. So next morning George resigned his clerical position and became a worker in the chemical plant. That afternoon he and Aunt Fanny moved to the boarding house she had selected and as soon as they were settled George returned to the Amberson mansion. It was the last time he would ever visit it, for on the following day it would be dismantled and then—then he would never want to see it again. He walked with bowed head through strange grimy streets which once had been beautiful. Stately houses in which he had visited were now drab, housing furtive little shops, and instead of being greeted by acquaintances he was unrecognized by any of the blowzy people who lounged on the sidewalks.

When he reached the Amberson mansion he went directly to his mother's room. Everything would be changed tomorrow, but tonight it was as she had left it. He felt his way through the gathering dusk, reached the bed and sank to his knees, resting his head against the satin coverlet, half believing that his mother might stretch out a frail hand to him as she had done in the past.





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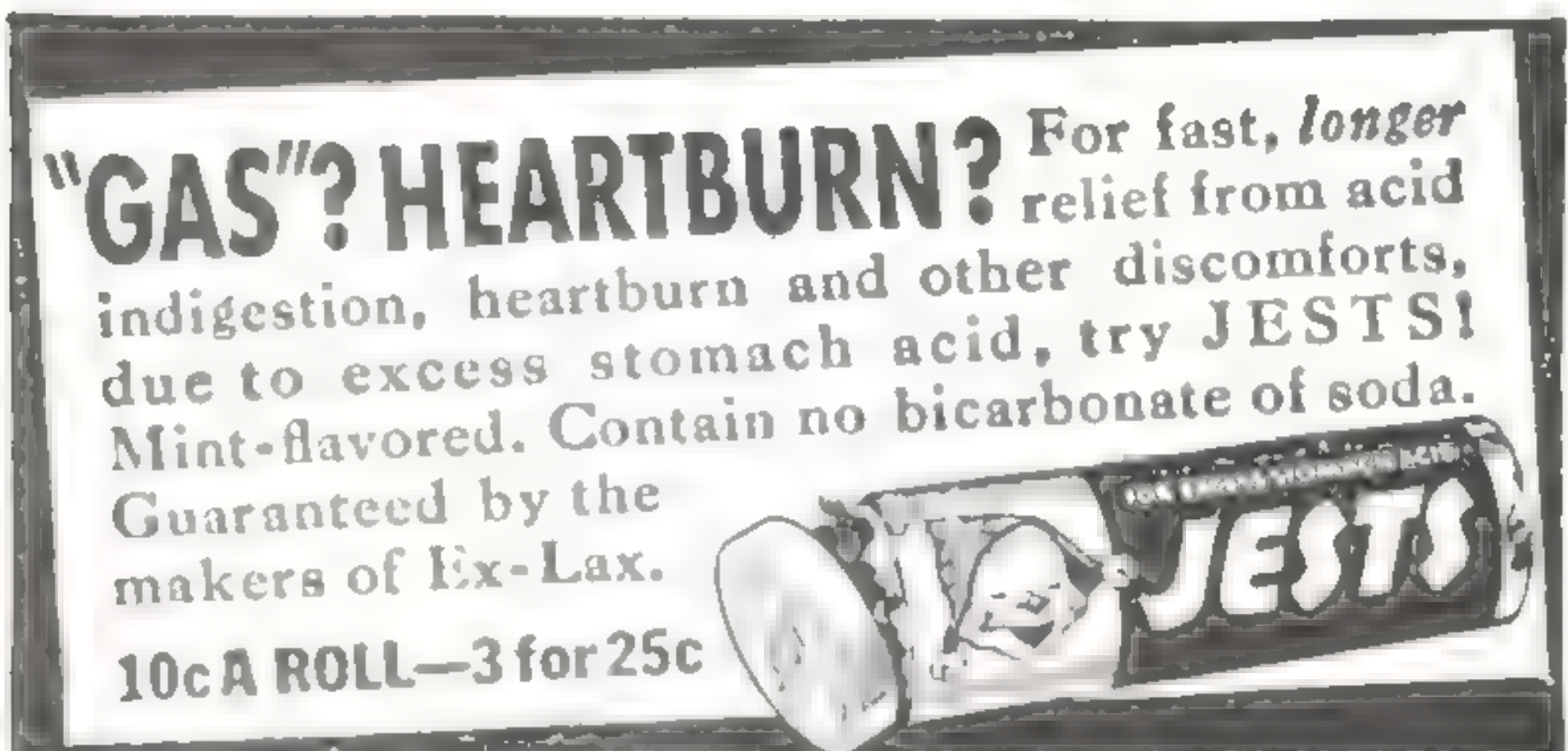
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The McCleary Clinic, C405 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo., is putting out a new book, **FREE**, to anyone afflicted with Piles, Fistula and other rectal or colon troubles. Write them today.—Adv.

And that was the moment that all Midland had awaited for years, the moment when George Amberson Minafer got his "come-uppance." But no one was ever to know about it, for there was no one to hear the tortured voice crying out in that darkened room, "Mother, forgive me. God, forgive me."

**EUGENE MORGAN** was alone in his office when his eyes were suddenly drawn to an item in the newspaper which had just been placed on his desk. His face tensed and he read the paragraph again:

G. A. Minafer, an employee of the Akers Chemical Co., was run down by an automobile today and had both legs broken. He was taken to City Hospital

As the full meaning of those few impersonal words forced its way into Eugene's mind he sank slowly back into his chair, only to spring up at once and rush out of the office.

His car was just pulling up in front of the building and almost before it stopped Eugene hurled himself into the tonneau. "City Hospital," he ordered the chauffeur. "It's on Walnut Drive."

"I know where it is," the man said. "I just took Miss Lucy there." Eugene looked up sharply; he had hoped that Lucy would not see the item in the paper.

When the nurse admitted Eugene to the hospital room Lucy was seated by George's bed. She was leaning toward him, her hands tangled in his, and so deep was their absorption in each other that it wasn't until the door clicked behind the departing nurse that they looked up. For a moment silence held the three. George lifted one hand in a gesture half forbidding and half imploring, then let his arm drop back onto the covers. His face was drawn with suffering, not alone the physical suffering of the moment but the mental and spiritual pain of the past few months, yet it reminded Eugene poignantly of Isabel's beloved features. Suddenly Eugene felt all the bitterness he had nursed against George slipping away from him and full of compassion for the younger man he stepped forward.

"You must have thought my mother—wanted you to come," George whispered brokenly, "so that I could ask you to—forgive me."

Lucy shook her head. Her eyes were radiant with a radiance that was new to her. "Not to ask forgiveness," she whispered gently. "Just to take his hand—like this—" and she guided George's hand to meet her father's in a strong clasp that closed forever the gulf that had separated them.

In an ecstasy of happiness Lucy threw her arms around her father and the next moment she was kneeling by George's bed, her eager young arms cradling him against her and her lips pressed close on his.

Late that night Eugene sat at the desk in his library, his diary open before him. He had felt very close to Isabel these last few hours, seemed actually to sense her presence in the room. At last he began to write: "Dearest Isabel—Your boy was hurt this afternoon—" the words flowed on, describing the accident and the scene in the hospital as carefully as if it were a letter that Isabel would read. Finished, he read over what he had written, then with a tender smile he added a final sentence: "I know now that I've been true at last to my love and that through me you have brought your boy under shelter again."

The End.

## CAROLE LOMBARD'S

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fiction form

READ

## "To Be or Not To Be"

—the illustrated story based on the great Ernst Lubitsch production, exclusive in April issue of **STARDOM**, Hollywood's Most Exciting Magazine of Facts, Fiction and Photos, in full four colors—the movie magazine you've been waiting for.

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## Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 20) roles as "Le Demon De Midi" by Paul Bourget or the part of Ulysses in the great Greek tragedy. I'm so sure he could do such good performances in those roles.

And I thank your magazine if you let me tell North America how South America feels about the greatest actor in the world, Mr. Fredric March.

A. O. F.,  
Ovalle, Chile

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#### In the Name of Hollywood!

**W**ELL, really! First, "Ninotchka"; now "Two-Faced Woman"! What in the name of Hollywood are they doing to the Solitary Swede?

That sort of thing is tailor-made for the bright young comedienne whose forte is nonsense, but why throw into them the talents of a Garbo? This deliberate miscasting of a great tragedienne is a mistake—what did "The Bride Came C.O.D." do for Davis?

And an added sacrilege it is to bury her outstanding features under an unbecoming mop of untidy hair, à la Claudette Colbert. Garbo, in the past, has had a strange, exotic sort of beauty. Now she looks ungainly and common.

True, Garbo may make the most of her harebrained roles. But remembering "Camille"—well, this, Hollywood, is too much!

ISABELL GOUNDRY,  
Melville, Sask., Canada

### \$1.00 PRIZE

#### Sights of the Year

**A**FTER the 1941 movie season, I can honestly say I've seen everything! I've seen Bob Taylor without a tuxedo in "Billy The Kid"; and Spencer Tracy with buck teeth in "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde." I've seen Nazi villain Paul Henreid cause more feminine heart palpitations than the hero in "Night Train." I've seen Marlene Dietrich fall down the stairs in "Manpower"; Greta Garbo become "Mae West-sh" in "Two-Faced Woman"; and a movie about politics that didn't bore me stiff in Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane."

And now, to top off the old year with luscious cherry, I've seen a good-looking fellow who can act, a youngster with more talent burning in his heart than all the movie veterans put together—my favorite star William Holden in "I Wanted Wings," "Arizona" and "Texas!"

DELIGHT SHEPARD,  
Ellensburg, Wash.

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#### In Tune

**CALL** for a toast to some of the people who rarely are mentioned in connection with the success of a movie.

They are the music directors. I fail to see where such a film as "The Maltese Falcon," a wonderful whodunit, would have gotten had it not been for Adolph Metch, the music magician in that case. A toast to whoever was responsible for the mood music in such films as "Rebecca," "Dark Victory" and numerous other dramatic offerings, where the play would have been for naught had not the thread been kept moving with the exact score. Whoever created the composition that kept recurring in "My Favorite Wife" deserves a special hosanna. The theme of that piece is beautiful enough to be built into a composition of its own.

So, hats off to Max Steiner of Warners and to all the others whose names I do

Haenigsen

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JULE MARIE LACEY,  
Kansas City, Mo.

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New View on Lamarr

WHO would have thought that Hedy Lamarr could dominate a film not only with her beauty but with her acting as well? Who would have thought that this woman of allure and exotic beauty could stand up and hold her own and finally overshadow such fine performers as Robert Young, Charles Coburn and Ruth Hussey? Who would have thought her portrayal of *Marvin Myles* in "H. M. Pulham, Esq." would be the characterization that would stand foremost in your mind when the film was over?

For me, this new Hedy Lamarr is the happiest discovery of the new movie season. "H. M. Pulham, Esq." will remain forever in my mind as the picture that discovered Hedy Lamarr. I sincerely hope the producers will find more such parts for her and permit her to attain her rightful place in the movie sun as an actress of intelligence and imagination.

THELMA LOUISE SMITH,  
Memphis, Tenn.

\$1.00 PRIZE

"A Big Mistake"

DEAR MR. PRODUCERS,  
Have you gone completely crazy? Look what you're doing to some of your most promising actors. There are hundreds of glamour gals heading your list of actresses and you wouldn't think of casting any one of them in a B picture. Alice Faye, Betty Grable, Loretta Young, Deanna Durbin and countless others top that list and are equally popular, equally well publicized and get A pictures only.

Why do you treat your male actors in the opposite manner? Clark Gable, Tyrone Power, Robert Taylor and very few others head your list of cinema males. And you let stars like delightful Dennis Morgan, grand actor George Sanders, exciting John Wayne and others go to waste in B pictures or supporting roles. You're making a big mistake.

Won't you please do something about this ridiculous situation? Give these fellows a chance to prove their acting ability in pictures that are worthy of them and give the fans a break.

BARBARA FRAZIER,  
Des Moines, Ia.

HONORABLE MENTION

OUR heartfelt sympathy goes out to Clark Gable. There is just one thing that I—and I sincerely think many others of Carole Lombard's numerous fans—would like, and that is to show her last film—"To Be Or Not To Be" and to show her other films. Bring back Lombard, Harlow, Dressler and Rogers. We fans want to see our great stars—even if they have passed on. So please show us her other films. Carole Lombard may have passed on but she hasn't passed on in our hearts. I don't care if I don't win a prize for this, because I just want the fans of Miss Lombard to know that we are still thinking of her. She was and still is a great and beautiful person. Clark Gable was very lucky to have had her for his wife as long as he had. He still has her in memory though I sure hope he will not quit the movies. We have to



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darling, Carole Lombard Gable.

WAYNE MAGNUSON,  
Minneapolis, Minn.

MR. WALLACE KIRK'S letter in the  
February issue of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE  
MIRROR attacking Spencer Tracy's char-  
acterization of "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde"  
made me slightly hot under the collar.  
I have always been an avid admirer of  
Spencer Tracy and I still think he is the  
greatest actor in the business. I thought  
from the start when I learned that  
Spencer Tracy was to play the title role  
in "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde" that this  
was a serious mistake of casting. But the  
star should not be blamed for the errors  
in judgment of the men who have the  
final say on the parts their actors will  
portray. It also strikes me as extremely  
unfair to pounce upon a star of Tracy's  
proven caliber just for one somewhat  
inferior film.

STANLEY MONROE,  
Weatherford, Okla.

## The Truth about "Difficult" Stars

(Continued from page 67) romance that  
will definitely start the red blood pump-  
ing through our Ginger's veins again.  
Once the veneer of calm, judicial  
unanimity is melted by love, we'll find  
the warm, impulsive, human, friendly  
Ginger underneath—we hope.

RED ASTAIRE'S failure to co-operate  
is less disturbing than Ginger's—be-  
cause that's his natural stance. From his  
first day in pictures Fred presented a  
problem.

Because he is exacting and hypercritical  
to the point of being finicky. Everything  
must be explicit, definite, accurate, per-  
fect. The word "leeway" doesn't exist in  
Fred's vocabulary.

His marvelous dancing is the result  
of this quality of exactness—as is also a  
lack of gray hair, jittery nerves and baffled  
expressions on the faces of studio workers  
and writers.

Add to this phobia for preciseness the  
fact that he say or do something that will  
make him appear feminine or foolish—  
as the habit of changing his mind—and  
you'll understand why Hollywood finds  
him out of step with its love for latitude.  
Ronald Colman is also consistent in not  
operating. He has always hidden be-  
hind his well-known "English reserve,"  
which he has assiduously kept alive dur-  
ing the many years he has been in  
America. His "old chap, nobody would  
be interested in my humdrum private  
life" has served him as an excellent guard  
for years.

And, of course, Ronnie's bearing and  
manner have never been an invitation  
to a grip or juicer to slap him on the  
back with the suggestion, "Let's start a  
game of pinochle, kid."

Bing Crosby's getting on the least co-  
operative list is just one of those things—  
it doesn't in the least reflect on his  
popularity. He's probably the best liked  
star in Hollywood, with everybody on the  
amount lot, from Oscar, the shoe  
shiner, to Buddy De Sylva, the big chief,  
willing to fight to prove it. Bing is the  
man in Democratic. He's the pal of every  
man, woman and child in his studio.

But—strictly on the Q.T.—he's gosh-  
darned lazy. He just "doan wanna" pose  
for photographs or rack his brain for  
copy material. And, being absolutely  
honest, he won't produce fake alibis,  
he promises that he doesn't intend to

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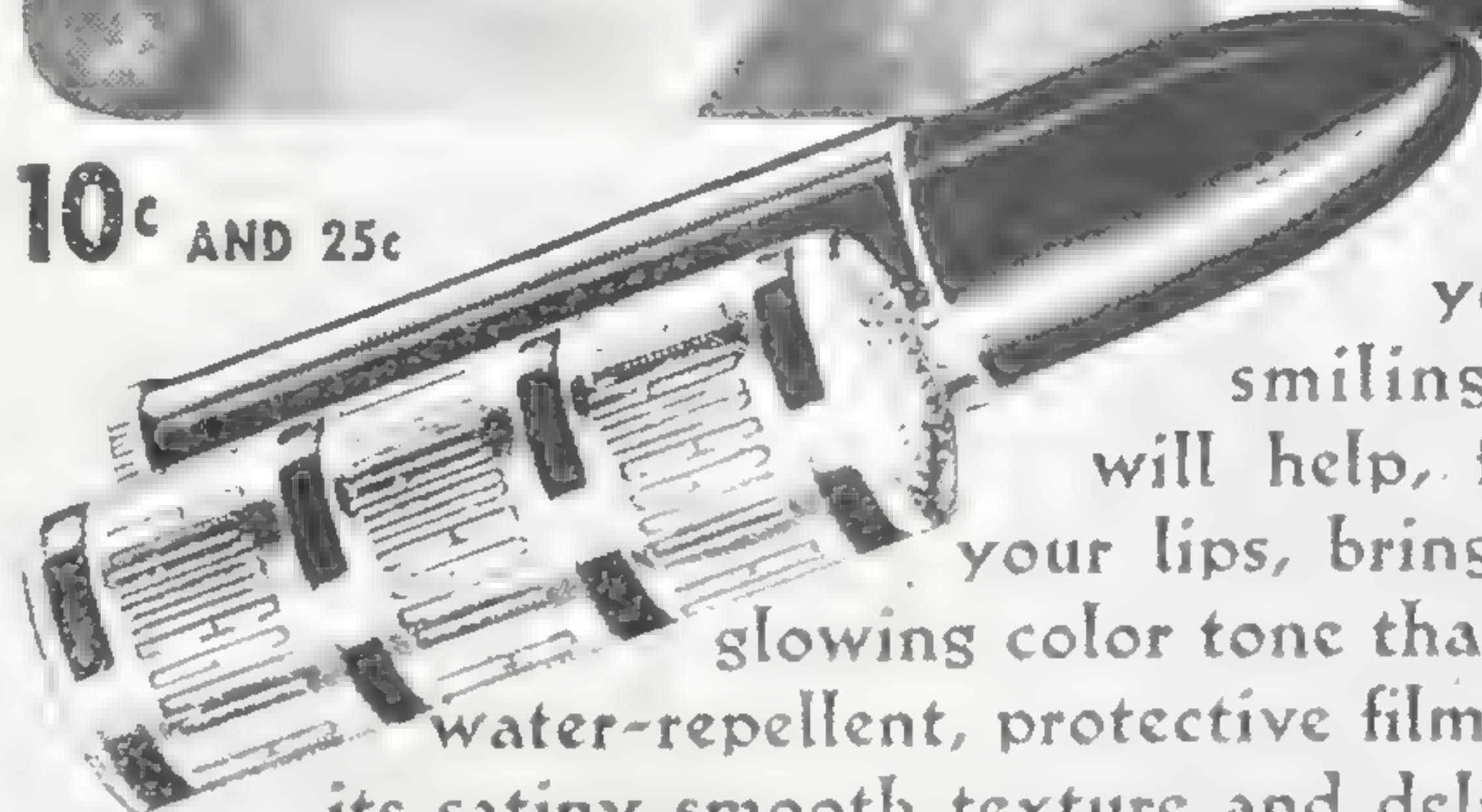
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keep, or pass the buck. He just says: "Aw, gee, I can't think of anything," to writers and responds to photographers trying to get him into the gallery for a sitting with, "You don't want a picture of me—I look like the deuce. Shoot somebody with sex appeal, like Bob Hope or Madeleine Carroll. Nobody wants to see my mug."

However, if a writer or photographer is in a spot where he really must have copy, he positively can depend upon Bing to give—though under protest.

Gary Cooper can be regarded in the same class as Bing—nice, but hopeless. Gary is willing, but spilling half a dozen words is an all-out effort for him.

Jimmy Cagney is also barren ground now, because he says he has been all photographed and written out. There's nothing new about his life or his face, he claims. However, Jimmy's failure to co-operate is more than offset by his willingness to go to almost any effort to encourage or help those who need it.

Charles Boyer is not particularly helpful because he is always preoccupied, walking nervously about the set, smoking cigarettes and mumbling his lines.

**SOMETIMES** the things that happen to movie players during their early struggles is responsible for their seemingly "difficult" attitude. Dorothy Comingore's success in "Citizen Kane" couldn't neutralize the bitter pills she had swallowed at Warners and Columbia—and in attempting to guard herself against being imposed upon again, she took bad advice and became exacting. The result was that one of the nicest and friendliest girls in Hollywood went under a studio suspension that put an abrupt brake on a promising career. Almost eight months passed before she was tested for the feminine lead opposite Henry Fonda in "It Comes Up Love."

Other players, not so courageous as the beautiful Comingore, take their acid out on fellow workers—and even on the public, a practice that backfires, sometimes with disastrous results.

One of the "runners-up" in the Hollywood Women's Press Club's vote on the least co-operative stars in pictures discovered this in no uncertain way. She wasn't friendly with her fellow players and had only one word—"No,"—for writers and publicity workers.

Came the day she happened to be out of cigarettes. She turned to the publicity unit man on the picture and said: "Let me have a cigarette, will you?"

"No."

She whipped about and stared at the man in surprise. "What did you say?" she asked.

"I said, 'No.'"

"You mean you won't let me have a cigarette?"

"You have the idea."

"But—why?"

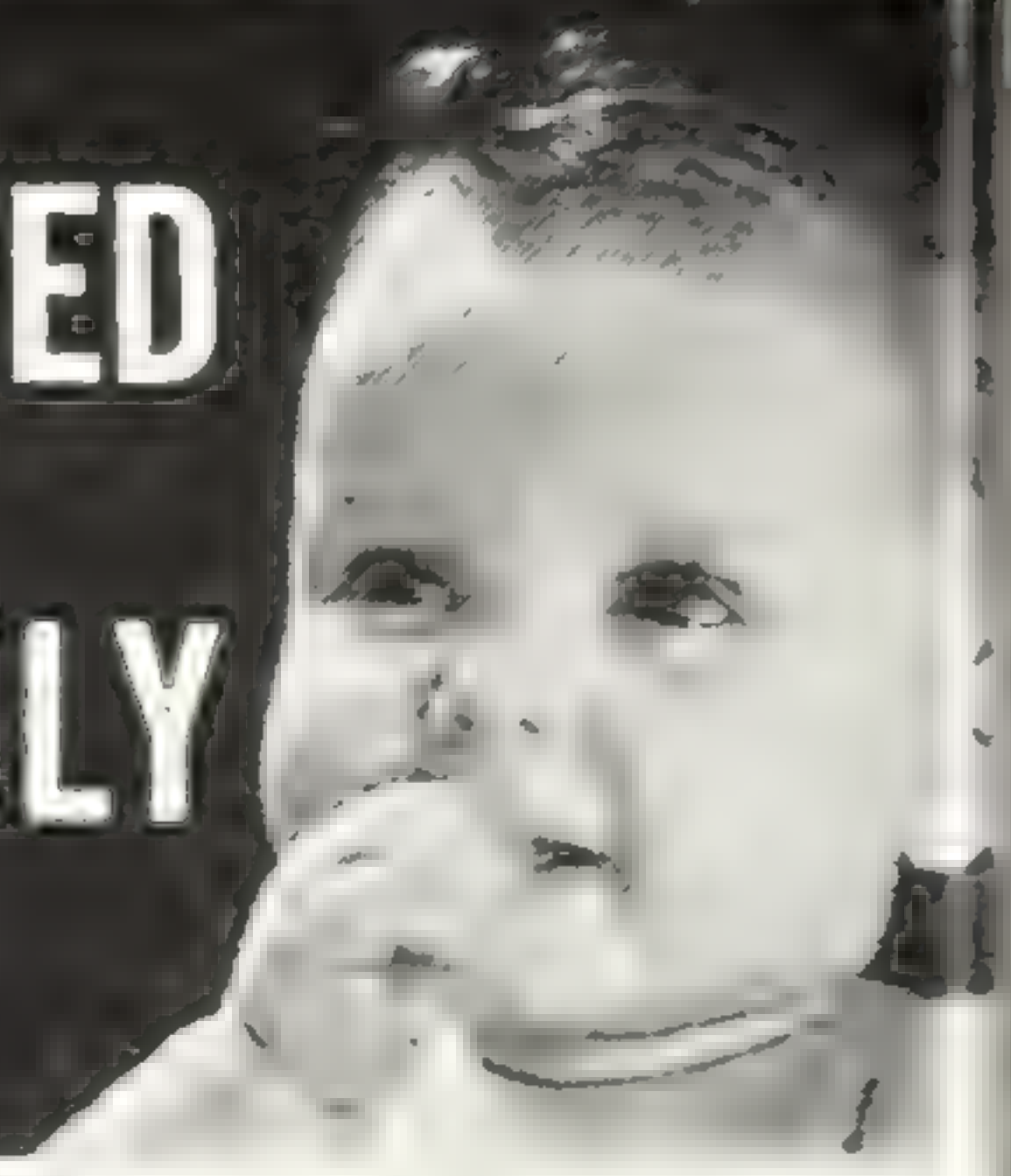
"Because I don't like you."

"Why don't you like me?"

"Because you're inconsiderate—because you refuse to see the other fellow's side. You make it tough for me by refusing to co-operate. I have my living to make—and I depend on my job. Part of that job is getting publicity for you. I'm doing the best I can, trying to do things for you, and all you ever say is 'No.' So I thought I'd let you see how 'No' feels. I'm only sorry I can refuse you so unimportant a thing as a cigarette."

**WITH** that the publicity man left the set and went to the publicity department, where he told his fellow workers what he had done. A girl member of the force immediately went to a newsstand and bought the latest paper, which hap-

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ened to carry a rather startling headline. With this folded so that only half the large, bold type head showed, she took position on the set where the star must see her, knowing this particular player's weakness.

The star had difficulty keeping her eyes off that paper during the take—and immediately after it was over she hurried over to the girl, hand outstretched.

"May I see that headline?" she asked. "No!" And the girl walked off the set, paper still folded.

The star realized something was up but figured it would blow over. So, about a week later, instead of going to the photograph gallery where the photographer had put everything else aside for her sitting, she sent her maid over to say she couldn't get there.

As this wasn't the first time this particular star had shown such lack of consideration, the photographer exploded. "You tell her to go to blazes," he instructed the maid.

The maid did so and the star immediately phoned the gallery in highudgeon. "Did you send an impertinent message by my maid?" she demanded.

"No," came back over the phone, "I restrained myself. I just told her to tell you to go to blazes." And he slammed the receiver.

Two days later that photographer received the gift of a radio from the difficult star and for a time, at least, publicity workers found her more co-operative. He had discovered that she wasn't the only person who could dislike people.

Marlene Dietrich's being difficult dates back to her days with von Sternberg, when glamour and temperament were regarded as inseparable. Immediately following the breaking up of the Dietrich-von Sternberg combination, Marlene became unapproachable and went into practical seclusion.

Since her return to the screen in broad comedy, Marlene has developed an amazing camaraderie with set and studio workers and is becoming a great favorite at studios where she was heretofore regarded as poison.

But as there are ashes in her past she doesn't want stirred up and private rooms in her life she doesn't want invaded, Marlene is still wary of the press—and is apt to be "difficult" for writers.

Garbo, of course, has always set the high for being difficult. She is regarded as impossible that she is never included in any comparisons with other players.

Like Marlene Dietrich, Jean Arthur also has things in her background she would rather have forgotten. (For that matter, haven't we all?) This, plus a fear of the word and an almost paralyzing self-consciousness, has made Jean unresponsive to personal contact and poor company, a combination that will get any player on the "least co-operative" list.

But after making allowances for all the reasons why stars get that way, the average movie-goer is likely to ask: "Isn't being a motion-picture star a rather unattractive career for people who can't stand the glare of publicity? And since their popularity is due largely to our interest in their personalities—which must include interest in their private lives—isn't it their advantage to have us curious regarding them? And since they need our support, shouldn't they be willing to undergo a little inconvenience to humor us?"

The answer to all this is, of course, a loud yes. And most stars feel that way about it. Those who don't generally find no helping hands extended when the red carpet trail turns down.

THE END

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TINTS & DYES

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**externally-caused**  
**blemishes**

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Noxzema does so much for poor skin because it's *not just a cosmetic cream*. It's *medicated*—not only helps smooth and soften rough, dry skin, but also *helps heal externally-caused pimples and blemishes*. And in addition it has a mildly astringent action!

Try using Noxzema for just 10 days, as a night cream and as a delightful, protective

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**SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER**—For a *limited time* you can get a generous 25¢ jar of Noxzema for only 19¢ (plus tax) at any drug or cosmetic counter. Give Noxzema a chance to help *your* complexion. Get a jar today!







Elyse Knox' glorious hair charmingly illustrates the exquisite beauty possible in hair of her shade. If you want lovely, lustrous hair, then use a shampoo made especially to bring out the full beauty of your shade. Golden Glint Shampoo offers you these 12 delightful shade selections in 10c and 25c sizes.

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| 4. Golden Brown | 10. Dark Auburn  |
| 5. Nut Brown    | 11. Light Auburn |
| 6. Silver       | 12. Lustre Glint |

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# 79¢

Design Pat. 0-120308

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## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 23)

### ✓ Joe Smith, American (M-G-M)

It's About: An average American who lives up to his ideals.

ROBERT YOUNG is an average Joe America, living quietly in his home, loving his family and doing his job well; so well, in fact, he's promoted in the defense plant to work on the installation of bomb sights.

Then one night Young, quiet in his views and patriotism, is given the chance to prove his Americanship. He is kidnapped by enemy agents and beaten almost to death because he will not reveal details concerning the bomb sight. Nevertheless, he keeps his wits about him and is able, once he escapes, to retrace the route taken by the spies, which leads to their capture.

Young is America's family man true to life and gives a bang-up performance. Marsha Hunt is very good as his wife, Darryl Hickman is very likable as the son.

Quite forcibly the film brings home to us the lesson that each of us loyal Americans may be called upon one day soon to prove—the depth and sincerity of our love for our country. Like Young, none among us will fail.

Your Reviewer Says. V for Very Special.

### ✓ Son Of Fury (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: An English lad who is cheated out of his inheritance.

FURY is right. If ever there was a "movie-movie" this is it, with fists flying in all directions (mainly toward Mr. Tyrone Power's chin), with romance, adventure and—well, no, not comedy. And what a relief it is to have no unnecessary comedy antics dragged in by the tail.

The story begins in England during the reign of George III and very tight pants. George Sanders is a cruel baronet who has robbed his older brother's son of his rightful name and estate.

Finding him as a small boy living with his grandfather, Sanders brings him to his estate as a stable boy, abusing him on every occasion. Finally, the lad, who grows up to be Tyrone Power, turns on Sanders in an attempted assault and must flee England to escape hanging. In company with John Carradine, he finds his way to a tropical island where he gathers a fortune in pearls. Returning to England, he wins his name and right to his estate in court and then makes a great decision in life. That we leave to you to find out.

One of the toughest screen fights seen takes place between nasty old Sanders and Tyrone. What a brawl, boys and girls, what a bra-awl!

Gene Tierney is lovely as the island beauty. Frances Farmer is perfect as the English cold potato.

For good old-fashioned movie fare it will prove hard to beat. And wait till you see Tyrone and Gene in sarongs.

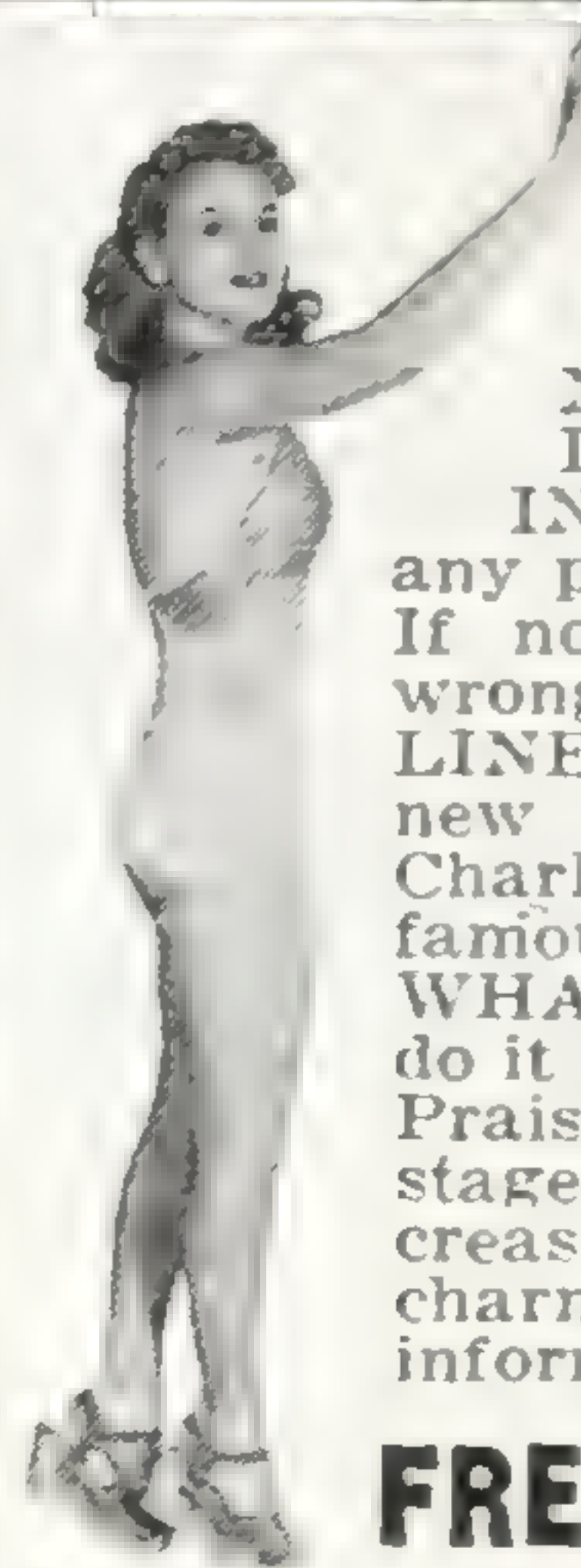
Roddy McDowall is very good as the youthful Tyrone.

Your Reviewer Says: A rip-snorter with a calm, cool breeze.

### ✓ We Were Dancing (M-G-M)

It's About: The pecuniary and matrimonial troubles of two titled refugees.

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NOW it is possible to LOSE POUNDS and INCHES of ugly fat from any part of the body desired. If nothing is organically wrong you can STREAM-LINE YOUR FIGURE to new glamor and loveliness. Charles Postl's nationally famous course shows you WHAT to do and HOW to do it to attain a lovely figure. Praised by many stars of stage, screen and radio. Increase your popularity and charm. Send for FULL, free information TODAY!

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Write TODAY for FREE information on how to get this famous method of attaining a body beautiful. Enclose only 10c to help cover cost of packing and mailing and we will send you a portrait size picture of the glamorous star, now appearing in the Columbia picture "Harvard, Here I Come," who possesses one of the most perfect figures in America. With this picture will come complete information on how to get Mr. Postl's great body beautifying method. ACT NOW. Address: W. J. Fitzpatrick Co., Dept. P.M., 111 N. Canal St., Chicago, Illinois.

## 12 YOUNG MOTHER HELP FOR 10c

A dozen leaflets, written by Mrs. Louise Branch, own Baby Page Editor, have been reprinted and made available to readers, all 12 for only 10c. Send stamp coin, mentioning the ages of your children, to:

Reader Service, Dept. PM-044, Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York.

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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



IT seems utterly impossible, on the screen, for Melvyn Douglas to keep out of beds—twin, double, other people's, or folding. If there's a bedroom scene around, Melvyn is sure to be in it and "We Were Dancing" abounds in them. The story serves also to bring Norma Shearer back to the screen in the type of gay sophisticated comedy that made her famous. Based in part on one of the Noel Coward one-act plays grouped under the title, "Tonight At 8:30," the story tells of Melvyn (a Viennese baron) and Norma (a Polish countess) eloping on the eve of Norma's wedding to wealthy Lee Bowman. Together the pair makes a profession of being house guests of the rich, which works splendidly until Melvyn meets his old flame Gail Patrick who contrives to separate the pair.

On the eve Norma is, for the second time, about to marry Lee Bowman, she again meets Melvyn—but pish, tush, you know how it is with these mad-matters of the screen. Some very good entertainment goes into the troubles of the two, but do you know what? We betcha men won't like it for two cents. It's so un-Americanly silly. Shearer, incidentally, has never been so advantageously photographed.

Our Reviewer Says: Too utterly utter and all that sort of rot, my deah!

## The Lady Is Willing (Columbia)

About: An actress who adopts a baby and a husband.

HOLLYWOOD'S Standardized Plot Number Three is dragged out again for the customers to yawn at. In fact, quite a lot of bored previewers sauntered out midway through the epic that concerns itself with an actress who finds a baby and subsequently marries a baby specialist for two reasons. First, in order that she may have the husband required by law for legal adoption of the child and, secondly, that a doctor for the baby will always be handy.

Fred MacMurray's swell performance as the doctor is wasted. Dietrich seems more human and less ornamental than usual, but even that doesn't help.

Arline Judge has two small sequences. Gene MacMahon is good as the secretary.

Our Reviewer Says: The audiences aren't liking.

## Salute To Courage (M-G-M)

About: Twin brothers, pro- and anti-Nazi.

WHEN Hollywood runs out of ideas (which is frequently, friends in distress), it shoots right back to the twin brother or sister idea and lets go the works.

We doubt, however, if ever a dual theme, that of twin brothers, has been so expertly handled as it is by Mr. Conrad Veidt, who displays a marked spiritual as well as physical dissimilarity in the pair—one a Nazi meanie and the other a loyal American.

It comes eventually to the place where the brother must exterminate the other and then assume his role in order to fool the enemy. Veidt is so good he lifts what would have been another ordinary anti-Nazi film (or are you tired of them?) into something pretty interesting and, we say, s-nazi?

Ann Ayars is the spy caught in a spider's web of intrigue and very good she is, but it's Veidt's picture because,

# "Middle-Age" Women (38-52) YEARS OLD

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through sheer ability, he makes it so.

Your Reviewer Says: Salute to Veidt.

## A Yank On The Burma Road (M-G-M)

It's About: A New York taxicab hero who becomes a pilot on the Burma Road.

It is quite obvious that a lot of last-minute finagling went into this film to bring it up to date, but it is impressive to hear for the first time in a movie the announcement of the Pearl Harbor bombing.

Barry Nelson, a pugnacious but promising newcomer, is a New York cab driver who captures singlehanded two tough gangsters wanted by the police. As a result of his deed, he is offered the job of piloting a fleet of trucks over the Burma Road. Whom should he meet over there but Laraine Day whose husband is flying for the Japs. Ordered to leave the country, she instead prevails upon Nelson to fly her to Chungking to see her husband. Her love dies, however, when she discovers how brutally he has bombed defenseless women and children. Nelson steps in, of course, and fills the romantic niche left vacant by the rat for the Japs.

Oh, I don't know. What do you think? Sounds like a lot of cheese, doesn't it?

Your Reviewer Says: Timely, if not too well done.

## ✓ Born To Sing (M-G-M)

It's About: Young people who right a wrong with the aid of a gangster.

THE surprise gift in your bag of entertainment popcorn turns out to be a clever little comedy-musical with bright young people taking over the leads and scoring brightly right up to a dull, meaningless end which, alas, is manhandled by adults. As long as Ray McDonald, Virginia Weidler, Leo Gorcey and "Rags" Ragland are at the helm, things hum. A tiny panic called Richard Hall practically killed us with his quaint dialogue and musical ability.

The story has the three lads, Leo, Ray and "Rags," trying to get back from a crooked show producer the music written by Miss Weidler's father, Henry O'Neill. When the boys are framed on an extortion charge, gangster Sheldon Leonard comes to the rescue, detours the crook's Park Ave. audience to the kids' show and all turns out well—until the boring finale in which Americans are told they're Americans.

Leo Gorcey is funny to look at and to hear and Ray McDonald dances so very cleverly.

Douglas McPhail has a splendid voice but should have been saved for some other story.

Your Reviewer Says: Youth comes across.

## ✓ The Remarkable Andrew (Paramount)

It's About: A lad who is sustained through the ghost of Andrew Jackson.

THE fact that this is too closely akin in several sequences to the picture "All That Money Can Buy" and that it includes a dated pre-war allusion or two robs this honey of a little picture of originality and timeliness.

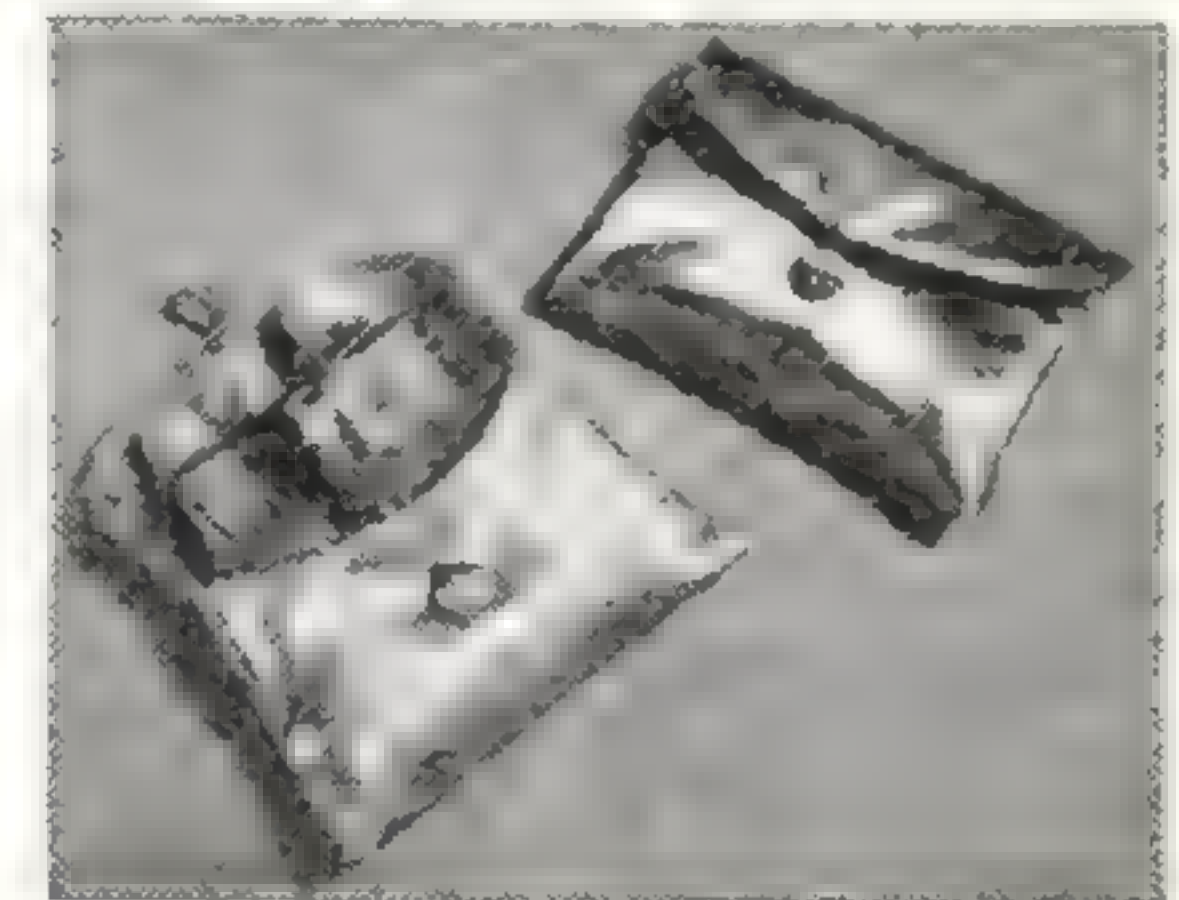
William Holden is a fine actor and as the small-town boy who fights every politician in town for the sake of honesty, young Holden proves himself again. When



## Star Finds IN THE STORES

BY MARION HAMMON

● **PURSE CATCH-ALL:** Well-groomed lassies consider a change of polish as essential to beauty as a change of accessories. Revlon simplifies the whole thing with a purse-catch-all envelope of lustrous rayon satin, faille contrast lining with pockets holding Revlon polish and remover. Comes in black with scarlet, navy



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★ ★ ★  
● **RETOUCH BOXES:** Come spring and one thing you're sure to need—a different shade of face powder. Jergens has devised a wonderfully simple way for you to try their face powder shades at little cost. Retouch boxes—those clever little ten-cent sizes of Jergens Face Powder—with a choice of five shades keyed to various types, ranging from tropical brunette to the palest blonde. Jergen's retouch boxes can be found at all 5c & 10c stores.

★ ★ ★  
● **BEAUTY IN A SEASHELL:** That's the name of the new Dorothy Gray Makeup package. The container is a true-to-life seashell and its contents are aimed at making beauties of us all. There's a fat lipstick in a gleaming case and dry rouge in a plastic case. The seashell can be had in six different shades. \$2 at department stores.



★ ★ ★  
● **FOR BETTER BOSOMS:** Not all the weeping and gnashing of teeth about figure problems is done by gals whose curves are too ample. It's the have-nots who do a goodly share of complaining that they can't wear sweaters and figure-revealing dresses. Ruth Merzon, figure analyst and specialist, has designed a brassiere that does wonders for the flat-chested called Curves-2-U. The bra has an invisible built-in wall of aerated foam. It's light and supple and easily laundered. You can order yours, made to your measurements, for \$5.00 from Ruth Merzon, 45 West 57th Street New York, N. Y.

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Bill's predicament becomes too involved, the ghost of his hero, Andrew Jackson, comes to his rescue. Jackson in turn summons George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Judge Marshall and other early-American heroes back to earth to assist Holden in his fight.

Ellen Drew is lovely as the girl who stands by Holden, ghosts or no ghosts. Brian Donlevy as Jackson is so very swell.

Your Reviewer Says: A rare bit of novelty.

## ✓ Valley Of The Sun (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *Romance of the old West.*

**P**ICTURESQUE and romantic with bucketfuls of lighthearted humor is this Western story of romance, with real Indians to add a note of authenticity. The acting is even better than the story, with James Craig the hero, Lucille Ball the heroine, and Dean Jagger a villain, of all things.

Craig, a friend of the Indians, arrives in the town of Yuma in time to prevent the marriage of Lucille (a restaurant cook) to Jagger, a crooked Indian agent. With the aid of Sir Cedric Hardwicke, an Englishman transplanted to the West, Craig escapes Jagger's wrath and incidentally wins his girl.

Craig's fight for Jagger's life with the Indian Geronimo, played by Tom Tyler, is terrifically suspenseful.

Lusty and gusty, "Valley Of The Sun" is an escapist piece of entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: Look, kids, real Indians!

## Road To Happiness (Monogram)

It's About: *A lad who chooses his father's love to his mother's wealth.*

**N**EW FLASH: John Boles is back again, handsomer than ever. In fact, we expect after this picture Mr. Boles will be seen more and more if fans have anything to say about it.

Heartwarming is this story that has John returning from musical studies in Europe to discover his wife has divorced him and placed their son, Billy Lee, in military school. The father brings his son home to a furnished room and sets out to land a job as an opera star.

Mr. Boles sings delightfully. Billy Lee is very good and Roscoe Karns splendid as the agent. Mona Barrie as the selfish wife decorates the scenery in fine style.

Your Reviewer Says: It Boles me over.

## Four Jacks And A Jill (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *A quartette of night-club musicians and a girl who acquires a job through faked publicity.*

**T**HIS is definitely an oldie, having been made and remade throughout the years. Now once again, with the addition of the modern hot language of swing bandsters, it provides a mediocre background for the dancing of Ray Bolger, the deadpan clowning of Eddie Foy, Jr., the promise of Jack Durant as the heavy, the bright, glamorous singing of June Havoc, the inescapable appeal of Desi Arnaz and the beauty of Anne Shirley.

Anne, through a concocted story of having sung before a deposed king, secures a good job for four night-club musicians. Bolger, Foy, Jack Briggs and William Bleas. The success of the four Jacks and a Jill is given a boost when Desi Arnaz, a harum-scarum taxi driver, poses as the deposed king, impressing Fritz Feld, the club owner, out of his

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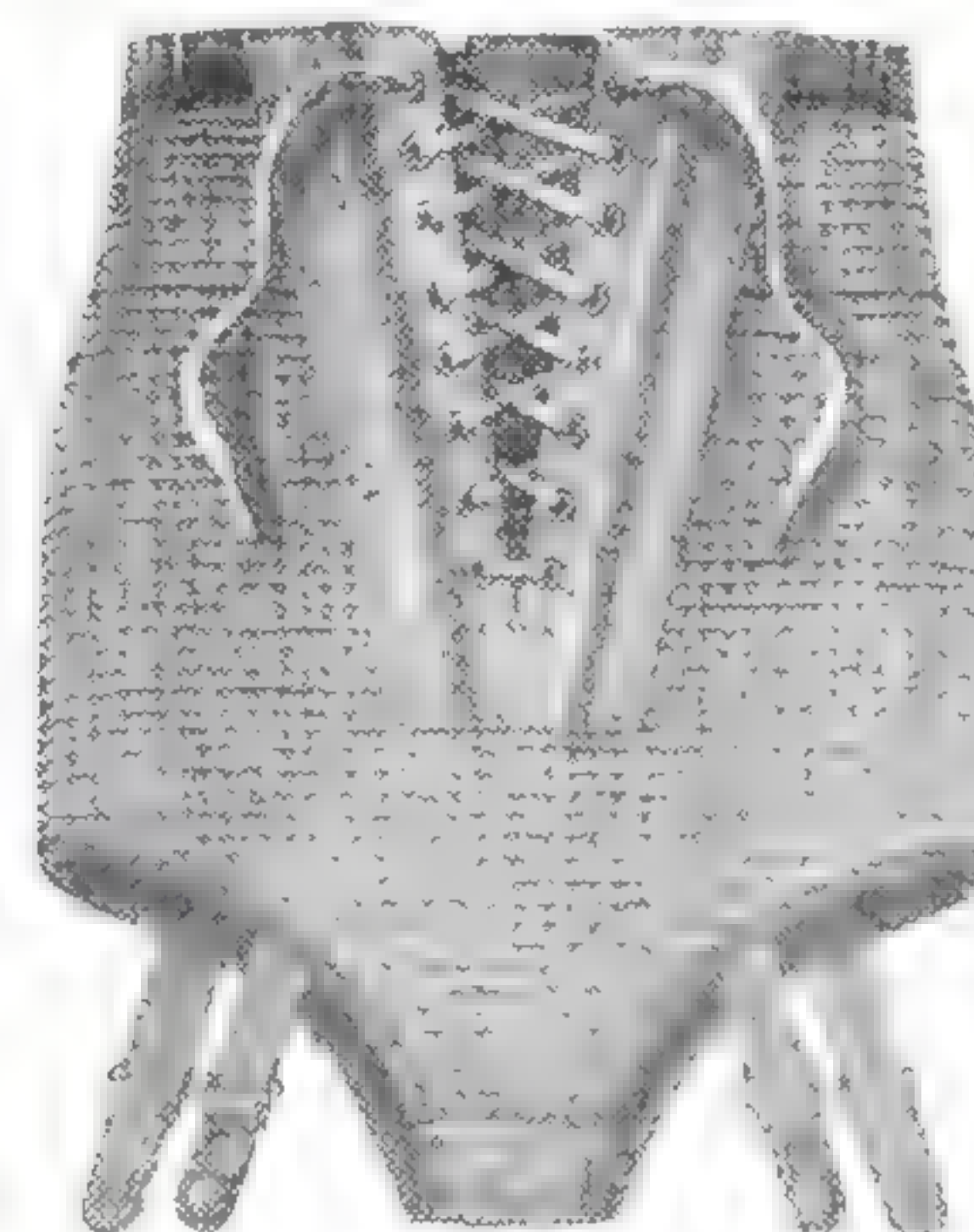
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wits. Of course, no one is terribly surprised when the real ex-monarch appears on the scene and—oh, well, why give away what little fun there is.

The romantic ending seems a bit odd, but every girl to her own taste, we always say.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't rush to see this.

## ✓ **Roxie Hart (20th Century-Fox)**

**It's About:** *The farcical trial of a would-be Chicago murderess.*

**R**EMEMBER the play "Chicago"? Well, this is it, folks, with a face-lifting job and Ginger Rogers thrown in to give it 1942 oomph. The "oomph," while generously smeared on (get the Rogers' gams), gives way to a lot of farcical hysteria that could happen only in Chicago during the amazing twenties, but shouldn't have. Therein lies our chief criticism. Such outright tampering with legal proceedings, such slapstick antics in an American court of justice are rather frightening to behold.

No one could have played Roxie so convincingly as Ginger. Brazen, common, trampish Roxie, who agrees to take a murder rap for the resultant publicity is quite a gal and into her creation Ginger puts ginger—in double doses.

Adolphe Menjou, the theatrical defense attorney; George Montgomery, the reporter who narrates the story; William Frawley, the juror and bartender; George Chandler, the husband; Lynne Overman, the reporter; and Spring Byington, the sob sister, add up to a strong cast in a picture of broad strokes but little depth. Nevertheless, we bet audiences eat it alive.

Your Reviewer Says: Shallow but funny.

## **Treat 'Em Rough (Universal)**

**It's About:** *A young prizefighter who helps clear his father's name.*

**C**UT right to the bone in the telling, with all unnecessary folderol eliminated, this becomes a smartly paced, straight-from-the-shoulder yarn.

Eddie Albert, on the night he wins a prize fight, is summoned home to aid his father whose books show a shortage of a million gallons of oil. With everything pointing to the father's guilt, Eddie and Peggy Moran, a pretty stenographer, gather up a few clues and go to work.

Lloyd Corrigan plays the father. A bit of comedy is injected by William Frawley and Mantan Moreland.

Your Reviewer Says: We like 'em rough.

## **Pacific Blackout (Paramount)**

**It's About:** *How a man found guilty of crime proves his innocence.*

**R**OBERT PRESTON has a vigorous physical quality that aids no end in putting across the character he is portraying, that of the young inventor of an aircraft rangefinder who is framed by a secret Nazi official, Philip Merivale, through night-club singer Eva Gabor. Through Miss Gabor's testimony, Preston is found guilty of murdering his partner, but on his way back to jail the patrol wagon meets with a collision in a practice blackout and Preston gets free.

In the park he meets Martha O'Driscoll who believes Preston is innocent and helps him locate the saboteurs who intend to blow up the city.

Miss O'Driscoll is a beautiful and capable actress. Eva Gabor sings well.

Your Reviewer Says: Lots of get-up-and-go about it.

## **Lady For A Night (Republic)**

**It's About:** *A lady of question who tries to become a lady of quality.*

**A**BOVE all else, Joan Blondell wants to become a lady of Southern gentility. When Ray Middleton, who possesses quality but little cash, loses his all on the gambling boat owned by Joan and John Wayne, he is presented with a little proposition—marriage with Joan and the cancellation of the debt. He accepts and our gambling lady steps into a nest of unhappiness with chief horn Blanche Yurka supplying the sting. Edith Barrett is tops in the picture. John Wayne as the real hero and Ray Middleton as the bought-and-paid-for husband are very good. The picture isn't however.

Your Reviewer Says: Too bad.

## **North Of The Klondike (Universal)**

**It's About:** *A villain and a hero battle out in the Klondike.*

**D**O you enjoy screen fights? If so, here you have the best darn screen fight we've seen in many a day!

It takes place between Brod Crawford, hero mining engineer who invades a small homesteading community in Alaska and Lon Chaney Jr. the nasty villain in the place, with both taking plenty of punishment.

Another good role is that played by good old beefy Andy Devine, who slips into a new sort of character with the ease of a veteran.

Evelyn Ankers is good as the "purty" girl, but the funniest two in the film (or in many a film for that matter) are a Chinese father, Willie Fung, and his modernized son, Keye Luke. This picture should go right on to other films, they are so velly good.

Your Reviewer Says: Hit 'em for a knockout movie.

## **Snuffy Smith, The Yard Bird (Monogram)**

**It's About:** *A moonshiner in the Army.*

**A**NOTHER cartoon-strip character takes to the movies—*Snuffy Smith*, a ramboned moonshiner who escapes Edg Kennedy's revenue men and finds himself in an Army camp. Snuffy is intrigued with the idea of free bed and board, but has to pull some tricks before the Army will let him stay.

Bud Duncan seems an ideal Snuffy and Sarah Padden, the exact image of Lowizie.

Your Reviewer Says: Move over, Blondie!

## **Bombay Clipper (Universal)**

**It's About:** *Spies, foreign agents and stolen jewels on the Pacific Clipper.*

**S**TOLEN jewels provide the motive for a lot of thrilling goings-on that take place mainly on the Clipper from the East to San Francisco.

Aboard the sky ship are an American newspaperman, William Gargan, a Irene Hervey, his heart's appeal. Among the assortment of passengers we find an American businessman, a pair of honeymooners, a suspicious Oriental character, a loud American Babbitt, an elder

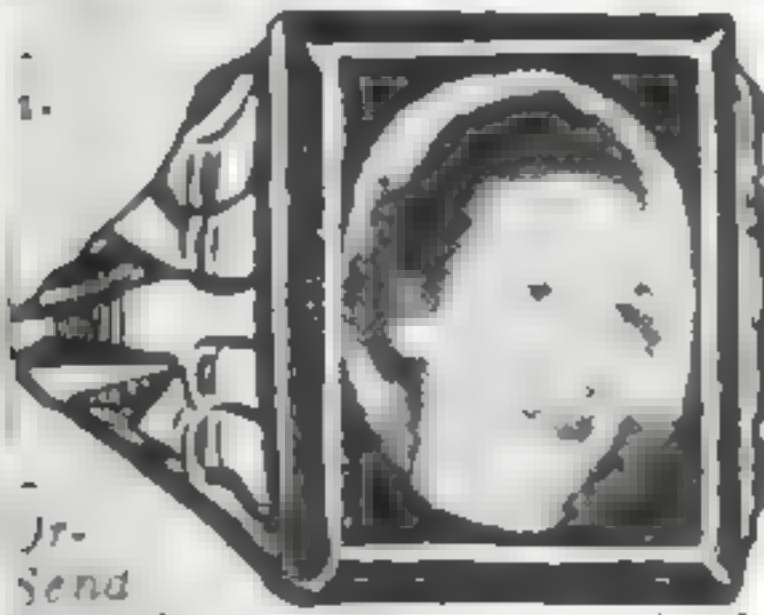
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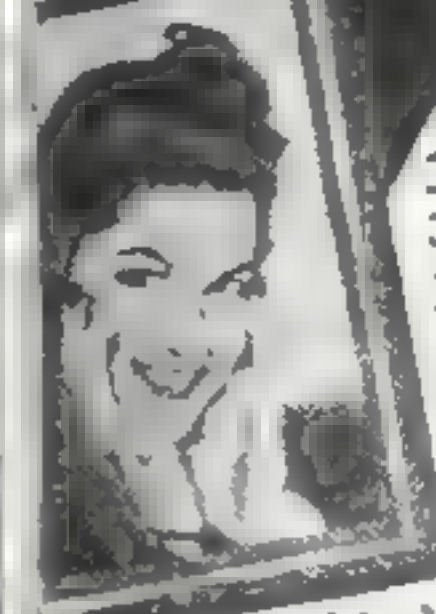
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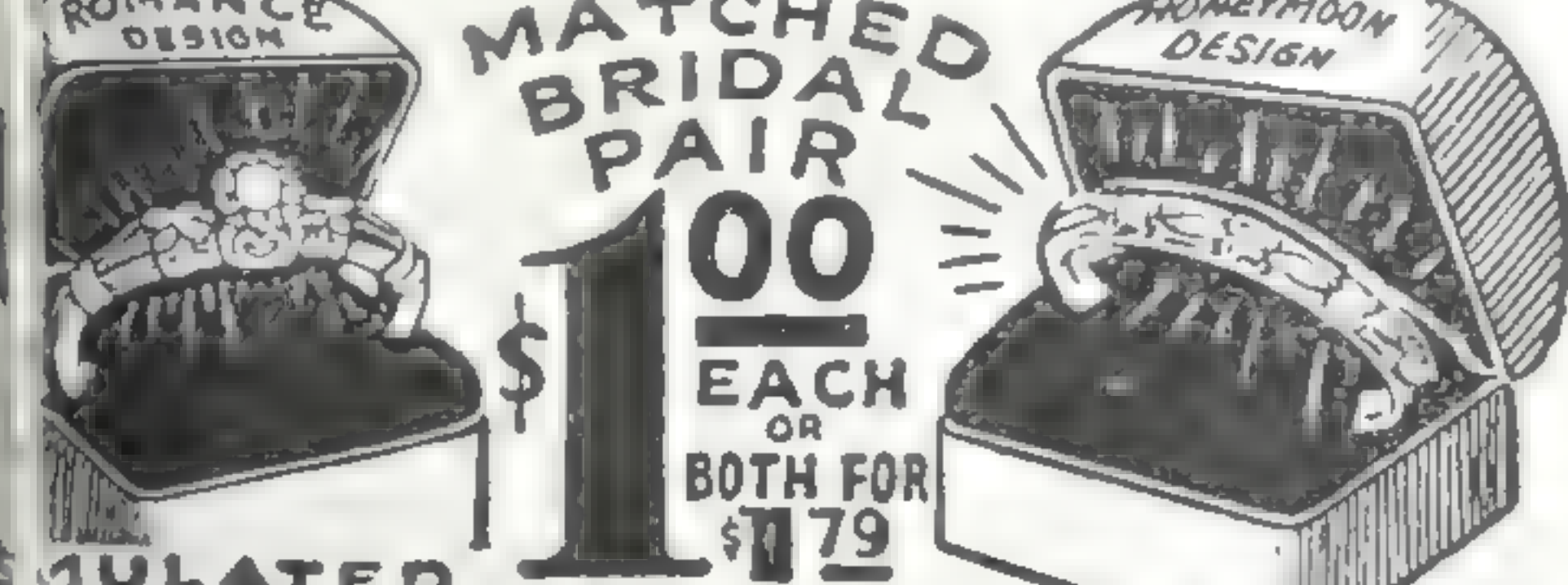
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Scotswoman and other characters decidedly unpretty. Gargan is determined to discover the destination of a million pounds' worth of diamonds if it costs him his life—and, fans, it nearly does. Lloyd Corrigan is especially good as the caretaker of the gems.

Your Reviewer Says: It has pep anyway.

## Brooklyn Orchid (Hal Roach-U.A.)

It's About: A pair of husbands and a beautiful would-be suicide.

**L**ABELED "streamlined" by the Roach Studios, we found this picture as unstreamlined as a load of hay.

William Bendix, the "unrefeened" owner of a fleet of taxicabs, is married to ex-stripteaser Grace Bradley. Joe Sawyer is married to Florine McKinney, who doesn't like Miss Bradley. But when a third woman enters the picture, the turmoil really gets going but, unfortunately, doesn't get anywhere.

Marjorie Woodworth is very beautiful as the Brooklyn Orchid.

Your Reviewer Says: No orchids to this.

## ✓ The Fleet's In (Paramount)

It's About: A hard-to-get dance-hall singer and a shy sailor.

**M**EANT only for fun and entertainment, this gay musical succeeds in its purpose admirably. Dorothy Lamour is at her loveliest and William Holden is most likable as the sailor.

The fun starts when movie star Betty Jane Rhodes kisses Holden for a publicity stunt and his fellow gobs become convinced that he's irresistible to women. And when the admiral's daughter is seen kissing him, his shipmates bet all they've got that he can also kiss singer Dorothy Lamour, who'll have nothing to do with sailors. This leads to much fun.

Eddie Bracken also does a fine job as Holden's pal, with whom the vigorous Betty Hutton is in love, and Leif Erickson is good. The music of Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra is wonderful.

Your Reviewer Says: The fleet's here for laughs.

## All Through The Night (Warners)

It's About: Warfare between gangsters and Nazi spies.

**W**ARNER BROTHERS have put Humphrey Bogart and a first-class cast into another thrilling but not so expertly executed melodrama.

"Bogie" is a bad hombre who likes cheesecake and resents the murder of the German baker who prepares his special brand. That resentment leads Bogart to a bit of investigating that throws him pell-mell into a Nazi spy ring, led by Conrad Veidt and his aides, Peter Lorre and Judith Anderson. From then on it's a chase between Humphrey and the police who are treading on his tail, and Humphrey and the Nazis who are planning to blow up a U. S. battleship.

There are more threads hanging disconnected in the plot than there are in the sweater we're knitting some unfortunate soldier, but still Bogart has that certain something that spells charm.

Your Reviewer Says: Cheesecake baked in torpedo shells.



**Are You A Young Woman Who Still Doesn't Know?**

## Safe New Way in Feminine Hygiene Gives Continuous Action for Hours

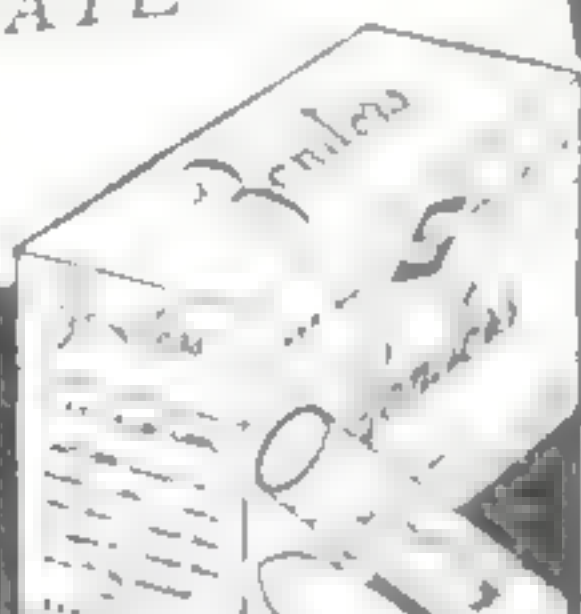
● Timidity is no longer the young woman's excuse for ignorance of intimate facts. Accurate knowledge is available to any woman who seeks it. Why then in feminine hygiene, should she either place her dependence on weak, ineffective "home-made" mixtures, or resort to overstrong solutions of acids which can burn, scar and desensitize delicate tissue.

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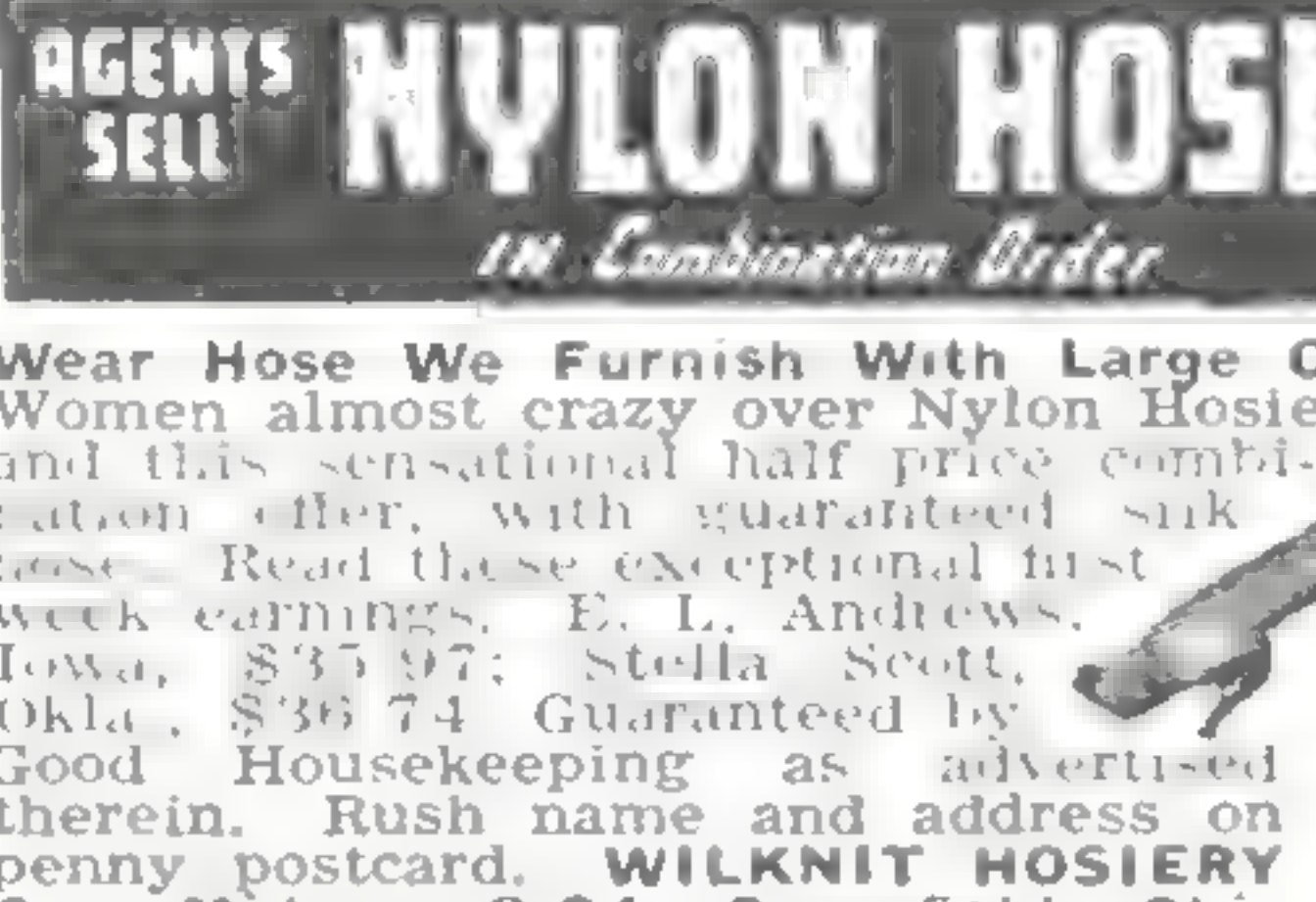




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# Hatching Health

*When the world is again at peace and philosophers can renew their age-old arguments, we may learn which comes first—the hen or the egg.*

*But all the experts agree that chickens and ducks and turkeys and the lesser varieties of poultry belong high on the list of foods that will build a strong nation.*

*And alongside them in the same list—perhaps even more important because they are used more often and in more ways—are eggs.*

**I**RON—several of the members of the B-Complex vitamin family—easily digestible forms of protein—delicate, assimilable and nourishing fats—all these come from both the meat of the fowl and the egg.

Remember this, that a fully formed chick—healthy, ready to begin its life—grows from a single cell with only the contents of an egg to nourish and develop it.

Eggs, the nutrition experts tell us, are so packed with important food factors and they add so much to the flavor and taste of such a wide variety of the foods we like and need, that they are almost irreplaceable in our diets.

This nation, caught in a crisis where stamina and health and energy are terribly important, can thank itself for a plentiful supply of poultry and eggs. And you, the individual citizen, owe it to yourself and to the nation to see that you and your family include eggs and poultry regularly on your tables.

Our poultry raisers and the stores which offer their products for sale are doing much to aid our government in its program to make America strong.

This message is approved by the office of Paul V. McNutt, Director of Defense Health and Welfare Services. It is brought to you as our contribution to National Nutritional Defense by Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

## THE MAGIC FOODS

It takes only a few kinds of simple foods to provide a sound nutritional foundation for buoyant health. Eat each of them daily. Then add to your table anything else you like which agrees with you.



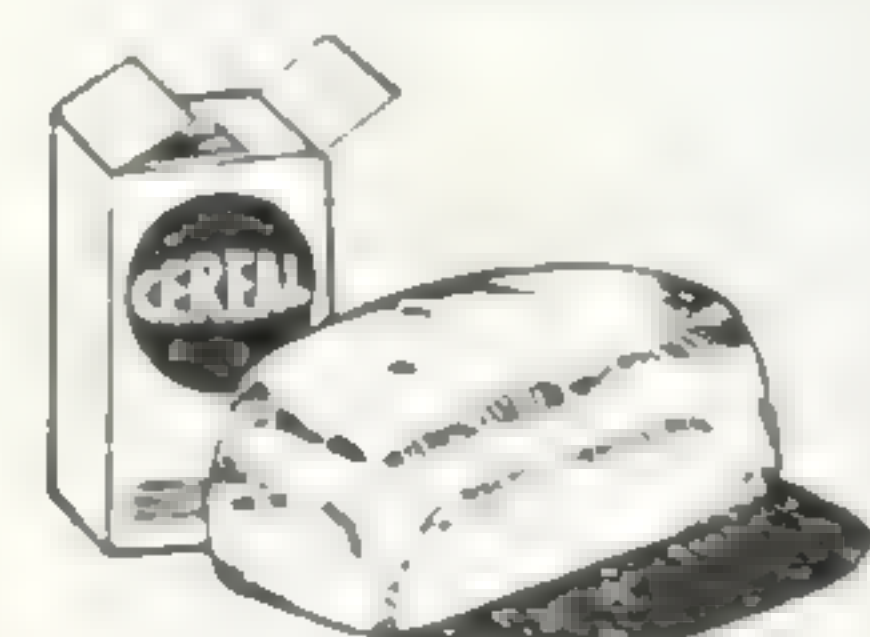
**MILK AND CHEESE**—especially for Vitamin A, some of the B vitamins, protein, calcium, phosphorus. Vitamin D milk for the “sunshine” vitamin.

**MEAT**, eggs and sea food—for proteins and several of the B-Complex vitamins; meat and eggs also for iron.



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**FRUITS** and fruit juices—for Vitamin C, other vitamins and minerals.



**BREAD**, enriched or whole grain, and cereals with milk or cream, for B vitamins and other nutrients.

Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure better health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today's emergencies.

# Food will build a NEW America



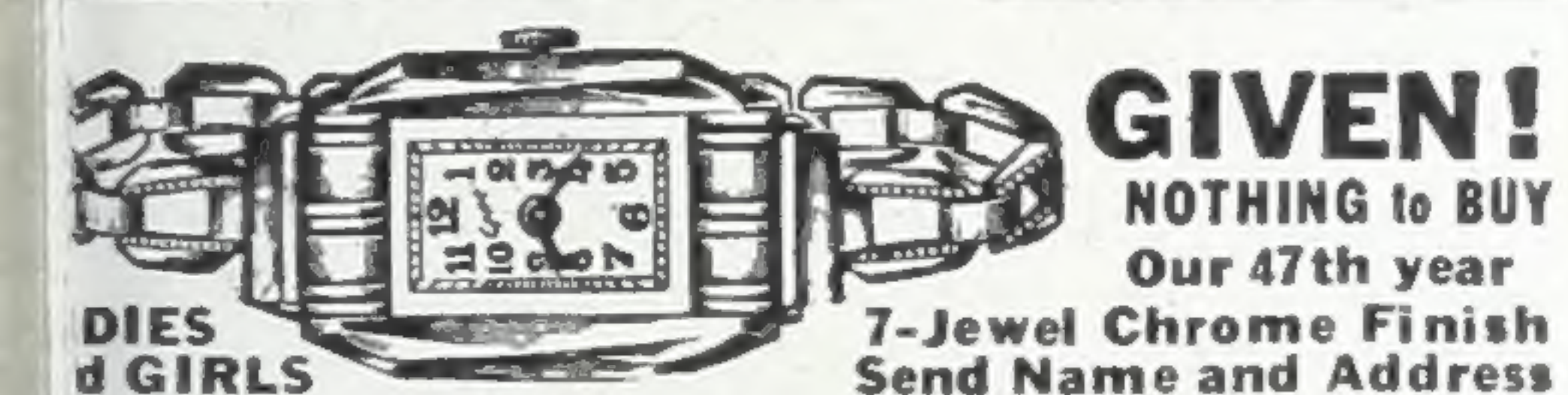
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Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by men for over 40 years. They give happy relief and help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

## Casts of Current Pictures

"ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT"—Warners. Screen play by Leonard Spigelgass and Edwin Gilbert. From a story by Leonard Q. Ross and Leonard Spigelgass. Directed by Vincent Sherman. Cast: *Gloves Donahue*, Humphrey Bogart; *Hall Ebbing*, Conrad Veidt; *Leda Hamilton*, Kaaren Verne; *Ma Donahue*, Jane Darwell; *Barney*, Frank McHugh; *Louis*, Jackie C. Gleason; *Madame*, Judith Anderson; *Pepi*, Peter Lorre; *Max Calucci*, Barton MacLane; *Sunshine*, William Demarest; *Steindorff*, Martin Kosleck.

"BOMBAY CLIPPER"—UNIVERSAL.—Original screen play by Roy Chanslor and Stanley Rubin. Directed by Jack Rawlins. Cast: *Jim Wilson*, William Gargan; *Frankie Gilroy*, Irene Hervey; *Mrs. McPherson*, Mary Gordon; *George Lewis*, Lloyd Corrigan; *Chundra*, Turhan Bey; *Dr. Landers*, Truman Bradley; *Mrs. Landers*, Maria Montez; *Hare*, Charles Lang; *Tex*, Richard Davies; *"Rug" Ruggles*, Wade Boteler.

"BORN TO SING"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Harry Clork and Franz G. Spencer. Based on a story by Franz G. Spencer. Directed by Edward Ludwig. Cast: *Patsy Eastman*, Virginia Weidler; *Steve*, Ray McDonald; *"Snap" Collins*, Leo Gorcey; *Murray Saunders*, Douglas McPhail; *"Grunt"*, Frank Eastman; *Henry O'Neill*, Mike Conroy; *Larry Nunn*, Mrs. E. V. Lawson; *Margaret Dumont*, Maggie Cooper; *Beverly Hudson*, Mozart Cooper; *Richard Hall*, Quiz Kid; *Darla Hood*, Ed Collera; *Joe Yule*, Arthur Cartwright; *Lester Matthews*, "Eight Ball," Ben Carter; *Mr. Porter*, Lee Phelps; *Welfare Worker*, Connie Gilchrist; *Police Captain*, Cy Kendall.

"BROOKLYN ORCHID"—HAL ROACH-U. A.—Screen play by Earle Snell and Clarence Marks. Directed by Kurt Neuman. Cast: *Tim McGuerin*, William Bendix; *Eddie Corbett*, Joe Sawyer; *Lucy Gibbs*, Marjorie Woodworth; *Sadie McGuerin*, Grace Bradley; *Tommy Goodweek*, Skeets Gallagher; *Mabel Cooney*, Florine McKinney; *Ignatz Rachkowsky*, Leonid Kinskey; *Sterling*, Rex Evans; *Jonathan McFeeder*, Jack Norton.

"FLEET'S IN, THE"—Paramount. Screen play by Walter DeLeon, Sid Silvers and Ralph Spence. Based on a story by Monte Brice and J. Walter Ruben and a play by Kenyon Nicholson and Charles Robinson. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. Cast: *The Duchess*, Dorothy Lamour; *Casey Kirby*, William Holden; *Barney Waters*, Eddie Bracken; *Bessie Day*, Betty Hutton; *Cissie*, Cass Daley; *Spike*, Gil Lamb; *Jake*, Leif Erickson; and Jimmy Dorsey and His Band; and Lorraine and Rognan.

"FOUR JACKS AND A JILL"—RKO-Radio. Screen play by John Twist. Story by Monte Brice. Directed by Jack Hively. Cast: *Nifty*, Ray Bolger; *Nine*, Anne Shirley; *Opal*, June Havoc; *Steve*, Desi Arnaz; *The Noodle*, Jack Durant; *Happy*, Eddie Foy Jr.; *Mr. Hoople*, Fritz Feld; *Bobo*, Henry Daniell; *Nat*, Jack Brinks; *Eddie*, William Blee; *Joe*, Robert Smith; *Mike*, Fortunio Bonanova.

"JOE SMITH, AMERICAN"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Allen Rivkin. Based upon the story by Paul Gallico. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Cast: *Joe Smith*, Robert Young; *Mary Smith*, Marsha Hunt; *Freddie Dunhill*, Harvey Stephens; *Johnny Smith*, Darryl Hickman; *Blake McKettrick*, Jonathan Hale; *Schricker*, Noel Madison; *Mead*, Don Costello; *Conway*, Joseph Anthony; *Gus*, William Forrest; *Mr. Edgerton*, Russell Hicks; *Pete*, Mark Daniels; *Eddie*, William Tannen.

"LADY FOR A NIGHT"—REPUBLIC.—Original screen play by Isabel Dawn and Boyce DeGaw. Directed by Leigh Jason. Cast: *Jenny Blake*, Joan Blondell; *Jack Morgan*, John Wayne; *Alan Alderson*, Ray Middleton; *Stephen Alderson*, Philip Merivale; *Julia Alderson*, Blanche Yurka; *Katherine Alderson*, Edith Barrett; *Boris*, Leonid Kinskey; *Chloe*, Hattie Noel; *Judge*, Montagu Love; *Mayor's Wife*, Carmel Myers; *Flo*, Dorothy Burgess; *Governor*, Guy Usher; *Mayor*, Ivan Miller; *Mabel*, Patricia Knox; *Napoleon*, Lew Payton; *Mary Lou*, Marilyn Hare; and the Hall Johnson Choir.

"LADY HAS PLANS, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Harry Tugend. Based on a story by Leo Brinski. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. Cast: *Kenneth Harper*, Ray Milland; *Sidney Royce*, Paulette Goddard; *Ronald Dean*, Roland Young; *Baron Von Kemp*, Albert Dekker; *Rita Lenox*, Margaret Hayes; *Peter Miles*, Cecil Kellaway; *Paul Baker*, Addison Richards; *Frank Richards*, Edward Norris; *Pooley*, Charles Arnt; *First German*, Hans Schumm; *Second German*, Hans von Morhart; *German Maid*, Genia Nikola; *Joe Scalsi*, Gerald Mohr; *Guard*, Lionel Royce.

"LADY IS WILLING, THE"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by James Edward Grant and Albert McCleery. From a story by James Edward Grant. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. Cast: *Elizabeth Maden*, Marlene Dietrich; *Dr. Corey McBain*, Fred MacMurray; *Buddy*, Aline MacMahon; *Kenneth Hanline*, Stanley Ridges; *Frances*, Arline Judge; *Victor*, Roger Clark; *Mary Lou*, Marietta Canty; *Baby Corey*, David James; *Myrtle*, Ruth Ford; *Arthur Miggie*, Sterling Holloway; *Dr. Golding*, Harvey Stephens; *Detective Sergeant Barnes*, Harry Shannon; *Mrs. Cummings*, Elizabeth Ris-

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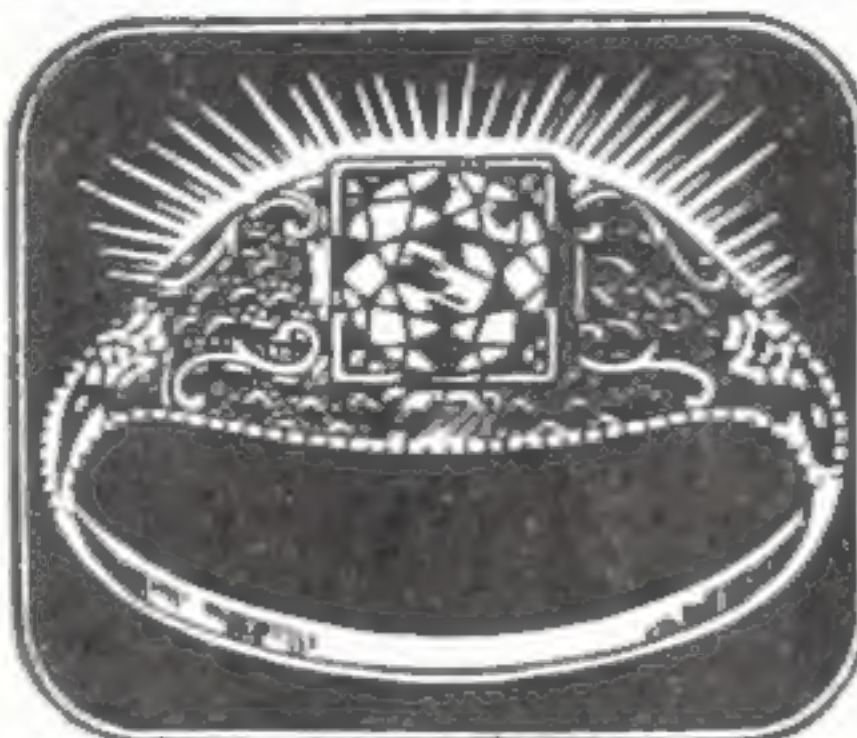
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1. New method—not a liquid. Fragrant powder dissolves into rich creamy cleansing lather.
2. Specially made for blondes. Washes hair shades lighter safely—fine for children's hair.
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don; K. K. Miller, Charles Lane; Joe Quig, Murray Alper; Nellie Quig, Kitty Kelly.

**"NORTH OF THE KLONDIKE"**—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Clarence Upson Young, Lou Sarecky, George Bricker. Based on the story by William Castle. From "Gold Hunters Of The North," by Jack London. Directed by Erle Kenton. Cast: *Johnny Thorn*, Brod Crawford; *Nate Carson*, Lon Chaney, Jr.; *Klondike*, Andy Devine; *Mary Sloan*, Evelyn Ankers; *Mayme Cassidy*, Dorothy Granger; *Water Lily*, Willie Fung; *Wellington Wong*, Keye Luke; *Dr. Curtis*, Lloyd Corrigan; *Jim Allen*, Stanley Andrews; *Ben Sloan*, Roy Harris; *Pietty Smith*, Paul Dubov; *Burke*, Monte Blue.

**"PACIFIC BLACKOUT"**—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Lester Cole and W. P. Lipscomb. Based on a story by Franz Spencer and Curt Siodmak. Directed by Ralph Murphy. Cast: *Robert Draper*, Robert Preston; *Mary*, Martha O'Driscoll; *John Ronnell*, Philip Merivale; *Marie Duval*, Eva Gabor; *Kermin*, Louis Jean Heydt; *Williams*, Thurston Hall; *Irene*, Mary Treen; *Pickpocket*, J. Edward Bromberg; *Night Watchman*, Spencer Charters; *Hotel Clerk*, Cy Kendall; *Commanding Officer*, Russell Hicks; *Judge*, Paul Stanton; *Night Watchman*, Clem Bevans; *Defense Attorney* (Mr. Hendrickson), Robert Emmett Keane; *District Attorney*, Edwin Maxwell; *Pilot*, Rod Cameron.

**"REMARKABLE ANDREW, THE"**—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Dalton Trumbo. From the novel by Dalton Trumbo. Directed by Stuart Heisler. Cast: *General Andrew Jackson*, Brian Donlevy; *Andrew Long*, William Holden; *Peggy Tobin*, Ellen Drew; *General George Washington*, Montagu Love; *Mr. Thomas Jefferson*, Gilbert Emery; *Mr. Chief Justice John Marshall*, Brandon Hurst; *Mr. Benjamin Franklin*, George Watts; *Jesse James*, Rod Cameron; *Private Henry Bartholomew Smith*, Jimmy Conlin; *Randall Stevens*, Richard Webb; *Dr. Clarence Upjohn*, Spencer Charters; *District Attorney Orville Beamish*, Minor Watson; *Mayor Ollie Lancaster*, Clyde Fillmore; *Judge Ormond Krebs*, Thomas W. Ross; *Chief Clerk Art Slocumb*, Porter Hall; *City Treasurer R. R. McCall*, Wallis Clark; *Purchasing Agent Sam Savage*, Milton Parsons; *Mrs. Grondos*, Helena Phillips Evans; *Jake Pearl*, Tom Fadden; *Clem Watkins*, Harlan Briggs; *Miss Van Buren*, Nydia Westman; *Miss Halsey*, Frances Gifford; *District Attorney's Secretary*, Martha O'Driscoll.

**"ROAD TO HAPPINESS"**—MONOGRAM.—Screen play by Robert D. Andrews. From the story "First Performance" by Matt Taylor. Directed by Phil Rosen. Cast: *Jeff Carter*, John Boles; *Millie Rankin*, Mona Barrie; *Danny Carter*, Billy Lee; *Charlie Grady*, Roscoe Karns; *Mrs. Price*, Lillian Elliott; *Pacelli*, Paul Porcasi; *Col. Gregory*, Sam Flint; *Swayne*, Brandon Hurst; *Jackson*, Byron Folger; *Sam Rankin*, Selmer Jackson; *Foster*, Harlan Tucker; *Almonti*, Antonio Filauri.

**"ROXIE HART"**—20th Century-Fox. Written for the screen by Nunnally Johnson. Based on the play "Chicago" written by Maureen Watkins and produced by Sam H. Harris. Directed by William A. Wellman. Cast: *Roxie Hart*, Ginger Rogers; *Billy Flynn*, Adolph Menjou; *Homer Howard*, George Montgomery; *Jake Callahan*, Lynne Overman; *E. Clay Benham*, Nigel Bruce; *Babe*, Phil Silvers; *Mrs. Morton*, Sara Allgood; *O'Malley*, William Frawley; *Mary Sunshine*, Spring Byington; *Stuart Chapman*, Ted Norris; *Velma Wall*, Helene Reynolds; *Amos Hart*, George Chandler; *Charles E. Murdoch*, Charles D. Brown; *Martin S. Harrison*, Morris Ankrum; *Judge*, George Lessey; *Gertie*, Iris Adrian; *Announcer*, Milton Parsons.

**"SALUTE TO COURAGE"**—M-G-M.—Screen play by Paul Gangelin and John Meehan, Jr. Based upon an idea by Lothar Mendes. Directed by Jules Dassin. Cast: *Otto Becker*, Baron Hugo Von Detner; *Conrad Veidt*, Kaaren De Relle; *Ann Ayars*, Fritz, Frank Reicher; *Miss Harper*, Dorothy Tree;

*Professor Sterling*, Ivan Simpson; *Ludwig*, William Tannen; *Kurt Richten*, Martin Kosleck; *Joe Aiello*, Marc Lawrence; *Arnold Milbar*, Sidney Blackmer; *Brenner*, Moroni Olsen; *Grover Blaine McHenry*, Pierre Watkin.

**"SNUFFY SMITH, THE YARD BIRD"**—MONOGRAM.—Screen play by John Grey, Jack Henley, Lloyd French and Doncho Hall. From the comic strip by Billy DeBeck. Directed by Edward Cline. Cast: *Snuffy Smith*, Bud Duncan; *Sergeant Cooper*, Edgar Kennedy; *Lowizie*, Sarah Padden; *Cindy*, Doris Linden; *Janie*, Andraia Palmer; *General*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Lloyd*, Pat McVeigh; *Saul*, Frank Austin; *Don*, Jimmie Dodd.

**"SON OF FURY"**—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Philip Dunne. Based on the novel "Benjamin Blake" by Edison Marshall. Directed by John Cromwell. Cast: *Benjamin Blake*, Tyrone Power; *Eve*, Gene Tierney; *Sir Arthur Blake*, George Sanders; *Isabel*, Frances Farmer; *Benjamin* (as a boy), Roddy McDowall; *Caleb Green*, John Carradine; *Bristol Isabel*, Elsa Lanchester; *Amos Kidder*, Harry Davenport; *Helena*, Kay Johnson; *Pratt*, Dudley Digges; *Purdy*, Halliwell; *Hobbes*, Kenneth Hobart; *Marten Lamont*, Captain Greenough; *Arthur Hohl*, Fennou; *Pedro De Cordoba*, Maggie Martin; *Heather Thatcher*, Prosecutor Lester Matthews; *Captain*, Charles Irwin; *Lor. Tarrant*, Dennis Hoey; *Judge*, Robert Greig; *Marnoa*, Ray Mala; *Paddy*, Clifford Severn.

**"TREAT 'EM ROUGH"**—UNIVERSAL.—Original screen play by Roy Chanslor and Bob Williams. Directed by Ray Taylor. Cast: *Bill*, Eddie Albert; *Betty Newman*, Peggy Moran; *Hotfoot*, William Frawley; *Gray Kingsford*, Lloyd Corrigan; *Snake Eyes*, Mantan Moreland; *Wetherbee*, Joseph Crehan; *Perkins*, Truman Bradley.

**"VALLEY OF THE SUN"**—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Horace McCoy. Based upon the story by Clarence Budington Kelland. Directed by George Marshall. Cast: *Christine*, Lucille Ball; *Jonathan*, James Craig; *Warrick*, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; *Jim Sawyer*, Dean Jagger; *Willie*, Peter Whitney; *Justice of the Peace*, Billy Gilbert; *Geronimo*, Tom Tyler; *Chief Cochise*, Antonio Moreno; *Bill Yard*, George Cleveland; *Shotgun*, Han Bell; *Lieutenant*, Richard Fiske.

**"WE WERE DANCING"**—M-G-M.—Screen play by Claudine West, Hans Rameau and George Froeschel. Based in part on "Tonight At 8:30" by Noel Coward. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Cast: *Vicki Wilomirsky*, Norma Shearer; *Nick Prax*, Melvyn Douglas; *Linda Wayne*, Gail Patrick; *Hubert Tyler*, Lee Bowman; *Judge Sidney Hawke*, Marjorie Main; *Major Tyler-Blane*, Reginald Owen; *Grand Duke Basil*, Alan Mowbray; *Mr. Vanderlip*, Florence Bates; *Mrs. Tyler-Blane*, Heather Thatcher; *Oliver Ransome*, Connie Christ; *Mrs. Bentley*, Nella Walker; *Mrs. Chatteris*, Florence Shirley; *Mr. Bryce-Carew*, Russel Hicks; *Mrs. Bryce-Carew*, Norma Varden.

**"WOMAN OF THE YEAR"**—M-G-M.—Original screen play by Ring Lardner, Jr., and Michael Kanin. Directed by George Stevens. Cast: *Sa. Craig*, Spencer Tracy; *Tess Harding*, Katharine Hepburn; *Ellen Whitcomb*, Fay Bainter; *Clayton*, Reginald Owen; *William J. Harding*, Minor Watson; *"Pinkie" Peters*, William Bendix; *Flo Peter*, Gladys Blake; *Gerald Howe*, Dan Tobin; *Ph. Whittaker*, Roscoe Karns; *Ellis*, William Tanne; *Dr. Lubbeck*, Ludwig Stossel; *Matron*, Sara Hade; *Alma*, Edith Evanson; *Chris*, George Kezas.

**"YANK ON THE BURMA ROAD, A"**—M-G-M.—Original screen play by Gordon Kahn, Hu Butler and David Lang. Directed by George Seitz. Cast: *Gail Farwood*, Laraine Day; *J. Tracey*, Barry Nelson; *Tom Farwood*, Stuart Crawford; *Kim How*, Keye Luke; *Wing*, Sen Yuen; *Dr. Franklin Ling*, Phillip Ahn; *Radio Announcer*, Knox Manning; *Rangoon Aide de Camp*, Matthew Boulton; *Guerilla Leader*, James Leong; *Woman*, Mrs. Poo Sai.

## Chalk It Up!

Here's the way the fashion blackboard on page 58 should look:

1. White lace dress ("Arsenic And Old Lace")
2. Beige felt hat with bright green ribbon trim ("How Green Was My Valley")
3. New color combination: Mimosa yellow with blues ("Birth Of The Blues")
4. Flounced Mexican skirt to wear with a black sweater ("Mexican Spitfire's Baby")
5. Dinner dress of white eyelet embroidery ("The Man Who Came To Dinner")



# 

Annette was a debutante.  
 She came from a good family.  
 She went to the very best schools.  
 Then she "came out"—  
 And NOTHING happened!  
 Here she is at a party, all dressed up,  
 And no heart to break but her own.  
 Dainty, sweet, and her nose CAREFULLY powdered,  
 She wears just the right shade of lipstick,  
 But her eyes are a *BLANK*—  
 They just don't register!  
 One day Annette learned about MAYBELLINE,  
 Just as you are doing—and,  
 Look at Annette NOW!

**MORAL:** *Many a man has been swept  
 off his feet by fluttering lashes!*

Annette's lashes now  
 appear long, dark and  
 low, with a few simple  
 brush-strokes of  
 MAYBELLINE MAS-  
 CARA (solid or cream  
 form)—both are non-  
 irritating and tear-proof).

Annette's eyebrows now  
 have character and ex-  
 pression, thanks to  
 the smooch-marking  
 MAYBELLINE EYE-  
 BROW PENCIL.

For subtle touch of  
 added charm, Annette  
 lends a bit of creamy  
 MAYBELLINE EYE  
 POWDER on her eyelids  
 so her eyes appear spark-  
 ling and more colorful!

Give your eyes thrilling  
 beauty... get genuine  
 MAYBELLINE, the Eye  
 Makeup in Good Taste.



# 



WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS



# Miss Frederica de Peyster Lawrence

OF TUXEDO PARK

"There's one cigarette  
I like best...and that's Camels.  
So much milder—with  
*less nicotine in the smoke!*"



MISS LAWRENCE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Reed Lawrence, made her bow at the Tuxedo Autumn Ball. At left, photographed in Tuxedo Park, wearing tweed suit of hound's tooth check, smoking her favorite cigarette. "I never tire of smoking Camels," she says. "There's less nicotine in the smoke, and to me that means mildness—and *more mildness!*"

● At right, Miss Lawrence wearing one of her favorite dresses of the season—a blue and fuchsia rayon taffeta, with voluminous skirt cascading from a slim fitted yoke. She enjoys swimming, tennis, ice-skating—and is an accomplished pianist. On week-days, she does defense work in New York City. About Camel cigarettes, she has this to say: "Friends are always dropping into our house for a chat and a smoke, so we buy Camels by the carton—our friends seem to prefer them. As for me—well, Camel is the *only* cigarette that has the mildness and flavor I want."



The smoke of slower-burning  
Camels contains

## 28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4  
other largest-selling brands  
tested—less than any of  
them—according to inde-  
pendent scientific tests of  
the smoke itself!



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Among the many other distinguished American women  
who prefer the extra mildness of Camel cigarettes:

- |                                            |                                                 |
|--------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|
| Mrs. Nicholas Biddle<br>Philadelphia       | Mrs. John Hylan Heminway<br>New York            |
| Mrs. Gail Borden, Chicago                  | Mrs. Alexander Hixon, California                |
| Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston                  | Mrs. Hugh Pendleton Nunnally<br>Atlanta         |
| Mrs. Charles Carroll, Jr.<br>Maryland      | Mrs. Martin Osborn, California                  |
| Mrs. Randolph Carter, Virginia             | Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago                  |
| Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2ND<br>Boston     | Mrs. Oliver DeGray Vanderbilt III<br>Cincinnati |
| Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3RD<br>Philadelphia | Mrs. Kiliaen M. Van Rensselaer<br>New York      |

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